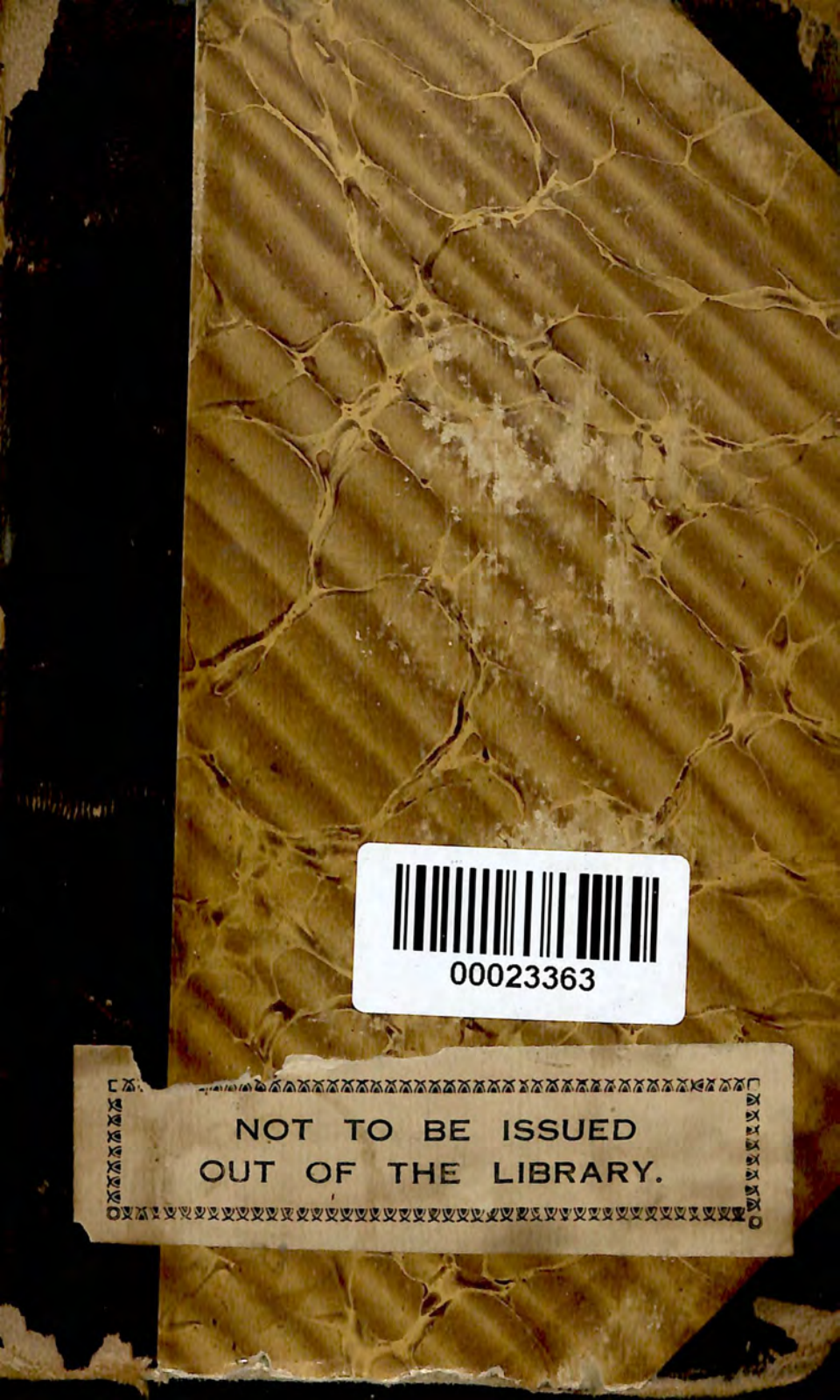
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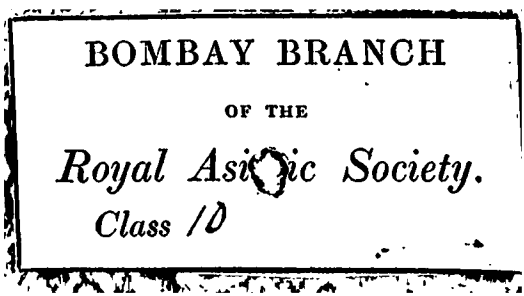
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THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, OPINIONS,

AND

TIMES

OF THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,

LORD BYRON;

INCLUDING, IN ITS MOST EXTENSIVE BIOGRAPHY, ANECDOTES, AND MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT AND ECCENTRIC, PUBLIC AND NOBLE CHARACTERS AND COURTIERS OF THE PRESENT POLISHED AND ENLIGHTENED

AGE AND COURT OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

In the course of the Biography is also separately given,

COPIOUS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATELY DESTROYED MS.

ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATION,

AND ENTITLED

MEMOIRS OF MY OWN LIFE AND TIMES,

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

"CREDE BYRON."—*Motto of the Byron Family.*

" I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man
" Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
" With amplest entertainment: my free drift
" Halts not particularly, but moves itself
" In a wide sea of wax; no levelled malice
" Infects one comma in the course I hold,
" But flies an eagle flight, bold and *forth on*,
" Leaving no tract behind." SHAKSPEARE.—*Timon of Athens.*

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BY AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, IN THE GREEK MILITARY SERVICE, AND COMRADE OF HIS LORDSHIP.

Compiled from authentic Documents and from long personal Acquaintance.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MATTHEW ILEY, SOMERSET STREET,
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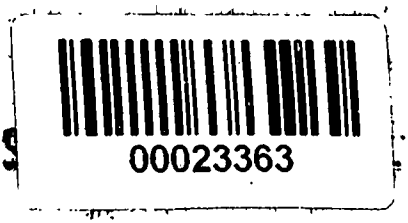

LONDON:
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING, M.P.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

The opinion, which the late Lord Byron publicly expressed, that you were "a genius, almost an universal one—an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman;" and that, "if ever man saved his country, CANNING can;" will sufficiently explain why this Biography of one of the greatest men that this, or any other country, ever gave birth to, is dedicated to you; particularly as his Lordship's judgment has been sanctioned by your ministry, and the country has been for some time past looking up to, and still continues to look up to, your talents and rectitude, to heal the wounds of a contest, unexampled in the history of the world.

France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Greece, and the United States of North America, have paid homage to the genius of one of the brightest ornaments of this country; and it is scarcely deemed probable that his own native land will withhold a due tribute of respect to his memory. No one can know better than yourself, Sir, how to appreciate his merits; and, therefore, I trust, that no apology is necessary for this humble offering from one who admires, in you, the profound Scholar, the eloquent Orator, the brilliant Wit, and the enlightened Statesman.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With all due respect,
Your most obedient,
Humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

June 1825.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

When the melancholy tidings of the death of the late and lamented Lord Byron reached this country, every heart felt and acknowledged that the brightest star of the literary firmament had set, to rise no more. His country had lost an ornament,—and the world at large had been deprived of a friend. To those who can feel for others, as well as for themselves, it was a mournful reflection that the Greek cause,—the cause of humanity,—had thus lost one of its most strenuous defenders and supporters;—one, who devoted his genius,—his arm,—his fortune,—and who finally sacrificed his life, by over-exertions in defence of a brave people, struggling against barbarian insolence and tyranny. Such conduct alone would have been sufficient to immortalize his fame, if his genius had not been, of itself, so pre-eminent as to secure him a grateful remembrance to the latest posterity. Combined together, they form a character, which leaves far in the background all others of the present day. To say that it had no faults, would be to say that it was more than human; the sun has its spots—but it is still the source of all light, heat, and the parent of vegetation: the telescopic eye of envy may derive pleasure

from detecting the stains in the human character; but the naked one of candour will feel infinitely more gratification in overlooking them amidst the blaze of transcendant genius, and in paying the tribute of homage where it is justly due. Lord Byron had great talents,—great virtues;—he had also great failings; but if the latter ever were venial, they were excusable in him. Descended from an illustrious line of ancestors,—bereaved of his parents, his natural protectors and best advisers, and left with the means of indulging every gratification, placed within his reach at a very—very early period of life, when the passions are, of themselves, but too apt to run away with the judgment;—so situated, how few heads are steady enough to keep the seat, and to bring the courser under subjection of the rein!—Lord Byron erred, because he was mortal; but his errors were those of the judgment, not of the heart: he might be mistaken; but he was the *friend of man*;—we cannot be mistaken in *him*.

As a poet, he was unquestionably the most eminent of his day, for quickness of invention, command of language, and a graceful adaptation of it to his subject; but this is too important an affair to be despatched in detail, and will be discussed at large in its proper place. Suffice it here to say, that he essayed almost every kind of poetry, and has shewn excellence in all that he attempted. Whatever he touched, he turned to gold. If there is any cause for lamentation, it is that the rapidity

of his genius, and, perhaps, his zeal for the cause of Greece, prevented him from giving his works that *limæ labor*, that ultimate polish, which is so necessary to carry works down the stream of Time.

What a pity—that such a man,—at such an age,—and with such bright prospects before him,—should see his sun overclouded, his day begloomed, and a premature night set in upon them all at once! Who but must feel for him? The heaviest of all misfortunes, domestic disquietude,—an uncongeniality of temper, which none of us can account for,—a something—that but too often embitters the marriage-state—drove him from his lady,—his child,—his home,—his country,—never—never to see them more!—An exile,—a wanderer himself,—his dearest hopes destroyed,—his bosom cheerless;—yet he comforts and assists the distressed, wherever he meets them, and of whatever country; and endeavours to confer that happiness on others, to which his own heart must for ever be a stranger. He embarks in as grand a cause as the world ever witnessed—the cause of freedom against oppression!—and he pursues it to the end of his short but glorious career!

Such *was* the man of whom we are about to give the following Biography, that which was drawn of himself, by *his own* hand, having been destroyed, to the no little disappointment of the public curiosity. It was announced, that such a production, had been placed by the bard in the hands of his friend and brother-poet, Mr. Thomas

Moore, for the express purpose of publication after his Lordship's decease. This publication, however, the family endeavoured to prevent: and that their efforts were finally successful, will appear from the following letter of Mr. Moore, which was inserted in some of the daily newspapers:—

"SIR:

"In consequence of the many misconceptions that are abroad, with respect to the share which I have had in the destruction of "*Lord Byron's Memoirs*," I think it right to state the leading facts of that transaction to the public.

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr. Murray and myself to the property in these Memoirs (a question which, now that they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one), it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us. The manuscript was accordingly *torn* and *burned* before our eyes; and I immediately paid to Mr. Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, 2,000 guineas, with interest, &c., being the amount of

what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co.

"Since then, the family of Lord Byron have, in a manner highly honourable to themselves, proposed an arrangement, by which the sum thus paid to Mr. Murray might be reimbursed to me; but from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully, but peremptorily declined their offer.

"I am, Sir,

"Your's, &c.

"THOMAS MOORE."

"*May* 26, 1824."

Such was the fate of that production of his Lordship, which was most anxiously looked for!—the destruction of which, was at once a flagrant injustice to his Lordship's memory, and a palpable and public wrong;—for as his conduct had been so rigidly canvassed and emblazoned, called in question, and reprehended, and as, from motives of delicacy, through the fear of impeaching his dearest connexions, he had refused to justify, or offer any defence of himself while living; but had committed the candid examination of himself, his confessions, and contrition, to a posthumous memoir, bequeathed to the public; and we have it from unquestionable authority, that he most *impartially* examined himself—so

should the Bard's first, and last, and only *appeal* to the *public tribunal*, have been boldly and manfully brought before it. What if he had spoken freely of others? If it were truth, why disguise it? if false, let it be publicly confuted: if to their discredit and dishonour—the exposition of vice is the best means to exterminate it: by publicly exposing drunkards, and debauchees, the Spartans learnt soberness, and chastity; and by one speaking unto the present generation from the dead, mayhap it would repent! The withholding of the work justifies, indeed, the conclusion, that it contained too many stern-told truths, little to the credit of his calumniators, and to those who constituted themselves judges upon it; that in fine their minds were too narrow to allow them to fulfil the wishes of the dead! wanting heart to grant him the fair opportunity of vindicating his character to posterity. Family consideration is but of trivial and secondary consideration to public claims. Let it be answered, what private interest is paramount to public right?—none—Lord Byron was public property; the work was by him bequeathed to posterity; it was public right, and, therefore, let the memoirs contain what they will, his testament should have been executed, and the memoirs have been given to the world as its own exclusive right, upon which family consideration could have no claim: the non-fulfilment of this will remain to the latest posterity an indelible stain upon the probity, candour, and character of the self-constituted

judges, who, to screen their characters, *magnanimously* determined upon the destruction of the work, which fairly and honestly criticized them; forgetting, however, that the very deed infers the nature of the opinions which Lord Byron held of them. As he bore silently and contentedly all the obloquy while he lived, so should he have been heard, and his character been vindicated when he was dead. Himself he examined impartially and truly; doubtless he would truly and impartially examine those of his contemporaries whom he might have occasion to speak of: the world, his friends, and his enemies, should therefore alike have received their reward. But it is gone—the Memoirs are lost to us,—and so is their noble author: and it becomes incumbent on the public at once to repair its loss, and to justify Lord Byron to posterity, in the best manner that it is able. It is with this view—the view of paying that tribute, and doing that justice to his memory, which, strangely unnatural, his relatives have denied him—that we now step forward with our volumes of Biography, which, with the advantage of *long* personal acquaintance, we have compiled from most authentic and copious documents; and, since we are deprived of his self-written Memoirs, we must rest satisfied with the most circumstantial account of his Lordship, as such documents (and they indeed are all-sufficient), and with what his most intimate friends and his own writings, can offer, together with such particulars as can be gleaned from the most

reputable and unquestionable quarters, and saved from the "wreck of matter." In the society and friendship of his Lordship we have been long happy, as well in England, as in Italy and Greece, alike witnesses of his zeal and magnanimity, sharers of his toils, and fellow-mourners with the citizens of Missolonghi over his cherished remains; and having followed him to his native and dearly beloved England, at once the fount and the grave of his happiness and his misery, and beheld him laid in the lowly vault of the picturesque little village church of Hucknell, we took our last look, and were able to leave his grave only through the resolution of justifying him to posterity, by giving to his country, and to the world at large, the Biography of his valuable life. Here then we present it, the fruit of our labours, to the liberal British public, little doubting that it will prove a very acceptable *bon-bouche;* for if the life of any man is capable of affording entertainment, of yielding instruction, of provoking inquiry, of exciting curiosity, of creating interest and attention, and of deserving both, it is the life of one whose writings the world has admired, whose actions it has looked up to, and whose simplest movements, even, it has watched with Argus' eyes for the last dozen years. We have industriously traced every source of information that lay open to us, and hope that we shall be found not to have been unsuccessful in our endeavours towards rendering the public a desirable service, *viz. the filling up the*

chasm in the literary world which the destruction of the Memoirs had made. It will, indeed, be found a most extensive Biography, as it involves Anecdotes and Memoirs of the Lives of the most Eminent and Eccentric—Public and Noble—Characters and Courtiers of the present polished and enlightened AGE and COURT of his Most Gracious Majesty KING GEORGE THE FOURTH. Kings, Queens, Princes, Dukes, Peers and Peeresses, Lords, Ladies, and Commoners, Poets and Poetasters, Clowns and Pantaloons, Britons, Franks, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Greeks and Turks, are all in turn brought into play, to perform their parts upon the stage of the life of the Noble and Eccentric Bard; and we may venture to add with confidence, that it will afford much interest, and excite in particular much pleasure, in the minds of those who have performed whole acts of their life with him, living, by perusing his Memoirs, as it were to perform over again such of their parts as are connected with the Noble Bard with whose name their's is linked, and rapidly rolling down the stream of Time. Scarcely any thing can be more interesting, or indeed more useful and instructive, than to study and possess a knowledge of the traits of the characters of our contemporaries—our comrades through life,—to know with whom we live —with what spirits we are mingling—who adorn the theatre of our existence. It is thus we gain a knowledge how to live; it is thus we study human nature from life

itself; it is thus we fortify ourselves for combat with the world; it is thus one generation improves another, and pays its debt to posterity by thus publishing its knowledge—the whole world indeed is ever anxious after this knowledge, ever desirous of knowing what is passing within it. These volumes, which unfold such ample information on this head, will be found a key to such studies—a *gradus ad Parnassum*, a guide to the Parnassus of the literature, the fashion, and the manners of our day; and will, we anticipate, blend instruction with amusement: for the sphere of life in which the noble bard moved involved all that was important; from the close observance of which we gain experience and grow wise. The recital of such a life, therefore, will be found a picture of the present century —a mirror of the times—a looking-glass, wherein most of the public and noble characters of this age will see their faces reflected, and may perüse at leisure the features both of their persons and their minds. It will, however, be some satisfaction and consolation to know that, as Lord Byron's Memoirs of his own life were perused by several of his friends, an inquiry has been instituted and persevered in, and we have procured, and separately given in the course of our Biography, in order to make it as complete and as interesting as possible, Copious Recollections of the Memoirs themselves; so that we trust we shall be found, in the end, to have healed the wound of the public, and left it little more to expect, or indeed to wish for.

As the greatest poet of the age, Lord Byron was (as we before have had occasion to remark) public property—his was, moreover, an eccentric path through life; and though his family considered it proper, from particular motives, that his self-written memoirs should be suppressed, yet in all such cases the family gains little or nothing, while the public loses much. What is matter of history is matter of instruction; and the public cannot part with Lord Byron so; the principles and conduct of so great a genius must provoke inquiry, and receive the judgment of a tribunal, which no author can elude.

Lord Byron had no occasion to dread; he was well aware that he could not escape the public judgment; and he wished to lay himself open before them. He concealed only his numerous benefactions; but, in spite of him, a few of them became known through the bursting hearts of those who experienced his bounty, and could not restrain their gratitude. The truth will out, "*vox veritatis testis extingui nequit.*" And it shall come out. Nothing is here related that the greatest pains have not been taken to substantiate; or, if doubtful, the reader has been apprized that it is so, that he may attach what degree of credit to it he pleases. This is not the work of a professed Eulogist: but an honest effort to detect misrepresentation,—to wipe away calumny,—and to pay a just tribute to the memory of one

of the greatest men of the age—the BARD of BRITAIN, and the GOOD GENIUS of GREECE!

While this was in the press, and since the death of his Lordship, several disjointed, desultory, and unconnected publications have appeared, containing misrepresentations, with prejudicial and calumnious accounts of Lord Byron; which impressions, we trust, the following volumes will correct and cancel. Every one who was able to twirl a quill, hath exercised it in scribbling about the late Lord Byron, both his enemies and his friends; and, indeed, to their eternal shame, the former have been most clamorous in attacking the dead lion: but it is well known and clearly seen, that the accounts hitherto published have been infinitely more prejudicial than impartial,—so much and so blindly so, that it has been amusing to observe their endless variety of contradictions, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, bickerings, and cavils;—but it could not for a moment be supposed that the world would rest satisfied with party statements, false representations, and disjointed passages from such a life, and not possess what is really *its own property*,—the whole career of so eccentric and transcendant a genius—to judge for itself both of his merits and his demerits: the former might perhaps just ease its thirst, but the latter was indispensable to quench it; and it cannot escape notice that among the strange medley of works which have hitherto been given to the world, no compact, comprehensive, and standard

Biography, handing down his name to posterity in a liberal and disinterested manner, including *the whole man*,—that examines his actions, that reviews his writings, that relates his opinions, or that chronicles his times,—has hitherto appeared. It is with such a work as this that we desire now to present the public; and looking round the world for a distinguished and suitable Patron, in order to further and accomplish our wishes, we find it impossible to place ourselves under the protection of one more calculated to do us honour, to ensure us success, to emblazon, and give greater publicity to our work, over this country, Europe, or the world, than he whom his Lordship has designated as "an orator, a poet, a wit, a statesman, and an universal genius." Under the patronage, therefore, of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, GEORGE CANNING, ESQ. M.P., we feel happy in reposing both ourselves and our labours.

Although the portrait which we have given of Lord Byron is spoken of in full in the course of the work, it may here be necessary to mention, that it is engraved from the original miniature, drawn from life by Holmes, being the *last* that his Lordship ever sat for, and the one which *he was best satisfied with*, as his hand-writing which accompanies it will attest. The portrait, too, of the Countess Guiccioli, the beautiful, graceful, and accomplished favourite of his Lordship, whom he used to call by the sweet-sounding epithet of "*Peccinina*,"

is made from a drawing by a celebrated Italian artist; and as it is the only one in this country, and, moreover, has received the approbation of his Lordship, it will doubtless be considered an appropriate offering. For the gratification of those also who are curious in autography, we have given the fac-simile of a letter of Lord Byron's. On the whole, we have laboured, and spared neither pains nor expense, to deserve the approbation of the public, and to render it an acceptable service; for the *Life* of such a man as *Lord Byron*—the *poète guerrier*—was confessedly and indubitably a great desideratum in literature; one, indeed, which the literary world could *not* dispense with, but must have, remaining absolutely imperfect without it. In that which we now offer we have judged of the man, his faults and his virtues, impartially, by the standard of truth. We have looked at him as a *man;* we have considered that "to err is human;" we have judged of him as mankind ought to judge of one another; we have

"Nothing extenuated
Nor set down aught in malice."

Yet nevertheless,

"Whoe'er expects a perfect work to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, and ne'er *can be.*"

To those therefore who perchance may feel disposed to cavil; to the reviewers in general, and to those in particular who so unmercifully attacked Lord Byron *living*,

and who may feel an itching inclination to vent their spleen upon Lord Byron *dead;* we exclaim, "*Si deficient vires, audacia certe laus erit;*" and further beg leave to remind them of what Napoleon said in allusion to the malice of Chateaubriand—"*ce n'est que ces lâches qui crachent sur un cadavre.*" On the other hand, to his admirers, and to the liberal public, we trust we may with tolerable confidence say, that our Volumes will prove a thorough illustration, and a valuable addition to the Works of the Noble Bard, and an accompaniment to the irradiations of his transcendant genius, as they contain the whole of him, from his boyhood up to the memorable part he took in the Greek revolution, in which cause he expired. We, therefore, take our leave in the words of the motto of his own family, which were never more truly or happily applied than to the Noble and much-lamented Bard himself, "Crede Byron;" for he was both *good and great*, and well worthy of belief: therefore, "*Crede Byron!!*"

June 1825.

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1. Portrait of Lord Byron for Frontispiece to Vol. I.
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Erratum. Sig. 2 C, Vol. iii. is printed by mistake, 2 C, Vol. ii.

THE

LIFE

OF

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

Genealogical Account of the Byron Family, from the Conquest to the sixth and late Lord Byron.

THE subject of these Memoirs was descended from a family which was renowned from the period of the Conquest; several illustrious persons having figured in the History of England under the name of *Buron*, *Biron*, or *Byron*, which they assumed indiscriminately; and in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the religious houses, the church and priory of *Newstead*,* the

* This abbey was founded by Henry II. to expiate (according to the superstition of the age) the murder of Thomas à Becket; and though some time since suffered to run to decay, will, perhaps, long survive its own wreck, in the beautiful elegy written on it by the late lamented bard, beginning,

" NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
" Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's pride!
" Of warriors, monks, and dames, the cloister'd tomb,
" Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide," &c.

adjoining manor of Papelwick, and the church patronage annexed to it, with other lands, were granted by that monarch to Sir John Byron, who was also constable of Nottingham Castle, and master of Sherwood Forest.

The next proprietor of Newstead Abbey was also named Sir John, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1579. His eldest son, Sir Nicholas, served with distinction in the Low Countries; and, in the great rebellion, he was one of the first to take up arms in the royal cause. After the battle of Edgehill, at which he was present, he was made Colonel-General of Cheshire and Shropshire, and Governor of Chester, which city he gallantly defended against the Parliament forces, although he at last fell into their hands. Lord Clarendon thus notices him: "He was," (says the noble historian) "a person of great affability, and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, which gave great life to the designs of the well-affected; and with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, he in a short time raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy, sometimes with notable advantage, never with signal loss."

Another son, Sir John Byron, was made Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of King James I. He married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Molyneux, Bart., by whom he had eleven sons and a daughter. To Sir John Byron (besides

numerous other confidential employments) was entrusted the escort of the plate contributed by the University of Oxford, and other collections made for the royal use, and soon after he took a distinguished part in the battles of Edge Hill and Marston Moor, in the latter of which three brothers (besides himself) also bore a part; to which circumstance the late Lord Byron alludes in the following stanza:

" On Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
" Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
" For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
" Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd," &c.

The royal gratitude for these important services conferred on him a patent of peerage, dated at Oxford, October 27, 1643, by the title of Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, with remainder to his brother and their male issue respectively. He was also made Field-Marshal General of all his Majesty's forces in Worcestershire, Shropshire, Cheshire, and North Wales, and in these situations rendered himself so active and conspicuous, as to be excepted by a vote of Parliament from pardon, and to have his estates sequestered. The King, moreover, was so convinced of his loyalty, as to appoint him Governor to the Duke of York, with whom he fled to Holland, when the unfortunate King became a prisoner in the Isle of Wight. He died

at Paris, in 1652, with the most unblemished reputation. He left no issue, and was succeeded by his second brother Sir Richard Byron, who was knighted by King Charles I. for his conduct at the battle of Edge Hill, and received other marks of honour and confidence. He died in 1679, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who married Elizabeth the daughter of John Viscount Chaworth, of the kingdom of Ireland, by whom he had five sons, all of whom died young, except William, the fourth Lord, born in 1669. He left issue, by his third wife, Frances, daughter of William Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, five sons and a daughter.

William, the eldest son, succeeded to the family honours in 1736, and unfortunately rendered himself conspicuous by killing in a duel Mr. Chaworth (a relation), for which he was tried, and found guilty of manslaughter. The following are the particulars of that unfortunate affair:—

Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth were neighbours, in the country, and it was their custom to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the Star and Garter tavern, in Pall Mall, once a month, at what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting at which the unlucky dispute arose that produced the duel, was on the 26th of January 1765, at which were present John Hewett, Esq., who sat as chairman, Lord Byron, the Hon.

Thomas Willoughby, Sir Robert Burdett, Frederic Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, William Chaworth, George Donston, and Charles Mellish, jun., Esqrs.

Their usual hour of dining was soon after four; and the rule of the club was, to have a bill and a bottle brought in at seven.

Till this hour all was jollity and good-humour; but Mr. Hewett, who was toast-master, happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving the game, setting the laws in being for that purpose out of the question, the subject was taken up by Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, who happened to be of a different opinion; Mr. Chaworth insisting on security against poachers and unqualified persons, and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Hewett's opinion was, that the most effectual way would be to make the game the property of the owner of the soil. The debate became general, but was carried on with acrimony only between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth; the latter, in confirmation of what he had said, insisting that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres, than Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in answer to this, proposed a bet of one hundred guineas; and Mr. Chaworth called for pen, ink, and paper, to reduce the wager to writing, in order to take it up; but Mr. Sherwin treating it in a jesting man-

ner, as a bet that never could be decided, no bet was laid, and the conversation went on. Mr. Chaworth said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate; and Lord Byron asking, with a smile, what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were? was answered by Mr. Chaworth, Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, that Bulwell was his; on which Mr. Chaworth, with some heat, replied, "If you want information with respect to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean-street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction; and, as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley-row;" or words to that effect. These words, uttered in a particular manner, could admit of no reply, and at once put an end to that subject of discourse; every gentleman in company fell into chat with him who sat next him; and nothing more was said generally till Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, as was his general practice; in doing which Mr. Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observed him a little flurried; for, in marking, he made a small mistake. The book had lines ruled in checks, and against each member present an O was placed, but if absent five shillings were put down. He placed five shillings against Lord Byron's name; but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that my lord was present, he corrected his mistake. In a few minutes after

this, Mr. Chaworth, having paid his reckoning, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, who entered into discourse with him at the head of the stairs; and Mr. Chaworth asked him particularly if he had attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thought he had been short in what he said on the subject. To which Mr. Donston said, "No; he had rather gone too far upon so trifling an occasion; but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more about it;" and after a little ordinary discourse had passed, they parted. Mr. Donston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down stairs; but, just as Mr. Donston entered the room, he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed, as there was a large screen that covered the door, without knowing each other. Lord Byron found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs, and it now remains a doubt, whether Lord Byron called upon Mr. Chaworth, or Mr. Chaworth upon Lord Byron; but both went to the first landing-place, having dined upon the second floor: and both called the waiter to show an empty room, which a waiter did; and having first opened the door himself, and placed a small tallow candle, which he had in his hand, on the table, he retired; when the gentlemen entered, and pulled the door after them.

In a few minutes the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain; the

waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frighted, told his master the catastrophe, who ran instantly up stairs, and found the two combatants standing close together: Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, as Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulders. He desired Mr. Fynmore to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his at the same time: one or both called to him to get some help immediately; and in a few minutes Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, was sent for, who came accordingly.

In the mean time Mr. Montagu, Mr. Hewett, Mr. Donston, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Molineux, and Mr. Sherwin, had entered the room. The account Mr. Chaworth then gave was, that he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him, if he meant the conversation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him. To which he replied, "If you have any thing to say, we had better shut the door;" that, while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw; and, in turning, he saw his lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own, and made the first pass. The sword being through my lord's waistcoat, he

thought he had killed him; and asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly.

When Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, came in, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly. He was very earnest to know if he thought him in imminent danger; and, being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle Levinz might be sent for, that he might settle his private affairs; and in the mean time gave Mr. Hawkins a particular detail of what had passed. He said, that Lord Byron and he entered the room together, Lord Byron leading the way; that his lordship, in walking forwards, said something relative to the former dispute, on which he proposed fastening the door; that, on turning himself round from this act, he perceived his lordship with his sword either drawn, or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his own, and made a thrust at him; which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then, perceiving his lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his lordship, and expressed a concern as under an apprehension of

having mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied, by saying something to the like effect; adding, at the same time, that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom. Mr. Hawkins adds, that pained and distressed as Mr. Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before, that he had rather be in his present situation than live under the misfortune of having killed another person.

After a little while he seemed to grow stronger, and he was then removed to his own house, where Mr. Adair, another surgeon, Mr. Man, an apothecary, and Dr. Addington, his physician, came to the assistance of Mr. Hawkins, but no relief could be given him: he continued sensible, however, till the time of his death; and Mr. Levinz being now come, Mr. Partington, an attorney, was sent for to make his will, for which he gave very sensible and distinct instructions; and while Mr. Partington was employed in his business, he gave Mr. Levinz, at his request, the same account which he had before given to Mr. Hawkins, lamenting, at the same time, his own folly in fighting in the dark; an expression that certainly conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron, and implied no more than this, that by fighting with a dim light he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordmanship, and had been

led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his lordship, when he was only entangled in his waistcoat, for under that mistake he certainly was when Lord Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body. He added, to Mr. Levinz, that he died as a man of honour: and expressed a satisfaction that he was in his present situation, rather than in that of having the life of any man to answer for.

Mr. Partington, when he had finished the business he was sent for, and the will was properly executed, recollected the probability that he should one day be called upon to give testimony to the dying words of his unhappy client; and accordingly, with the caution that always accompanies a thorough knowledge of the law, he thought proper to commit to writing the last words he was heard to say on this occasion. This writing was put into the hands of Mr. Levinz, and gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased, and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried; but no paper whatever was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows:

" Sunday morning, the twenty-seventh of June, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, that my lord's sword was half drawn; and that he, *knowing the man*, immediately, or, as quick as he could, whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust; that then my lord wounded him, and he

disarmed my lord, who then said, 'By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

These are the particulars of this unfortunate affair; by which it should seem that neither Mr. Chaworth himself, nor any of his friends, could blame Lord Byron for the part he had in his death. Mr. Chaworth, it is manifest, was under the apprehension of having mortally wounded Lord Byron; and Lord Byron, being still engaged, had a right to avail himself of that mistake for the preservation of his own life. His lordship himself, no doubt, might wish that he had, in that situation, disabled him only; but in the heat of duelling who can always be collected?

Some time after this unhappy affair, Lord Byron surrendered himself to be tried by his peers; and, on the 16th of April, 1765, about half an hour after nine in the morning, his lordship, escorted by parties of the horse and foot guards, and attended by the Lieutenant-Governor and Constable of the Tower, and another gentleman, was brought for that purpose, in a coach, by the new road, Southwark, to Westminster-Hall; and, in the evening, between five and six, his lordship was conducted back the same way and in the same manner, before all the witnesses for the prosecution could be examined.

The trial being resumed the next day, as soon as their lordships had examined the rest of the witnesses in support of the charge against Lord

Byron, the Solicitor-General summed up the evidence; after which, Lord Byron, who declined examining any witnesses on his own behalf, told their lordships that what he had to offer in his own vindication, he had committed to writing; and begged that it might be read by the clerk, as he feared his own voice, considering his present situation, would not be heard. His speech was accordingly read by the clerk in a very audible and distinct manner, and contained an exact detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between him and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstances of Mr. Chaworth's behaviour further than was necessary for his own defence, expressed his deep and unfeigned sorrow for the event, and reposed himself with the utmost confidence on their lordships' justice and humanity, and would with cheerfulness acquiesce in the sentence of the noblest and most equitable judicature in the world, whether it were for life or for death. The peers, who amounted in number to two hundred and fifty, then adjourned to their own house; and, after some time, returned, when they unanimously found his lordship guilty of manslaughter; and, as by an old statute, peers are, in all cases where clergy is allowed, to be dismissed without burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees. The witnesses examined on behalf of the crown

were the several gentlemen in company at the Star and Garter Tavern when the accident happened; the master and waiters; Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Adair, the surgeons who attended Mr. Chaworth; his uncle, and the lawyer who made his will.

The counsel for his lordship were the Honourable Mr. Charles Yorke and Alexander Wedderburne, esq.; attorney, Mr. Potts. Against his lordship, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Serjeant Glyn, Mr. Stowe, Mr. Cornwall; attorney, Mr. Joynes.

The public curiosity was so great on this occasion, that tickets of admission were publicly sold for six guineas, and found eager purchasers.

This affair has been very frequently misrepresented, and much censure has been generally thrown upon Lord Byron, which he seems hardly to have deserved. The circumstances of the duel and its fatal termination are very much regretted; but the man must be possessed of extraordinary coolness and forbearance, indeed, who could feel his adversary's sword entangled in his own coat, and not avail himself of the opportunity which was thus presented to him of putting an end to the combat and of preserving his own life. The imputation of unfairnesss is evidently unfounded; from the statement of Mr. Chaworth, it appears that he made the first lunge.

It was, however, an event, which, as might have been expected, clouded the whole of the after-life

of the unfortunate survivor. His lordship married Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles Shaw, Esq. of Besthorpe-Hall, in the county of Norfolk, by whom he had three sons, but all of them died without issue before their father, who departed this life at Newstead Abbey, May 17, 1798.

Among the many remarkable persons who are to be reckoned among the immediate ancestors of the late Lord Byron, was the Honourable Commodore John Byron, who was wrecked in the year 1740 on the coast of Patagonia. This gentleman was the second son of William, the fourth Lord Byron, by his third marriage. He was born at Newstead Abbey on the 8th of November, 1723, and was sent, while yet a boy, into the navy. In the year 1740, an expedition was fitted out for the purpose of annoying the Spaniards, who were then at war with England, in the South Seas, where an attack would be the least expected. The command of the five ships, of which this force was composed, was entrusted to Commodore, afterwards Lord Anson. In one of those ships (the Wager) Mr. Byron was rated as a midshipman, he being then seventeen years of age. The Wager was a ship in every respect unfitted for the service to which she was appointed. She had been an East Indiaman, and was now used as a store-ship. In consequence of her being heavily laden, and, moreover, a very bad sailer, she soon parted company with the rest of the squadron, after having

lost her mizen-mast in a squall off Straits le Maire, and never again joined the other ships. The Island of Soccoro had been appointed as a rendezvous, and to this place the commander of the Wager, Captain Cheap, endeavoured to steer; but, owing to his obstinacy and to the difficulty of navigating in those unknown seas, he failed in this attempt. The storm continued, while the ship's distress increased, until at length she was blown upon a lee-shore, where she struck between two rocks.

The narrative, published by Mr. Byron after his return, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting books of the kind which the language contains. The late Lord Byron has made ample use of it in the course of his singular poem of "Don Juan," as we shall hereafter take occasion to remark; and has alluded to it by saying that the hardships which his hero suffered, were

> ———"Comparative
> To those related in his grand-dad's narrative."

The description given by Mr. Byron of the wreck, has great power, and conveys with the least effort a striking picture of that appalling event:—

"In this dreadful situation she (the ship) lay for some little time, every soul on board looking upon the present minute as his last, for there was nothing to be seen but breakers all around us.

However, a mountainous sea hove her off from thence; but she presently struck again, and broke her tiller. In this terrifying and critical juncture, to have observed all the various modes of horror operating according to the several characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger. Instances there were, however, of behaviour so very remarkable, they could not escape the notice of any one who was not entirely bereaved of his senses, for some were in this condition to all intents and purposes; particularly one, in the ravings despair brought upon him, was seen stalking about the deck, flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his companions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down. Some, reduced before by long sickness and the scurvy, became on this occasion as it were petrified, and bereaved of all sense, like inanimate logs, and were bandied to and fro by the jerks and rolls of the ship, without exerting any efforts to help themselves."

This happened in the middle of the night, and when day broke the people got the boats out; but Mr. Byron, who, with the Captain, went on shore, could not save a single article of his clothes, except what he had on his back. The

land was, if possible, more dreadful than the sea, nothing appearing all around but a wild solitude, alike destitute of animals and vegetation. This dismal spot lay to the northward of the Straits of Magellan; but whether it formed part of an island or of the continent the sufferers had no means of determining. The narrative proceeds thus:—

"It is natural to think," says the author, "that to men, thus upon the point of perishing by shipwreck, getting to land was the highest attainment of their wishes; yet, all things considered, our condition was but little mended by the change. Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself; on one side the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea, presented us with the most dreary prospect; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favorable appearance: desolate and barren, without signs of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. Exerting ourselves, however, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, to find some wretched covert against the extreme inclemency of the weather, we discovered an Indian hut at a small distance from the beach, within a wood, in which as many as possible, without distinction, crowded themselves, the night coming on exceedingly tempestuous and rainy. But here our situation was such as to

exclude all rest and refreshment by sleep from most of us; for, besides that we pressed upon one another extremely, we were not without our alarms and apprehensions of being attacked by the Indians, from a discovery we made of some of their lances and other arms in our hut; and our uncertainty of their strength and disposition gave alarm to our imagination, and kept us in continual anxiety.

"In this miserable hovel one of our company, a lieutenant of invalids, died this night; and of those who, for want of room, took shelter under a great tree, which stood them in very little stead, two more perished by the severity of that cold and rainy night. In the morning the calls of hunger, which had been hitherto suppressed by our attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, were now become too importunate to be resisted. We had most of us fasted eight and forty hours, some more; it was time, therefore, to make inquiry among ourselves what store of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others; but the produce of the one amounted to no more than two or three pounds of biscuit-dust, reserved in a bag; and all the success of those who ventured abroad, the weather being still exceedingly bad, was to kill one sea-gull, and pick some wild celery.

"We were in all about a hundred and forty who had got to shore; but some few remained still on board, detained either by drunkenness, or a view of pillaging the wreck. These were visited by an officer in the yawl, who was to endeavour to prevail upon them to join the rest; but, finding them in the greatest disorder, and disposed to mutiny, he was obliged to desist from his purpose, and return without them. The ensuing night proved exceedingly tempestuous; and, the sea running very high, threatened those on board with immediate destruction, by the parting of the wreck. They then were as solicitous to get ashore, as they were before obstinate in refusing the assistance we sent them; and, when they found the boat did not come to their relief at the instant they expected it, without considering how impracticable a thing it was to send it them in such a sea, they fired one of the quarter-deck guns at the hut; the ball of which did but just pass over the covering of it, and was plainly heard by the captain and us who were within. Another attempt, therefore, was made to bring these madmen to land; which, however, proved ineffectual. This unavoidable delay made the people on board outrageous; yet one thing in this outrage they seemed particularly attentive to, which was, to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, in order to support them in putting their mutinous designs in execution, and asserting their claim to a lawless

exemption from the authority of their officers, which they pretended must cease with the loss of the ship. But of these arms, which we stood in great need of, they were soon bereaved, upon coming ashore, by the resolution of Captain Cheap and Lieutenant Hamilton, of the marines. Among these mutineers was the boatswain; who, instead of exerting the authority he had over the rest, to keep them within bounds as much as possible, was himself a ringleader in their riot. Him, without respect to the figure he then made (for he was in laced clothes), Captain Cheap, by a blow well laid on with his cane, felled to the ground. It was scarce possible to refrain from laughter at the whimsical appearance these fellows made, who, having rifled the chests of the officers' best suits, had put them on over their greasy trowsers and dirty checked shirts. They were soon stripped of their finery, as they had before been obliged to resign their arms.

"The incessant rains, and exceeding cold weather in this climate, made it necessary to fall upon some expedient, without delay, which might serve the purpose of shelter. Accordingly the gunner, carpenter, and some more, turning the cutter keel upwards, and fixing it upon props, made no despicable habitation. Having thus established some sort of settlement, we had the more leisure to look about us. We soon provided ourselves with some sea-fowl, and found limpets,

muscles, and other shell-fish, in tolerable abundance; but this rummaging of the shore was now becoming extremely irksome to those who had any feeling, by the bodies of our drowned people thrown among the rocks, some of which were hideous spectacles, from the mangled condition they were in, by the violent surf that drove in upon the coast. These horrors were overcome by the distresses of our people, who were even glad of the occasion of killing the gallinazo (the carrion crow of that country), while preying on these carcases, in order to make a meal of them. But a provision by no means proportionable to the number of mouths to be fed, could, by our utmost industry, be acquired from that part of the island we had hitherto traversed: therefore, till we were in a capacity of making more distant excursions, the wreck was to be applied to, as often as possible, for such supplies as could be got out of her. The difficulties we had to encounter in our visits to the wreck cannot be easily described; for no part of it being above water, except the quarter-deck and part of the forecastle, we were usually obliged to come at such things as were within reach, by means of large hooks fastened to poles, in which business we were much incommoded by the dead bodies floating between decks.

"In order to secure what we thus got, Captain Cheap ordered a store-tent to be erected

near his hut, from which nothing was to be dealt out but in the measure and proportion agreed upon by the officers; and though it was very hard upon us, as petty officers, who were fatigued with hunting all day in quest of food, to defend this tent from invasion by night, no other means could be devised for this purpose so effectual as the committing this charge to our custody. Yet, notwithstanding our utmost vigilance and care, frequent robberies were committed upon our trust, the tent being accessible in more than one place. The allowance which might consistently be dispensed from thence was so little proportionable to our common exigencies, together with our daily and nightly task of roving after food, not in the least relaxed, that many at this time perished with hunger. A boy, when no other eatables could be found, having picked up the liver of one of the drowned men (whose carcass had been torn to pieces by the force with which the sea drove it among the rocks), was with difficulty withheld from making a meal of it. It must be observed, that on the 14th of May we were cast away, and it was not till the 25th of this month that provision was served regularly from the store-tent.

"Whenever the weather permitted, which was now grown something drier, but exceedingly cold, we employed ourselves about the wreck, from which we had at sundry times recovered several articles of provision and liquor; these

were deposited in the store-tent. Ill-humour and discontent, from the difficulties we laboured under in procuring subsistence, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, was now breaking out apace. In some it showed itself by a separation of settlement and habitation; in others, by a resolution of leaving the captain entirely, and making a wild journey by themselves, without determining upon any plan whatever. For my own part, liking none of their parties, I built a little hut just big enough for myself and a poor Indian dog I found in the woods, who could shift for himself along shore at low water, by getting limpets. This creature grew so fond of me, and faithful, that he would suffer nobody to come near the hut without biting them.

"Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, and chiefly by famine, which put the rest upon all shifts and devices to support themselves. One day, when I was at home in my hut with my Indian dog, a party came to my door, and told me their necessities were such, that they must eat the creature or starve. Though their plea was urgent, I could not help using some arguments to endeavour to dissuade them from killing him, as his faithful services and fondness deserved it at my hands; but, without weighing any arguments, they took him away by force and killed him;

upon which, thinking that I had at least as good a right to a share as the rest, I sat down with them, and partook of their repast. Three weeks after that I was glad to make a meal of his paws and skin, which, upon recollecting the spot where they had killed him, I found thrown aside and rotten."

The use which Lord Byron has made of this incident, in the second canto of "Don Juan," has exposed him to the charge of plagiarism by some "learned Theban," whose name we forget. We subjoin the passage:—

——— Hunger's rage grew wild:
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was killed and portioned out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who has still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devoured it, longing for the other too."

After enduring hardships, the mere relation of which is frightful, the remnant of the ship's crew, reduced by various desertions to only five persons, were carried by some Indians to the island of Chiloe. Mr. Byron and Captain Cheap were of this party. The apprehensions which they had reasonably enough entertained of rough usage from the inhabitants of Chiloe, turned out to be

unfounded; they were treated with great humanity, and, for the first time since their shipwreck, had sufficient food to satisfy their hunger. From the island of Chiloe they were taken to Castro, where the Spanish corregidor of the town gave them to understand, that they, being Englishmen, were prisoners to the government of Spain. Here, however, they were also kindly treated, and had a plentiful supply of food: but such an impression had their former privations made upon them, that their appetites seem to have increased to an ungovernable degree, and even to have overcome all notions of decency and propriety, even in men whose education and habits had taught them to observe the customs of civilized life. Such a strange thing is human nature, and so nearly do its mere passions ally it to the brutes that perish! Mr. Byron says, speaking of the amazing quantity which he and his companions ate, "It is amazing that our eating to that excess we had done, from the time we first got among these kind Indians, had not killed us; we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities, for some months after, of filling our pockets when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves. Capt. Cheap used to declare that he was quite ashamed of himself." At Castro, Mr. Byron seems to have made an impression on the niece of a rich old priest, of whom she was the reputed heiress. "This young lady,"

he says, " did me the honour to take more notice of me than I deserved; and proposed to her uncle to convert me, and afterwards begged his consent to marry me. As the old man doated upon her, he readily agreed to it; and accordingly, on the next visit I made him, acquainted me with the young lady's proposal, and his approbation of it, taking me at the same time into a room where there were several chests and boxes, which he unlocked; first showing me what a number of fine clothes his niece had, and then his own wardrobe, which he said should be mine at his death. Amongst other things, he produced a piece of linen, which he said should immediately be made up into shirts for me. I own this last article was a great temptation to me; however, I had the resolution to withstand it, and made the best excuses I could for not accepting of the honour they intended me; for by this time I could speak Spanish well enough to make myself understood."

The confession, which he makes of the difficulty he had to withstand the temptation of the shirts, is a proof how far the love of clean linen will carry a man.

At length the prisoners, whom the death of two had reduced to Captain Cheap, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Hamilton, were taken to Chili in the beginning of 1743, where Mr. Byron was hospitably entertained for nearly two years in the house

of Don Patricio Gedd, a physician of Scotch family, settled at that place. On the 20th December 1744, they were put on board the Lys, a French frigate belonging to St. Malo, and, after a voyage of twelve months, were landed in Brest harbour. They thence obtained a passage in a Dutch vessel; and, being boarded by the boat of an English ship, they were carried to Dover. The narrative concludes in the following manner:—

"Captain Masterson immediately sent one of the cutters he had with him to land us at Dover, where we arrived that afternoon, and directly set out for Canterbury upon post-horses; but Captain Cheap was so tired by the time he got there, that he could proceed no farther that night. The next morning he still found himself so much fatigued that he could ride no longer; therefore it was agreed that he and Mr. Hamilton should take a post-chaise, and that I should ride; but here an unlucky difficulty was started: for upon sharing the little money we had, it was found to be not sufficient to pay the charges to London, and my proportion fell so short, that it was, by calculation, barely enough to pay for horses, without a farthing for eating a bit upon the road, or even for the very turnpikes. Those I was obliged to defraud, by riding as hard as I could through them all, not paying the least regard to the men, who called out to stop me. The want of refreshment I bore

as well as I could. When I got to the Borough, I took a coach and drove to Marlborough-street, where my friends had lived when I left England; but when I came there, I found the house shut up. Having been absent so many years, and in all that time never having heard a word from home, I knew not who was dead or who was living, or where to go next, or even how to pay the coachman. I recollected a linen-draper's shop not far from thence, which our family had used; I therefore drove there next, and, making myself known, they paid the coachman. I then inquired after our family, and was told my sister had married Lord Carlisle, and was at that time in Soho-square. I immediately walked to the house and knocked at the door: but the porter, not liking my figure, which was half French, half Spanish, with the addition of a large pair of boots, covered with dirt, he was going to shut the door in my face; but I prevailed with him to let me come in.

"I need not acquaint my readers with what surprise and joy my sister received me. She immediately furnished me with money sufficient to appear like the rest of my countrymen; till that time I could not be properly said to have finished all the extraordinary scenes which a series of unfortunate adventures had kept me in for the space of five years and upwards."

The sister of whom he speaks was Isabella, Countess of Carlisle; a lady who was distinguished

more for that eccentricity of manners which seems to have run in the family, than for her poetical talent, of which she was somewhat proud. She wrote the Answer to Mrs. Greville's ingenious "Prayer for Indifference," which is published along with that poem in some of the collections; she is said also to have been the author of some clever letters on the Education of Daughters. The present Earl of Carlisle is the son of this lady; the author of some tragedies which are sufficiently bad; but not so bad as to justify his noble relative, and the subject of our work, in putting his kinsman and guardian among such company as occupy the following lines in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

> "Let Stott, *Carlisle*, Matilda, and the rest,
> Of Grub-street and of Grosvenor-place the best,
> Scrawl on till death release us from the strain,
> Or Common Sense assert her rights again."

To return, however, to Commodore Byron; the perils which he had passed, great as they were, could not turn him from the profession of his choice; he continued in the service, and was promoted to the rank of Captain. In the year 1758, the command of a small squadron was given to him, and he sailed for North America with the rank of Commodore of the British ships off Louisburg; he was employed to destroy the fortifications of that place, and to remove the stores to Halifax, which commission he executed.

In 1764, when the project of ascertaining whether there actually existed a southern continent became popular, Commodore Byron was thought the person best qualified to conduct an expedition for that purpose; he bent his course towards the coast where he had suffered so much before, and there had a friendly interview with some of the gigantic people who inhabit it. He afterwards took possession of the largest of Falkland's Islands; and having satisfactorily fulfilled his mission, and circumnavigated the globe, he returned home.

He was afterwards promoted to the rank of Admiral, and employed in the American war; but, such was the singular fatality which attended him, that the weather always prevented his bringing the enemy to an engagement. His talents and his courage were beyond all question; but his ill-luck was so constant and so notorious, that the nickname of "Foul-weather Jack" was bestowed on him throughout the fleet. It was for this reason that the sailors in general were unwilling to sail with him; and, notwithstanding his kindness to all their wants and interests, which engaged their affection and respect for him, they had so strong a suspicion that foul weather must attend him wherever he went, that they would scarcely ever willingly enter his ships.

It was not, however, in his professional career that he was only unhappy: his domestic con-

nexions were productive of the greatest affliction to him. One of his daughters married William, the fifth Lord Byron, whose fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth we have already mentioned, and by whom she was treated with the greatest brutality. They left no children, and it was in failure of their issue that the late Lord Byron succeeded to the title.

John Byron, the eldest son of the naval veteran, was born in 1751. He received a liberal education at Westminster-school, and had a captain's commission in the Guards; but his life was so irregular, that the admiral discarded him long before his death; and his criminal intercourse with the Marchioness of Carmarthen ended in a divorce, and in his subsequent marriage with that lady. On her death (leaving one only daughter), he married a second wife, Miss Gordon, of Gight, a lady of noble descent, nearly allied to the ducal family* of that name, and heiress to an estate in the district of Garioch, near Aberdeen. This was soon sacrificed to the extravagancies of the husband, who, in order to avoid his creditors, left his wife and son (the late Lord Byron,) and fled to Valenciennes, where he died on the 2d of August 1791. His widow, however, had the satis-

* She is said to have been the last of that branch of the family who are descended from the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, who married the Earl of Huntley; from the elder branch the Countess of Sutherland is descended.

faction (previously to her death, which happened in 1811) to see her son inherit the honours of his family, take his seat in the House of Peers, and to witness the opening dawn of that brilliant career, which excited the admiration of the present generation, and will endear his name to posterity.

CHAPTER II.

George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron; – his first Rudiments of Education at a Public School at Aberdeen, in Scotland; – succeeds to the Title on the Death of his Great-Uncle, without issue; – removed to Harrow School, near London; – from thence goes to the University of Cambridge. – More remarkable for his Eccentricities, than for any early display of Genius.

GEORGE GORDON, the sixth and late Lord Byron, was born in London, on the 22d January, in the year 1788,* and was bred up on the estate of his mother, within thirty miles of the town of Aberdeen; but when the desperate state of his father's

* Some uncertainty prevails with respect to the place of his birth. It has been asserted that he was born in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, his father having at that time held a commission in the Guards; but this assertion we have neither been able to substantiate nor refute. It has been said that he was born in Aberdeenshire, on his maternal estate; but this is left doubtful in his writings. In his poem '*Lachin-y-Gair*,' he only says he spent *some* of the *early part* of his life near that spot: and in his address to Mr. Jeffrey, the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, he says:

"But I am *half* a Scot by birth, and bred
A *whole* one:"

This question is now decided by Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister and senior. The inscription on the coffin-plate mentions that his Lordship was born in LONDON!! (See account of the funeral procession at the end of this work.)

affairs had rendered it necessary that he should leave the country, the Hon. Mrs. Byron went to Aberdeen with her son; and as her finances were in a very low state, her style of living was the most parsimonious. Her fondness for her only son was the most exemplary and praiseworthy; and he could not go out on an evening without her enjoining him to take the greatest care of himself, as she had no one she lived for but himself. With truly maternal anxiety she watched his infancy, and instructed him in the rudiments of the English language. She was a lady of very staid and sober habits; her face was comely, and her air that of a lady; but her stature was diminutive, and she was too much *en bon point* for being accounted handsome.

When his years and his preparation had fitted him for it, he was sent to the Grammar School, where he was called in the list by the name of *George Byron Gordon*, and if any one presumed, or even attempted to transpose the two last words, he felt it as an insult of the first magnitude; considering that those paternal friends, who had done nothing for him, ought not to usurp the place of the name of that mother who had done every thing for him.

Although, whilst at the Grammar School, he did not show any symptoms of talent superior to that of his fellow-students, yet he was amongst the boldest and bravest of them all. Though

weak in body, he was invincible in mind; and in all sports and amusements which were of an adventurous nature, he took the lead among his school-fellows: in riding upon horses, fishing, sailing, swimming, and in all those occupations which had something of spirit in them congenial to his mind, he conducted himself with a degree of intrepidity and skill far surpassing what might have been expected from one of his tender years. Although by no means the strongest, either in frame or in constitution, he was exceedingly brave, and in the juvenile wars of the school he generally obtained the victory. Upon one occasion, a boy, who had been attacked without just cause, took refuge in his mother's house, and he interposed his authority to say that nobody should be ill-used while under his roof and protection. Upon this the aggressor dared him to fight; and though the boy was much the stronger of the two, the spirit of Byron was so determined, that they fought until they were both out of breath, and neither could claim the victory.

The most remarkable circumstance of young Byron at this time was extreme sensibility of mind. As an instance of this it may be mentioned, that when his name was first called out in the list as *Georgius Dominus* de Byron, the boys set up a shout, which the master could not suppress, and this had such an effect upon him, that it was with great difficulty he could be prevailed on to con-

tinue at the school. His elevation seemed to give him no great pleasure, and the distance which many of his old companions felt it proper to keep from him, upon its being made generally known, gave him so much pain, that he occasionally burst into tears.

An answer which he made to a fellow-scholar in the Grammar School at Aberdeen, who questioned him as to the cause of the honorary addition of *Dominus* to his name, served at that time, when he was only ten years of age, to point out that he would be a man who would think, speak, and act for himself; who, whatever might be his sayings or his doings, his vices or his virtues, would not condescend to take them at second-hand. This happened on the very day after he was menaced with a flogging round the school, and when the question was put to him, he replied, "It is not my doing: Fortune was to whip me yesterday for what another did; and she has this day made me a Lord for what another has ceased to do. I need not thank her in either case, for I have asked nothing at her hands."

This desire to stand alone in his opinions, as well as his actions, appears to have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the noble youth; and though perhaps not the sole cause, was at least one cause, both of the celebrity which he attained, and of the calumny

and misrepresentation with which he was subsequently assailed.

At that time, though he was occasionally a moody and thoughtful boy, yet he was the foremost and gayest in all the more manly sports; he was also extremely kind-hearted, and would not on any account be guilty of any act of cruelty or injustice. All who knew him at that period speak of him with the greatest respect.

He was exceedingly attached to the customs of the remote place in which he was bred, and deeply impressed by the legends and sayings which were common among the people. One of his schoolfellows had a little Shetland pony; and, one day, the two together had got the pony to take an alternate ride, or to "ride and tie," as it was vulgarly called, along the banks of the Don. When they were come to the old bridge, Byron stopped his companion, and insisted that he should dismount, while he himself rode along the bridge; "for," said he, "you remember the prophecy:

> "'Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be thy wa',
> Wi' a widow's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
> Down thou'lt fa'.'

"Now, who knows but the pony may be a mare's ae foal, and we are both widows' ae sons; but you have a sister, and I have nobody to lament for me but my mother." The other boy con-

sented; but as soon as young Byron had escaped the terrors of the bridge, the other insisted upon following his example; he, too, rode safely across, and they concluded that the pony was not the only production of its dam.

Thus passed the first ten years of his life in Aberdeenshire, where (being, as already mentioned, of a very sickly constitution and delicate frame of body) he was permitted to range the hills and dales* of that romantic country, in the hope that the air and exercise might improve his health. It has been supposed that the liberty which he thus enjoyed rendered him ever after-

* This impression was never effaced during life; for, in the poem of "*The Island*," written and published in 1823, the year before that in which he died, is the following note: "When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever, at Aberdeen, I was removed, by medical advice, into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe; this was boyish enough, but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays."

This love of the romantic scenery of his youthful days is strongly depicted in the poem entitled '*Lachin-y-Gair*,' and in stanzas beginning:

"I would I were a careless child
Still dwelling in my Highland cave;
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave," &c.

wards impatient of restraint: certain it is that the wildness of the scenery amidst which he passed his infant years imbued his mind with a romantic cast, and tinctured his poetical effusions with that boldness of wandering which disdains all shackles. In his first production, '*Hours of Idleness*,' in a poem entitled '*Lachin-y-Gair*,' he thus describes his youthful wanderings:

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd:
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr."

It has been currently reported (but we know not with what foundation) that our bard, in his poem of '*Don Juan*,' delineates the characters of his parents as *Don José* and *Donna Inez*, in the following, among other stanzas:

"He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learn'd;
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclin'd,
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*;
But, for domestic quarrels *one* will do."

"Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;

Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities:
And then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities;
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

He could know nothing, but by hearsay, of his father, who left England in his infancy, and died when he was only three years old; of his mother it does not appear that he had occasion to think or speak with any thing but reverence.

On the death of the fifth Lord William, (which, as we have already mentioned, took place at Newstead Abbey, on the 17th May 1798), he succeeded to the title and estates, when he was only ten years of age, up to which time he continued to reside in Aberdeenshire. Falling under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle (a relation by marriage), it was now thought proper to remove him to an English seminary, where he might receive an education suited to his rank; and he was accordingly placed at Harrow school, in Middlesex. It does not appear that whilst there he gave any augury of a rising genius; that he was remarkable for either his quickness of apprehension or application to study. He himself, in a note to canto iv. of *Childe Harold*, informs the world that he deems the study of the classics a drudgery when young, and apt to pall the appetite when old: an idea, so very erroneous and absurd, that it is impossible to believe he could be in earnest

when he made it; it resembles the affectation of a beautiful woman, who denies her own perfections, in order to have them praised by her admirers; it is a position of itself so very destitute of foundation, that it would be equally absurd to waste a moment's time in its refutation. Lord Byron either forgets, or else he refutes himself, in his Satire entitled "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,*" where he says:

"Blest is the man who dares approach the bower,
Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar
The clime that nurs'd the sons of song and war;
The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own *Achaian* shore!
But doubly blest is he, whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!"

But though his Lordship did not afford any very remarkable symptoms of superior genius, it appears that he gave many *striking* proofs of an *undaunted* and *invincible* spirit, notwithstanding his labouring under the disadvantage of lameness.

The following interesting *recollections* of Lord Byron, when a boy at Harrow school, in Middlesex, are communicated in a letter from one of his schoolfellows: "I am almost alarmed when I think how many years ago it is since I was sent, a little urchin, to improve my morals and accomplishments at Harrow school. There were then,

in that commonwealth of letters, about three hundred sturdy fellows, who had roughed the accidents of a public school, and were for the most part diligently pursuing the cause of cricket and foot-ball, as a relief to the *minor* occupations of classics. Some of these boys have since acquired some reputation as men. There was, first, Lord Hardwicke's son (the late Lord Royston), who was drowned, to the sorrow of his friends, who augured very highly of him; there was the late Duke of Dorset (a delicate boy), the present Duke of Devonshire, and a host of Lords beside; Mr. Peel, the now Under Secretary of State (who even then excited great hope), and his Secretary, the Hon. George Dawson, and his brother Lionel; some of the Drurys, who are now, I believe, masters there; Procter, who has since written verses under another name, as you know; and, above all, the *celebrated* GEORGE GORDON, *Lord Byron*. In regard to the last mentioned, and the most renowned of these Harrow boys, *he*, though he was *lame*, was a great lover of sports: preferred 'hockey' to Horace, relinquished even Helicon for 'duck-puddle,' and gave up the best poet that ever wrote hard Latin for a game of cricket on the common. He was not remarkable (nor was he ever) for his learning; but he was always a clever, plain-spoken, and undaunted boy. I have seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up against the disadvantages of his lameness with all

the spirit of an ancient combatant. "Don't you remember your battle with Pitt?" said I to him in a letter (for I had witnessed it); but it seems he had forgotten it. "You are mistaken, I think (said he in reply): it must have been with rice-pudding Morgan, or Lord Jocelyn, or one of the Douglasses, or George Raynsford, or Pryce (with whom I had two conflicts), or with Moses Moore (the *clod*), or with somebody else, and not with Pitt; for with all the above-named, and other worthies of the fist, had I an interchange of black eyes and bloody noses, at various and sundry periods; however, it may have happened, for all that."

That this character was by no means over-charged, Lord Byron himself confirms, in his "*Childish Recollections:*"

> "Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
> Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command;
> Who join'd with me in ev'ry boyish sport,
> Their first adviser, and their last resort:
> Nor shrunk before the upstart pedant's frown,
> Or all the sable glories of his gown."

And he celebrates his school friendships with Ida's* social band, whom he particularizes and characterizes with much discrimination: *Alonzo*, his best and dearest of friends; jocund *Davies*, who felled a savage as he levelled a musket at Byron, whilst engaged with another foe; *Lycus*, *Euryalus*, and *Cleon*. He there pours forth the effusions of a

* Harrow.

heart glowing with youthful tenderness; of a heart not yet seared by ingratitude and injustice; but soon, alas! doomed to feel the bitterest anguish of keen disappointment, and to carry the barbed dart in his side, until kindly relieved by death.

In 1804 (at the age of sixteen years) Lord Byron was removed from Harrow school to Cambridge, and entered a student of Trinity College. Here, as at Harrow school, he gave no very remarkable specimen of future greatness. If a judgment may be formed from the Greek quotations scattered throughout the notes to *Childe Harolde*, he must have devoted some hours to intense study, besides those "*Hours of Idleness*" which he employed in climbing Parnassus. The mathematics he certainly had no relish for, as in his '*Thoughts suggested by a College Examination*' he introduces the Examiner

> "Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
> Unskill'd to plead in *mathematic* rules."

And these rules pointing out the direct road to academic honours in Cambridge,* it is no wonder

* Lord Byron was not the only one of the *Alumni* of Cambridge who pointed out defects in the system of that university: there have been published "Thoughts on the present System of Academic Education in the University of Cambridge," by a writer under the signature of *Eubulus*; "A Letter to the Right Reverend John, Lord Bishop of Bristol, respecting an additional Examination of Students, &c., and different Plans proposed for that Purpose," by Philograntus; and "A Letter to Philogran-

that the latter were either unsought-for or withheld. Whichever was the case, his Lordship, in the last-mentioned piece bestows a bitter philippic on Granta's sons :—

> " The sons of Science these, who, thus repaid,
> Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade.
> Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
> Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for die;
> Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
> They think all learning fix'd within their walls.
> In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
> All modern arts affecting to despise;
> Yet prizing Bentley's Brunck's, or Porson's note,
> More than the verse on which the critic wrote;
> *Vain* as their *honours*, heavy as their ale,
> Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
> To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
> When self and church demand a bigot zeal."

Such was the poet's farewell to Cambridge! (which he left, after a three years' residence, in 1807), and for which he has been severely arraigned, as for a piece of black ingratitude towards the *Alma Mater* from whose breasts he had drawn the milk of erudition, which invigorated his manhood of genius. But the world is too enlightened now to be blinded by elevated stations, or high-sounding names, which only

tus, by Eubulus, &c. &c.; all pointing out a number of acknowledged defects, and proposing plans for remedying them. The fact, therefore, is substantiated by the members themselves, and Lord Byron was not the only individual who dared to complain aloud: " *Magis hòc, quò sunt cognitiora, gravant.*"

serve to render merit or demerit more conspicuous. Lord Byron had thoroughly *read* the Cambridge gentry before he ventured to censure them; their cold and unfeeling apathy towards the cause of Greece,—of that Greece, to which they owe their station, their name, their wealth, their honours, their all,—fully justifies Lord Byron's—

> "Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race,
> At once the boast of learning and disgrace."

If the English universities are not ashamed of themselves, Englishmen are ashamed of them. Lord Byron, though dead, yet liveth in the memories of all men; he has drawn the eyes and hearts of the whole world upon the cause of Greece, and we hope and trust that the *Press*, that champion of *Freedom* and *Truth*, will yet make the *learned Societies* of Europe evince some little respect, if not for the cause of *Christianity*, at least for that of *humanity!* But more of this hereafter.

Upon the whole, it has been justly observed, that whether at Harrow-School or at Trinity College Lord Byron did not choose to pursue, his studies in the beaten track, in which dunce follows dunce, with the same blind regularity as the sails of a windmill course one another in their revolution, or a horse goes round in a mill; and therefore those who ever judge of study only from the hours and modes in which a man appears to be studying, will have it that he did not study at

all; but let any unprejudiced man look at his works, and the fact will be evident, that he was not merely a student, but a student of the very highest class; that while these afford every evidence of a close and correct acquaintance with mere book-learning, they prove at the same time that, in the study of human nature, he was superior to most other men of his time; and if this excellence was the result of a neglect of the prescribed scholastic exercises, then the more they are neglected the better. Lord Byron was *himself*—a copy of no man—an original genius; and, as such, it will be in vain to look for any exemplar; he studied within himself, without parade or ostentation; and the fruits of those studies have delighted mankind. Such was the youth who, as he himself afterwards tells his own story in '*Lara*,' was—

> "Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
> Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe."

CHAPTER III.

Lord Byron takes up his residence at Newstead-Abbey, the seat of his paternal ancestors.—Description of the Abbey, and adjoining scenery.—Publication of Lord Byron's first work, "Hours of Idleness."—Severely handled by the Edinburgh Reviewers. The Author lashes the Reviewers in return.—His temper, rather soured by the severity of criticism, is put to a more severe trial by a disappointment in the tender passion.—He quits England on his Voyages and Travels.

Lord Byron now took up his residence at the seat of his paternal ancestors,* *Newstead-Abbey*, whose romantic views were at once calculated to remind him of the scenes of his early life in Aberdeenshire, and its dilapidated state to call forth his sympathy for the seat of his forefathers, beau-

* His feelings were not much elevated on his unexpected succession to the family honours and estate. He explains them in 'Hours of Idleness;' but he had been disappointed in a tender passion at the time of writing the following stanza:

'Fortune, take back these cultur'd lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound;
I hate the touch of servile hands—
I hate the slaves that cringe around:
Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar,
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.'

tiful even in decay. He bestowed some few repairs upon it, and the state of his finances did not allow more. As the '*Elegy on Newstead Abbey*' has rendered every thing relating to it worthy of notice, it may not be unacceptable to give a description of it, as it was, and as it is now; for it will be impossible to read it, and not to feel that his lordship, in delineating the halls of his ancestors, had imbibed that romantic sensibility and melancholy tone which pervaded his best works.

Newstead-Abbey (about seven miles from Nottingham) was founded by Henry II., in the beginning of his reign, as a priory of Black Canons, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Its revenues, at the time of the dissolution, were estimated at £200 per ann. The first possessor, Sir John Byron, immediately fitted up part of the edifice; but the church was suffered to go to decay, though the south aisle was actually incorporated, with the dwelling-house, and now contains some of the most habitable apartments. It has remained the family seat ever since. It is situated in a vale, in the midst of an extensive park, finely planted. The front of the abbey stands at one end of the house, and has a noble and majestic appearance. On one side of the house is a very large winding lake, which is a noble water; on the other side is another very fine lake, which flows almost up to the house. The banks on one side are fine woods,

which spread over the edge of a hill down to the water; on the shore, scattered groves and bark; on the banks are two castles, washed by the water of the lake, which are uncommonly picturesque, and throw an air of most pleasing cheerfulness over the whole scene. A path up the hill leads to a gothic building, from whence the view of the lakes, the abbey and its fine arch, the plantations and the park, are seen at once, and form a very noble landscape. The prospect from the house is exceedingly delightful, and the gardens are laid out with much taste and elegance. The park is extensive, and is enclosed with a stone wall in some parts, and in others by wooden pales, and contains great plenty of deer, and many other sorts of game. The following is the description of the house, as it appeared in 1812, and it has undergone no alterations since.

"The front of the abbey church has a most noble and majestic appearance, being built in the form of the west end of a cathedral, adorned with rich carvings and lofty pinnacles.

"The castellated stables and offices are still to be seen, as the visitor enters into a sombre, deserted court-yard, in the midst of which is a curious erection of red stone, in the form of an antique cross. In front is the west end of the ancient church; also the venerable front of the mansion, with its towers and battlements, and gothic windows; and on the right some additional buildings,

in the castellated style, originally intended for domestic offices, but now in a greater state of ruin than the older parts of the house, yet assimilating well with it, particularly as being overshadowed with the darkening foliage of some lofty elms.

" Ascending some steps, a heavy grated door and porch open into the great hall, quite in the antique style: its only ornaments are two pictures, of a wolf-dog and another from Newfoundland, favourites of his lordship; to the latter, indeed, he once owed his life.

" The little drawing-room contains a few family pictures, still interesting from their locality. In this apartment there is a very ancient carved wooden chimney-piece, in which are introduced four of the old monarchs of this kingdom, Henry VIII. and two of his concubines, and the family arms of Byron in the centre.

" The gallery over the cloisters is very antique, and from its windows we see the cloister court, with a basin in the centre, used as a stew for fish. It is impossible to contemplate this scene without a recurrence to past times; when we look down on the gothic arches, or up to the hoary battlements, midst all the sombre silence that reigns around, busy fancy peoples the scene with ideal beings, and the shadows of some small ash trees in the area may readily be mistaken by an enthusiastic imagination, for the shade of the passing religious devotee from his cell to the altar.

" The great dining-room is a most noble apartment, presenting a good idea of ancient manners, but now deserted and forlorn.

" In passing towards the habitable part of the house, it was impossible not to feel something like an awful regret at seeing the chamber of the late Hon. Mrs. Byron, exactly in the same state as if she had breathed her last within it, only a few days preceding; her clothes, her ornaments were displayed as if she had just retired—alas! retired to return no more!

" Our aged cicerone, with great good-will, expressed a desire to show his Lordship's study, and with all the respectful familiarity of an old domestic dependent, went into the apartment to request his Lord's permission; which was readily and politely granted, though at a moment when a recent domestic loss must have rendered it an unwelcome request, and one, indeed, which the writer of these sheets would have shunned, had it not been for the friendly, and even hospitable attentions of the venerable old man. It was impossible to enter this sweet little apartment without noticing some of the very unusual ornaments for such a place; but as the house itself is literally a mansion of the dead (for the monkish cemetery was in the cloisters), it may account for the noble owner's taste in decorating it with two very perfect and finely polished skulls, instead of the more tasty ornaments of bow-pots and flower vases. The other

ornaments are some good classic busts, book-cases with a select collection, and a very curious antique crucifix.

" A small drawing-room next to this apartment contains some good modern paintings: a portrait of his lordship as a sailor boy, with rocks and beach scenery; some good sea pieces; an exquisite Madonna; east and west views of Newstead; dogs, horses, &c.

" We now come to a long range of deserted apartments. In one, called King Edward the Third's room, on account of that monarch having slept there, there is a very ancient chimney, which, together with the whole fitting up of the venerable apartment, seems to be coeval with the royal visit, and excites a most pleasing enthusiasm in the mind.

" Next to this is the sounding gallery; so called from a very remarkable echo which it possesses.

" The cloisters exactly resemble those of Westminster Abbey, only on a smaller scale; but possessing, if possible, a more venerable appearance. These were the cloisters of the ancient abbey, and many of its ancient tenants now lie in silent repose under their flagged pavement. There is something particularly sombre in the circumstance of the habitable part of the house not only opening into this scene of departed mortality, but even having it in some measure as a thoroughfare. These cloisters lead into an ancient and

extensive crypt under the body of the church, but for many generations used as cellars: here also was the singing-room, for the practice of the choristers, now very handsomely fitted up as a bath; the ancient chapel, too, long used by the family for the same purpose, is still entire, though in ruin, and its ceiling is a very handsome specimen of the gothic style of springing arches. This chapel was also used as a cemetery, and its light clustered pillars and ancient carved windows add much to the melancholy expression of the scene.

"An ancient gothic green-house, with an antique roof, now opens into the garden, which was once the burying-ground of the church, and in which a large circular vault has lately been dug, with a handsome pedestal of white marble, on one side of which an inscription tells the passing stranger that it contains the body of a Newfoundland dog, to whom his lordship once owed his life, and whom his gratitude has placed here. This garden also includes the dilapidated part of the church, and is altogether a very interesting spot."

Such was the state of Newstead Abbey when the late Lord took possession of it: one of the most chaste specimens of gothic architecture in the kingdom. The embellishments which the abbey received from Lord Byron had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them than of the sober calculations of common life. In many rooms which he had superbly furnished, but over which he had permitted so wretched a roof to

remain, that in about half a dozen years the rain had visited his proudest chambers, the paper had rotted on the walls, and fallen in destructive torrents on glowing carpets and canopies, on beds of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles, and destroying gorgeous coronets. A gentleman who visited the abbey, gives the following more recent description of it.

"The long and gloomy gallery, which, whoever views will be strongly reminded of '*Lara*,' as indeed a survey of this place will awaken more than one scene in that poem, had not yet relinquished the sombre pictures of 'its ancient race.' In the study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up, but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath; and at the end of the room, opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely polished skulls I ever saw; most probably selected, along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking-cup, and inscribed with some well-known lines, from amongst a great number taken from the burial-ground of the abbey, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but since re-committed to the ground. Between them hung a gilt crucifix.

"In one corner of the servants' hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing gloves and foils; and on the wall of the ample but cheerless kitchen was painted in large letters,—'*Waste not, want not.*'

"During a great part of his lordship's minority, the abbey was in the occupation of Lord G——, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows and starlings. The internal traces of this Goth were swept away; but externally, all appeared as rude and unreclaimed as he could have left it. I must confess, that if I was astonished at the heterogeneous mixture of splendour and ruin within, I was more so at the uniformity of wildness without. I never had been able to conceive poetic genius in its poetic bower, without figuring it diffusing the polish of its delicate taste on every thing around it: but here that elegant spirit and beauty seemed to have dwelt, but not to have been caressed; it was the spirit of the wilderness. The gardens were exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest lays:

'Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,—
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling gardens, the hemlock and thistle
Now choke up the rose that late bloom'd in the way.'

"With the exception of the dog's tomb, a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and pannelled with white marble tables, of which that containing the celebrated epitaph is the most remarkable, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late old Lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never men-

tioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognized every thing about him, except perchance an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury: whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the Lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering satyrs, he with his goat and club, and she, Mrs. Satyr, with her chubby cloven-footed brat, placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathway, struck for a moment, with their grim visages, and silent shaggy forms, the fear into your bosom, which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at the '*ould Lord's Devils.*'

"In the lake before the abbey, the artificial rock, which he filled at a vast expense, still reared its lofty head; but the frigate, which fulfilled Old Mother Shipton's prophecy, by sailing over dry land from a distant part to this place, had long vanished; and the only relics of his naval whim were the rock, the ship-buoys, and the venerable old Murray, who accompanied me round the premises. The dark, haughty, and impetuous spirit, and mad deeds of this nobleman, the poet's uncle, I feel little doubt, by making a vivid and indelible impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some

of the principal materials for the formation of his late lordship's favourite, and perpetually recurring poetical hero. His manners and acts are the theme of many a winter evening in that neighbourhood. The quarrel in which he killed his relative and neighbour Chaworth, the lord of the adjoining manor, originated in a dispute between their gamekeepers. With that unhappy deed, however, died all family feud; and, if we are to believe our bard, the dearest purpose of his heart would have been compassed could he have united the two races by an union with 'the sole remnant of that ancient house,'—the *Mary* of his poetry. To those who have any knowledge of the two families, nothing is more perspicuous in his lays than the deep interest with which he has again and again turned to this his boyish—his first most endearing attachment. The '*Dream*' is literally their mutual history. The 'antique Oratorie,' where stood his 'steed caparisoned,' and the hill

> '——— crowned with a peculiar diadem
> Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
> Not by the sport of nature, but of man,—'

are pictures too well known to those who have seen them to be mistaken for a moment.

"It is curious to observe the opinions, entertained by country people, of celebrated literary characters living at times amongst them. I have frequently asked such persons near Newstead, what sort of man his lordship was? the impression of

his energetic but eccentric character was obvious in their reply: 'He's the devil of a fellow for comical fancies! He flogs the ould laird to nothing! But he's a hearty good fellow, for a' that.' —One of these mere comical fancies, related by a farmer, who has seen it more than once, is truly *Byronic*:—He would sometimes get into the boat, with his two noble Newfoundland dogs, row into the middle of the lake, then, dropping the oars, tumble over into the middle of the water; the faithful animals would immediately follow, seize him by the coat collar, one on each side, and bear him away to land. Dogs tutored in this manner are invaluable, because they may be relied upon in cases of actual danger."

The following is the *Inscription* on the dog's tomb alluded to in the preceding pages:

'Near this Spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human Ashes,
Is but a just Tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at ———, Nov. 18, 1808.'

'When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,

'The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he has, but what he should have been.
But the poor DOG, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnotic'd all his worth,
Deny'd in heav'n the soul he held on earth;
While Man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiv'n,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heav'n.
Oh Man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slav'ry, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust;
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy tongue hypocrisy, thy heart deceit;
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye, who behold, perchance, this simple urn,
Pass on; it honours none you wish to mourn.
To mark a *friend's* remains these stones arise:
I never knew but *one*, and *here* he lies!'

To account for the above, it may be necessary to state that, among the early amusements of his lordship, he was very fond of swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired great dexterity, even in his childhood. In his aquatic exercises near Newstead-Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large *Newfoundland dog*, to try whose sagacity and fidelity, he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if

by accident, when the dog would seize him and drag him to land. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, he caused the above monument to be erected, with the inscription commemorative of its attachment.

Towards the latter end of the year (1807) he produced his first work, "*Hours of Idleness*," a series of poems, original and translated, which were published at Newark; and, from the dates prefixed, it appears that the majority of the *Fugitive Pieces* of which it is composed, were written between his sixteenth and eighteenth years. As a production of so precocious a genius, and still more as an *encouragement* to young noblemen to employ their vacant hours in such harmless and laudable pursuits, this work was greeted by the witlings and hypercritics of the day with a more harsh reception than it by any means deserved. The *Edinburgh Reviewers* were, above all others, most unmercifully severe.

"The poesy of this young Lord," say they, "belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-

page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder, than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say—'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!'—But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that

very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten, who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

"His other plea of privilege, our author rather brings forward in order to wave it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only, that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, besides our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

"With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, although (which does not always happen) these feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately, upon the fingers,—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is ne-

cessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it.

'Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.' P. 8.

"Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

"Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious.—Gray's

Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas 'On a distant view of the village and school of Harrow:'

'Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me, your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.' P: 4.

"In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers '*On a Tear*,' might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:

'Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.' P. 11.

"And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it:

'Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.' P. 72.

"However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79, a translation, where *two* words (θελω λεγειν) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81, where μεσονυκτιοις ποθ' ὁ ραις, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a 'Song of Bards,' is by his Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. 'What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Otihona. He was,' etc. After detaining this 'brown Chief' some time, the

bards conclude by giving him their advice to 'raise his fair locks;' then to 'spread them on the arch of a rainbow;' and 'to smile through the tears of the storm.' Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

"It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should 'use it as not abusing it;' and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) of being 'an infant bard;—('The artless Helicon I boast is youth')—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, 'he certainly had no intention of inserting it,' but really 'the particular request of some friends,' etc. etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, 'the last and youngest of a noble line.' There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that *pibroch* is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

"As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it

without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called Granta, we have the following magnificent stanzas:

'There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

Who reads false quantities in Seale,*
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle:

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypothenuse.

Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compar'd with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.' P. 123, 125.

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the College Psalmody, as is contained in the following Attic stanzas.

'Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners,

* J. B. Seale, D.D., of Christ's College, author of "The Analysis of Greek Metres."

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!' P. 126, 127.

" But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and 'though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland,' he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, 'it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter,' that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but 'has the sway' of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth."

The unmerited severity of this *criticism*, or rather *sarcasm*, deserves more particular notice, not only for the influence which it had on his

Lordship's future conduct, but as it displays the sudden transition from severity to adulation, from gall to honey, too frequent among *reviewers* and *authors*, in the republic of letters, which, like the old Grecian states, are ever in a state of war.

Stung by these buzzing insects, his Lordship soon produced his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;*" a satire, in which he retorts upon the principal reviewers and topping rhymesters of the day. The following extracts will serve as a specimen:

Jeffrey.

"To *Jeffrey* go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet;
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit."

Scott.

"And think'st thou, Scott, by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade."

Southey.

"But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verse-ward plod thy weary way;
If still, in Berkeley ballads, most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil;
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
God help thee, Southey, and thy readers, too!"

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lewis, Hayley, Grahame, Bowles, Cottle, Maurice, Lord Carlisle (his

guardian), and many others felt the lash of his satire; but it was not indiscriminately bestowed; the productions of Gifford, Kirke White, Sotheby, Macneil, Crabbe, Shee, Campbell, Rogers, and others, were eulogized; and having thus paid Reviewers and Bards both *scot* and *lot*, Lord Byron, towards the termination of the poem, states it to be his determination to close, from that period, his newly-formed connexion with the Muses, and, disgusted at their ministers and minions, exclaims in a strain of ridicule, that, should he return in safety from the "minarets of Constantinople," the "maidens of Georgia," and the sublime snows of "Mount Caucasus," nothing on earth should tempt him to resume the pen either of poetry or prose. Referring also to the Journal of his Tour, he says,

"no lettered rage
Shall drag my *common-place book* on the stage!"

a circumstance fully verified, and ever to be regretted, on account of the ability of the noble author. In the postscript to this satire, his Lordship expresses in good humoured raillery the utter contempt in which he holds both the Edinburgh Review and its pseudo reviewers.

"I have been informed," says he, "since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well beloved cousins, the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, are preparing a most vehement critique on my *poor, gentle, unresisting Muse*, whom they

have already so be-deviled with their *ungodly ribaldry*.

"*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!*"

"I suppose I must say of *Jeffrey*, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, 'an I had known he was so cunning of fence I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.' What a *pity* it is that I shall be beyond the *Bosphorus*, before the next number has passed the *Tweed*. *But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.*"

After this able exposure of the Edinburgh Reviewers, whose critical crania solemnly affirmed that *Lord Byron* was a man wanting both *talent* and *genius*, is it at all necessary to point out how far public opinion should trust these, and such other self-constituted critics?

It was rather a singular circumstance, that although the "*Hours of Idleness*" were inscribed to the Right Hon. Fred. Earl of Carlisle, by his *obliged* ward and *affectionate* kinsman, yet in the subsequent *satire*, to which it gave birth, the same obliged ward and affectionate kinsman should have classed the Earl with the "rest of Grub-street;" and in a note he says, "It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal; at least, as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lord-

ship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection." For this public mode of avenging himself for his private differences his Lordship has been again arraigned, as an ungenerous mode of procedure. It was so; and his Lordship acknowledged his error in the third canto of "*Childe Harold*," where, as he surveys the field of Waterloo, and the spot where his cousin, Major Howard, fell, he acknowledges that he "did his sire some wrong."

This literary squabble also elicited another whimsical circumstance (noticed likewise by his Lordship in the *postscript* to his satire), *viz.* that his Lordship's *fellow-student* at Cambridge was a young *Bear* (perhaps not the only bear in the university); and that, on leaving college, the bear was also left in possession of his chambers, to stand, as he expressed it, for the next vacant fellowship!

Another *singularity* has been related of his Lordship, which was, that having raked out a skull from the cemetery of Newstead-Abbey, sufficiently capacious and in sound state to be made a drinking cup of, without inquiring to whom it had belonged, he had it mounted upon a silver stand, with an inscription engraven on it in the following lines:

"Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I quaff'd, like thee;
I died; let earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle, in the goblet's shape,
The drink of gods, than reptiles food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine!

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are fled,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is their's, to be of use."

"*Newstead Abbey*, 1808."

These witty and spirited stanzas were composed by his Lordship for the express purpose of flashing forth from all sides of this memorable carousing goblet, and were, no doubt, designed by him as a compliment courteously paid *by one fellow-skull to another;* the compliment, it cannot be denied, was elegant, and, unlike the generality of such civilities, worth accepting; for the *naïveté*,

strength of expression, and boldness of conception, which pervade these verses, rank them as vying with the most celebrated Bacchanalian compositions of Anacreon. This deed, however, as his Lordship afterwards observed, had been imputed to him as a sort of sacrilegious violation of the dead, and a species of *Vaudalism*. Whether the owner of the skull may ever call the violator to account we know not; but this is certain, that if the skulls of most of us were to be applied to similar uses, they would inspire more *wit* and *humour* than ever flowed from them whilst they were animated. The wisest and best of men have ridiculed the uses to which man may be put after death; it should be some consolation to us to think that we might be made *useful*.*

* Some workmen, while demolishing a bone-house at Brisac, in the county of Baden, found a human skull filled with pieces of money of the sixteenth century. It appears that certain skulls at that period used to be converted into a kind of money boxes. Ah, Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, why have ye not been fortunate enough to light upon some of these precious repositories!

The Scandinavians deemed it the point of felicity in a future state to be seated in the hall of Odin, and quaff strong liquors from the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle:

"——————— *Bibemus cerevisiam*

"*Ex concavis craniorum crateribus.*"

The Italian poet Marino, from whom Milton borrowed not a few of his splendid incidents in *Paradise Lost*, makes the conclave of fiends in Pandæmonium quaff wine from the cranium of Minerva. Mandeville relates that the old Guebres exposed the

dead

When Lord Byron's literary, and, perhaps, more serious business, called him to London, he took up his residence in Albany House; where he might enjoy as much company, or as much seclusion as suited his humour. His earlier years seem to have been passed in a constant struggle between his passions and his genius. Pleasure allured him on the one hand, and a glowing desire for fame pulled a different way. It was the natural consequence of the state in which he found himself placed. Succeeding to unexpected honours and wealth at a very early period of life, that he should not fall into some of the errors of youth was not to be expected; that he should have fallen into so few will reflect the highest credit on his memory. Like Anacreon, his Lordship was neither averse

dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving the skulls, of which he says, "the son maketh a cuppe, and therefrom drynkethe he with gret devocion."

In our elder dramatists there is frequent mention of a similar custom. In Middleton's *Witch*, when the Duke takes a bowl, and is informed it is a skull, he replies—

"Call it a soldier's cup;
Our Duchess, I know, will pledge us, though the cup
Was once her father's head, which, as a trophy,
We'll keep till death."

Massinger has frequent allusions to this custom; and in Dekker's *Wonder of a Kingdom*, Torrenti says—

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads,
Their skulls set all in silver, to drink healths
To his confusion who first invented war."—

No bad wish!!—

from the pleasures of Bacchus or Venus; but he worshipped both discreetly. That he was by no means successful in his first *devoirs* to the fair sex, he candidly acknowledges:

> " Full often has my infant Muse
> Attuned to love her languid lyre;
> But now, without a theme to choose,
> The strains in stolen sighs expire:
> My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
> E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
> And Carolina sighs alone,
> And Mary's given to another;
> And Cora's eye, which rolled on me,
> Can now no more my love recal,
> In truth, dear L——, 'twas time to flee,
> For Cora's eye will shine on all."

A considerable portion of his Lordship's " *Hours of Idleness* " is taken up in lamenting the unsuccessful issue of his hopeless loves, and the indiscretions into which the consequent despondency occasioned him to plunge. To drown these disappointments, or to wean his mind from such vain pursuits, he would, at times, eagerly court society, and indulge in excesses, for which his better reason would soon check him, and he would then bury himself for a while in gloomy seclusion: both extremes were alike faulty; but they were the workings, the ebullitions of those vast intellectual powers, which had not yet fixed upon any particular point on which to employ their energy. Lord Byron felt the poetic fire rising

within him; but, with the diffidence natural to youth, inexperience, and true genius, he doubted what reception his muse might meet with from the public; and his high spirit could ill brook the thoughts of being carped at by cavilling critics, and rendered the butt of plebeian ridicule, as a pretender to literary fame. This diffidence was apparent even after his return from his first tour; as, in his preface to the two first cantos of "*Childe Harold*," he says, "There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely *experimental*."

Thus wandering, and undetermined whether he should sit down and enjoy, or rather *waste*, life, in the frivolous or dissipated pursuits of other young noblemen, or should venture to "seek the bubble reputation," in defiance of the literary censors of the day, he passed his time in a no very enviable state. His rank caused his company to be sought after; and as his urbanity would not permit him to reject all overtures of acquaintance, he was drawn in to associate with some men of fashion, and to deviate into those pursuits which, in his soul, he despised and detested. That his Lordship was no stranger to the metropolitan "*Hells*" (the modern fashionable slang term for gaming-houses), we gather from his own words: "What the number of those *Hells* may now be, in this life, I know

not; before I was of age, I knew them pretty accurately, both "*gold*" and "*silver*."* I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because, when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, "*in silver Hell.*" But his Lordship's visits to these terrestrial *Pandæmonia* evidently arose solely from his desire to be acquainted with men and manners, as he was never tainted with the too fashionable vice of gaming. He would often relate the following anecdote, in ridicule of the destructive propensity and its infatuated followers; "Sir W. D. was a great gamester: coming in one day to the club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy. 'What is the matter, Sir William?' cried Hare, of facetious memory. 'Ah!' replied Sir William, 'I have just *lost* poor Lady D——.' '*Lost her!*' What, at *Quinze* or *Hazard?*' was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist." What struggles, pangs, self-reproaches, and resolutions of seeking some more laudable pursuits, these temporary aberrations

* The uninitiated, who have never been in the habit of diving into these "*Hells*," may be as well informed, that before the Bank-Restriction Act, the *stakes* were always made either in gold or silver, and there were different tables; at the gold table, nothing less than gold was to be put down; and at the silver table, nothing beyond silver was to be allowed. When cash became scarce, *counters* came into use, which passed for crowns, or guineas, as was previously agreed upon between the *bankers* and the players.

gave rise to, cannot be more forcibly depicted than in the following lines:

" In law an infant, and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child,
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal, when others just begin;
E'en still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane."

This is an affecting delineation of a virtuous mind, misled for a short time by youth, inexperience, bad example, and disappointed hopes; but conscious of impropriety, and forming resolutions to regain the path of rectitude. Who of us, looking back upon the days of his youth, when the tide of passion sets in strongly against us, can lay his hand upon his heart, and say that he was not carried away by the impetuous current? Few and short-lived were the errors of Lord Byron, and he made a noble atonement for them. He destroyed no domestic happiness by intrigue; ruined no families by gaming; practised no seduction against unsuspecting and too credulous fair ones; betrayed no friendships; yet was he doomed to be a melancholy example, that neither high birth, afflu-

ence, nor exalted genius, can confer human happiness!

We come now to an occurrence that, above all others, tended to harrow the soul, and ruffle the temper, that was not the most patient under any kind of adversity; still less to bear up under a disappointment in the tender passion. The guardianship of his Lordship's affairs, during his minority, was placed in the hands of a Mr. White, a solicitor of eminence, who, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, had likewise become the guardian of the accomplished Miss Mary Chaworth, whose father had formerly fallen a victim to the deadly resentment of the former Lord Byron. To this lady it was the wish of the guardian that Lord Byron should be united, and he himself tells us that the dearest purpose of his heart would be answered, could he but thus unite the two races by an union with the sole remnant of that ancient house. In his Lordship's "*Dream*," which is literally *their mutual history*, he describes his passion and despair:

"Two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself—but the boy gaz'd on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth:
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice, he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceas'd
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him,"

This lady, who was the "*Mary*" of his poetry, had formed an attachment to J. Masters, Esq., then distinguished, from his fashionable notoriety, with the more familiar appellation of the "gay Jack Masters." His Lordship's pride would not suffer him to run the risk of a repulse, and he contented himself with expressing the warmth of his feelings in his invocations of the Muses. Jack Masters was a constant dangler after Miss Chaworth, and, for the purpose of getting rid of him, Mr. White, his two sisters, Lord Byron, and the unwilling fair one, were dragged in rapid succession from one place to another throughout the country, while the lover followed in pursuit. They first went to Buxton, thence to Matlock, and from there, much against the young lady's will, they fled at

his approach. At these places our noble poet entered with great cordiality into all the fashionable amusements of the time; and though he affected a wish not to be known, he was generally distinguished by the hilarity of his heart, the urbanity of his manners, and the buoyancy of his animal spirits and intellectual powers. His Lordship, however, was well known to be for one very fashionable and very frequent amusement naturally unqualified; hence he always expressed, in the most unequivocal terms, the strongest abhorrence to *dancing*.* In other respects, he promoted every thing conducive to the conviviality of the company, and particularly by his wit at repartee. One morning, a party who were at the New Bath came somewhat later than usual to breakfast, and requested some tongue. They were told that his Lordship had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his Lordship," said a lady. "I am very sorry for it, madam," rejoined his Lordship, "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured that *you* did not want it."

But all would not do; it was useless contending with destiny. Gay Jack Masters was uppermost in the lady's thoughts, and she was resolved that love should not be controlled by the advice of a guardian, and that she would not rival the *Muses*

* His poem, "*The Waltz*," is intended as a satire on dancing; but because his Lordship was *lame*, was that a reason why the merry dance should be banished from society?

in his Lordship's affections.* He therefore made his bow, and took his leave, poet-like, in rhyme:—

"Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not then been mine
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy fires no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

* It is a weakness peculiar to the "Geniuses of Imagination," both male and female, to fancy that they must be *themselves* the objects of that passion which they so fervently describe, whatever may be their *personal defects*. Literary persons are, however, from their very pursuits, the least qualified to shine in the Courts of Love. One Captain in the Guards will do more execution in an hour with his small *shot* (small talk), than all the Literati of the Chapter Coffee House can effect with their critical great guns in twelve months. Sappho was reduced to take a flying leap to get rid of her disappointed passion. Pope was jeered at by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and fascinating Jack Masters was too much for poor Lord Byron. "*De gustibus nil disputandum.*" In fact, a wise man in love becomes a mere fool; and a Cymon becomes intelligent in the presence of his beloved Iphigene.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful maid;
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope, nor mem'ry yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures,

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
But then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys;
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet e'en in these a thought will steal,
In spite of ev'ry vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost for ever."

We now begin to find a clue to the causes tha

first served to discompose his Lordship's mind: suddenly elevated to rank and fortune, to which he had but a very distant prospect of succession; free from all paternal control, and from almost every other restraint; with the sanguine temperament of youthful minds, he fancied the world was made for him, until he received two severe checks in his two very first essays: in his love, and in his ambition to shine as a poet. In the former, indeed, some have ventured so far as to doubt whether his love-sick effusions had not more of whim and cant than real passion; for, say they, even while in his teens, he is supposed to have had more mistresses than Muses: and, judging from his poetic strains, continue they, at one moment he was disconsolate, having been deprived by death of a beloved maiden; and in the next, was breathing out the most tender sentiments to another lady. "Is it possible," they ask, "that the love could be pure, which had so many objects; or that the grief could be sincere, which was so soon converted into ardent devotion for a new idol? Is there not, in the amatory lines of Lord Byron, too much richness of phrase to comport with true sensibility?" The state of his Lordship's mind will best answer for his sincerity; the anguish produced by unrequited love and disappointed ambition, may be more easily conceived than described; alternate fits of gloominess and gaiety, despera-

tion and dissipation, prevailed in rapid succession, until the Muses, the invariable confidants of intense passion, gently soothed the irritation of his heart, by presenting to his brooding imagination a bright perspective of poetical triumphs, and perennial honours. He sent his "*Hours of Idleness*" to the press; and the reception they met with has been already described. This last and long-cherished hope was blasted, and he could no longer look for consolation, under the extreme anguish of his feelings, to literary glory. The irrevocable decrees which successively destroyed his enraptured anticipations of love and fame, drove him to the verge of madness; his mind and conduct were entirely metamorphosed; naturally cheerful, he became melancholy and sullen; he shunned, despised, and disliked every one; the moroseness of his disposition was converted into the gall of misanthropy; and the conflicting passions which, like vultures, preyed upon the tenderest fibres of his heart, goaded him on to the wisest determination which a man in his circumstances could take—that of changing the scene by travelling abroad. He did not, as many other noblemen would have done, fly to dissipation, and revenge himself upon the whole sex, for the slights of one fair one. We hear of no inroads on the domestic peace of families. One female only, and a married one, who had deigned to solicit our bard's notice by some *cooing* verses, in his own

amatory style, and who felt hurt at his taking no notice either of her or them, *scribbled* a *novel*, which attracted more notice than it would otherwise have done, by her industriously whispering about among her friends, that the hero of the piece (*Glenarvon*, the title also of the novel) was a drawing from the life of his Lordship, on whose supposed intrigues and infidelities she was unsparingly severe. The *hoax* was soon detected, and both the authoress and the work sunk into oblivion.

Under what inducements, and with what sentiments Lord Byron left his native land, he himself declares:

> " Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
> I seek to shun, *not hate* mankind;
> My breast requires the sullen glen,
> Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
> Oh! that to me the wings were given
> Which bear the turtle to her nest!
> Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,
> To flee away and be at rest."

CHAPTER IV.

Leaves London for Falmouth.—Crosses to Lisbon.—Journey through Spain to the Mediterranean; thence to the Ionian Islands and Coast of Albania.—Journey to Yanina, the capital, and thence to Tepelene, Ali Pacha's birth-place.—Interview with Ali Pacha.—Character of that Despot.

THE old adage, *noscitur à socio*, seems to have been Lord Byron's rule of life throughout, as no one could be more choice in his company. The travelling-companion whom he now selected was John Cam Hobhouse, Esq.; whose love of literature, and of liberty too, was congenial with his own, although their powers were of rather a different order. An anecdote is related of Lord Byron at starting, which will shew with what delicacy he knew how to put aside the thrusts of impertinence:—A gentleman of the sister kingdom, one of those industrious, clever persons, who engage to do every thing, and who let nothing escape them for want of looking after, heard that Lord Byron was about to set out for the Continent; and upon receiving this intelligence, it instantly flashed upon the mind of this universal undertaker, that it would be a good *raising of the wind* to procure the situation of private secretary to his Lordship. Upon this, he instantly made

himself as spruce and interesting as his finances and wardrobe would permit, and set off for the Albany, the place where his Lordship lodged. His Lordship was at the door, in the act of stepping into his curricle, when he was arrested by the candidate for the private secretaryship. He began by a tender of his services; gave a long dissertation by way of shewing a qualification; then proceeded to an equally long topography of the route which it might be most eligible to pursue; and ended by an inquiry as to the time when they should set out. "My dear Sir," said Lord Byron, with much *naïveté*, "we set out this instant; but you see that I cannot accommodate you; there are but two seats in the curricle, and my servant, the rogue, has got into one of them already."

The world may regret the very meagre accounts we have of Lord Byron's travels, which principally exist in the notes to "*Childe Harold*," and which are fully sufficient to show what his Lordship might have performed if he had given a prosaic account of his rambles; but prose was drudgery to him, any further than it served to elucidate his favourite poetry. If he made any *memoranda*, they are now lost to the world, but we have strong glances at his Lordship from those persons who came into contact with him, whose statements have been verified, and whose authenticity may be firmly relied upon.

His Lordship's travelling-companion, Mr. Hob-

house, published "A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the Years 1809 and 1810."—London, 1813, 2 vols., royal quarto. Mr. Hobhouse speaks of his '*friend*' and his '*fellow-traveller*,' but Lord Byron is only twice mentioned by name: once on the occasion of his notable exploit of swimming across the Hellespont; and again, when Mr. Hobhouse leaves him at Athens, for a short time, whilst he made an excursion to the Negroponte. However, from what he says on that occasion, and from the work being written in the plural number (*we* and *us*), it appears that the public must consider it as the joint production of Mr. Hobhouse and Lord Byron; and, indeed, it is almost impossible to have a clear understanding of Lord Byron's poetry without a previous or a contemporaneous perusal of Mr. Hobhouse's prose. To facilitate, however, the understanding of the former, where the latter is not at hand, or cannot be readily obtained, a brief *Itinerary*,* or

* Sept. 19, 1809.—Sail from Malta, on board British ship of war, to the Gulf of Lepanto and Patras.—Pass by the islands of Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Santa Maura, to Prevesa.—Sail down the Gulf of Arta to Salora.—Travel by land from Salora to Arta; to the island of St. Dimetre; to Joannina.—From Joannina to Zitza, Mosure, Delvinaki, Argyro-Castro, Libokavo, Cesarades, Ereneed, the passes of Antigonia, across the Aoüs river, to Tepelene (Ali Pacha's birth-place).—Journey back by same route to Joannina, and to Prevesa.—Sail down the Gulf of Arta to Utraikee.—Journey through Carnia to Catooma, Makala,

Route of the *Tour*, is given, from which, with the help of a good map, the pilgrimage of *Childe Harold* may be readily traced, and the beauties of his local descriptions be justly appreciated. We must confess our disappointment, however we might be satisfied in other respects with so intelligent, pleasant, and learned a traveller as Mr. Hobhouse certainly is, that he should have passed nearly two years in company with the greatest poet of the age, and not have recorded any thing memorable of him, except his swimming across the Hellespont (which many a school-boy could have performed), together with Lieut. Ekenhead, who actually shared the glory with him. There is not one anecdote, one remarkable or witty saying, one acute observation of Lord Byron, throughout. His travelling companion, who might have supplied that *hiatus* in a masterly manner, instead of an interesting account

kala, Podromo, across the Acheloüs to Gouria.—Cross over the Paracheloitis to Natolico, and passing the boundary line of Carnia, on to Missolonghi.—Sail to Patras.—Journey from thence to Cape Rhium, Lepanto, Vostizza, Ægium, Crisso, the ruins of Delphi, Parnassus, Livadia, Scripoo, the site of Orchomenos, Lake Copais, Mazee, Thebes, Scourta.—Pass Mount Parnes, ruins of Phyle, Casha, to Athens.—5th March 1810, sail from Athens on board the Pylades, ship of war, to Smyrna.—Thence travel to Ephesus and back.—Embark, 11th April, on board the Salsette, frigate, for Constantinople, and land at Tophana, on 14th May.—14th July, return on board the Salsette, which Lord Byron quits at the island of Zea, and Mr. Hobhouse continues his route to England.

of their favourite bard, which every one would have read, sat himself down laboriously to compile a ponderous octavo volume of *five hundred and eighty-four* pages of "*Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold,*" that no one will ever read; and the Memoirs Lord Byron thought proper to leave of himself, his *friends* have thought proper to commit to the flames.

If Lord Byron had been a traveller of the common cast, the public might have easily dispensed with the loss of his *common-place* book; but he had raised great expectations, which he would, no doubt, have fulfilled, had not death arrested his career. No man had every scene of the countries over which he passed more completely in his eye, and the history of every action of which it had been the theatre, so completely and forcibly before his mind. No man made, in so short a time, so rapid and so accurate a progress in the acquisition of so many and so varied languages; and no man knew so well, or described so truly, the national differences in costume, form, manners, government, happiness, or enjoyment. Through the whole series of his poems, and in the notes which are appended to them, there are more subjects for reflection, more materials for an accurate account of the state of the countries which he visited, than are to be found in many cart-loads of books written expressly upon the subject.

Our travellers left Falmouth for Lisbon, which

was then occupied by the British troops, and the scene of the greatest confusion and disorders. "It is a well known fact (he writes) that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but that Englishmen were daily butchered; and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend; had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have adorned a tale, instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal; in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!" No! Holy Mother Church protects the murderers, and Christian priests give them absolution, whilst their hands are still reeking with blood! Yet this is the holy religion which the French, Spanish, and Portuguese monarchs, in alliance with the monks and priests, cram down the throats of the people, to keep them in ignorance of the blessings of civil and religious liberty!

During such a crisis, Lisbon could not be a very pleasant or safe residence, and our travellers made

short work with it. They visited Coimbra, the university of Portugal, Mafra, with its palace, convent and superb church, denominated the Escurial of Portugal, and the eccentric building on the side of a mountain erected by our countryman Beckford, whose history he describes in terms that might have exactly suited his own :

> " Here did'st thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
> Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow :
> But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
> Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !
> Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
> To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :
> Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
> Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
> Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle aid !"

And having thus seen enough of Lisbon to make them admire the surrounding country, and to despise and detest the manners of the people, Lord Byron takes leave of them with : " As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident." Nothing can be fairer : it is well known what the Portuguese were before the English regenerated them ; and what they are at the present, since they have been again left to themselves. The *Holy Alliance* and the *Monks* are millstones about the necks of every people cursed with them.

Leaving Lisbon, they took the route through

the province of Alentejo, and descended the river Guadiana to Andalusia. Here his Lordship apostrophizes the field of Albuera, soon to become a scene of Britain's glory, and hastens amidst the din of war to Seville. In the latter city he sees that Amazonian heroine, the *Maid of Saragoza*, who paraded daily on the *Prado*, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta. He describes the city as immersed in voluptuousness, and the citizens as a revel-laughing and superstitious, monk-ridden crew, with whom love and prayer rule the hour in turn. He next proceeds to Cadiz, where he paints the Sunday's amusement of bull-fights, and eulogizes the heroic and persevering resistance of the town's people to the French invader, with the exception of the grandees, whom he thus justly stigmatizes: "Here all were noble save nobility." This *laconic* description comprises all that he did, or could say of the Spanish nation. The people are disunited, paralyzed, and trampled upon by the nobles and monks, and Lord Byron gives up all hopes of their ever being a free nation, until they shall have been completely regenerated. At Cadiz our travellers embarked on board an English ship of war for the Mediterranean.

They sailed into the Adriatic, and were landed on the coast of Albania, which comprizes part of the ancient Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus; and of which Gibbon remarks, that "a country within sight of Italy is less known than the in-

terior of America." "Circumstances," says Lord Byron, "of *little consequence to mention*,* led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country, before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and, with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (Oct. 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress, which he was then besieging. On our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepelene, his Highness's birth-place, and favourite Serai, only one day's journey from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier made it his head-quarters."

After some stay in the capital, the travellers set out; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, they were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey, which on their return barely occupied four. On their route they passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen could ever do justice to the scenery

* It seems extremely probable, that this expression was made use of to conceal the real purport of the journey, as Ali Pacha's subsequent rupture with the Porte was the signal for the breaking out of the Greek insurrection; if so, the journey was of the *utmost consequence* to the cause of Greece.

in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper. The Arnaouts or Albanese struck his Lordship forcibly, by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound; and their hardy habits, all carried him back to Morven. No nation is so detested and dreaded by the neighbours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory; all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. Lord Byron thought favourably of them. He was attended by two, an Infidel and a Musselman, to Constantinople, and every other part of Turkey which came within his observation, and any more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, could rarely be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter much younger. Basilius was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend the travellers; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied them through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalunghi in Etolia.

"When, in 1810" (says his Lordship), "after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization."

They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens, in so much that four of the principal Turks paid his Lordship a visit of remonstrance at the convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing contrary to etiquette. Basilius, also, was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself, and ran some risk in entering St. Sophia, in Stamboul,* because it had once been

* Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves," and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papa" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

"When preparations were made for my return," says his Lordship, "my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basilius took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signior Logotheti, father to the *ci-devant* Anglo-Consul at Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of embarkation he continued his lamentations, and all efforts to console him only produced this answer—'*He leaves me!*' Signior Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing)—the padre of the convent, my attendants,

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my visitors, melted;—and I verily believe that even Sterne's 'foolish, fat scullion' would have left her 'fish-kettle' to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian. For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation to a 'milliner's,' I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer: 'I *have been* a robber, I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread; but by *that* bread' (a usual oath) 'had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains.' Dervish excelled in the

dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic; be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which the Athenian party had so many specimens.

"The Albanians (not the cultivators of the provinces, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and our travellers saw the most beautiful women, in stature and features, *levelling* the *road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds one of Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry among the Gegdes, they are not good horsemen; but on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue."

Such was the result of Lord Byron's observations on the Albanese, who, by their warlike propensities, and their vicinity to Greece, may be called upon to act a most important part in the present struggle. From the situation of their country, and its juxta-position to Greece, they are the natural allies of the Greeks, and it must be their interest to make one common cause, as they alike suffer under a barbarian tyranny, and a religion which is an insuperable bar to all improve-

ment. The cruel character, reign, and crimes of the Pacha of Yanina have been at various times detailed to the public; but it is not perhaps generally known, that a monster, whose vices and enormities threw those of Nero and Caligula into the shade, was destined to become the principal instrument for bringing about the great work of Hellenic regeneration. As the younger Pliny justly says, in his panegyric on Trajan:—"*Habet has vices conditio mortalium, ut adversa ex secundis, ex adversis secunda nascantur. Occultat utrorumque semina Deus, et plerunque bonorum malorumque causæ sub diversâ specie latent.*" In order to feed his insatiable avarice, the predominant passion of Ali, he encouraged his subjects to travel and form commercial establishments abroad; and being fully aware that the Divan only waited an opportunity for accomplishing his destruction, it was a special part of his policy to crush the most powerful of his Mahometan vassals. The more effectually to counterbalance their influence, a Greek party was formed, even a portion of his body guard was formed of Christians, and towards the close of his sanguinary career, these were the only troops on whom he placed any reliance. It was solely owing to the terror inspired by the tyrant of Albania, that Epirus and Greece had been hitherto kept in awe; but by one of those vicissitudes which seem more peculiarly to mark the direct interference of the Divinity in human con-

cerns, whatever remained to him of authority or influence, whether it regarded his terrific energy, profound cunning, and immense wealth, were all at once enlisted on the side of the Christians, as his last hopes of safety depended on their exertions and co-operation. In this state of defection from the Turks was the Pacha of Yanina, at the time when Lord Byron paid him a visit; and whether his Lordship took any steps to effect his junction with the Greeks, and to cement an understanding between two people so naturally allied and so politically interested in each other's fate, the public, owing to the destruction of his Lordship's invaluable memoirs, must be left to conjecture. Lord Byron met with a most favourable reception from Ali Pacha, who granted him a numerous guard to escort him through the inhospitable part of Acarnania; he afterwards communicated with the principal Greeks, and the insurrection then breaks out. If he did not cause the glorious conflagration, he certainly added fuel to the flame, and was one of the principal contributors to Greek regeneration, whose names must be immortalized in history.

There were still the torpor, the apathy, and the pusillanimity of a vassalage of centuries about the Greeks, when his Lordship joined them, which has been noticed by every succeeding traveller of almost every nation in Europe. He at first despaired of them, as he describes the state in which he found them.

CHAPTER V.

Athens and the Environs. Spoliations committed there by certain Virtuosi. Character of the present race of Greeks. Journey to Cape Colonna. The Plain of Marathon. Lord Byron's studies. Departure for Constantinople. Lord Byron swims across the Hellespont.

A MOST material question now arises:—What could induce two young men of independent fortune to take such a journey by sea and land, and to brave the wilds and banditti of Albania, as rude a country as the interior of Africa, to pay a visit to an infidel, a barbarian, a monster, execrable for every species of villainy, and reeking with blood? Let us hear what *Childe Harold* himself goes on to tell us. After leaving Ali Pacha, he proceeds to Greece, which he thus apostrophizes:

" Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long-accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilom did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee from the tomb?

Hereditary bondmen! know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye?—No!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foes!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame."

And thus did this *Apostle of Liberty* preach to the Greeks, through eighteen other stanzas, and it should seem that neither his planning nor his preaching was in vain. Ali Pacha (heretofore the mortal enemy of the Christians) breaks with the Turks, and joins the Greeks, who break out into an open state of warfare! But more of this hereafter in its proper place.

On viewing the city, or rather what had been the city of Athens, the first burst of the passions was that of grief and indignation, at beholding the devastations which had been committed, and that principally by a Briton, one of his own countrymen. But if his Lordship felt shocked at beholding such barbarous devastation, how much was he disgusted at seeing the very name of the spoliator stuck up on high, as if in triumph, and in commemoration of the pillage. It was indeed a very censurable piece of vanity, for the Earl of Elgin to cause his own name, together with that of his lady, to be inscribed on one of the ancient and hoary columns of the temple of Minerva; one

would have imagined that the sight of this relic of antiquity would have conjured to the mind's eye the days of the ages which were, and are not, wherein those columns were surrounded, and that temple frequented, by the senators and warriors, bards and philosophers, of the states of ancient Greece; it is surprising that the classical reflections and historical interest which such locality must ever inspire, should not have superseded the thought of such a project in the mind of that celebrated traveller; and what makes it the more remarkable is, that although the noble Earl was so frequently within the temple of *wisdom*, and at the shrine of *Minerva* has made so many sacrifices, yet, *malgré ceci*, that he should betray such a dearth of the knowledge of, and total want of reverence for the *goddess* whose sanctuary he had so often entered, as so wilfully to deface her *temple*, and so disrespectfully to treat her *abode*.

The project seems to have been deliberately executed, and evidently with a view of transmitting the inscription to posterity; for verily and indeed it is cut deep into the marble, and placed at a very considerable elevation, far above the reach and common daring of man, although very conspicuously situated. Lord Byron, however, considering this as amounting almost to the commission of sacrilege, resolved upon humbling the pride and removing the vanity of the Scottish peer, who, by leaving this *memento*, as it were, in heartfelt

satisfaction, seemed, if he had at all lifted up his orisons to the goddess, to have begged of her, in the language of his countrymen, or rather forced her, previous to his leaving Athens, to accept of this "*gude conceit of himsel.*" Accordingly, his Lordship, after much trouble, difficulty, and some expense (so firm was he to his purpose), caused himself to be raised up to the inscription, and taking out his tools, obliterated letter after letter, until he had completely erased the whole of the noble Earl's name; but as to that of his lady, why, like a true and courteous knight, he gallantly allowed that to remain on the pillar in the same perfect state in which he found it, conceiving, no doubt, that as her Ladyship was not the cause of this *vandalism*, she ought not to suffer for the faults of others. His indignation and resentment, or, as he termed it, his "punishment of the Goth," must be complete, and consequently could not end here; next, therefore, he caused a paraphrase of the "*Quod non fecerunt Barbari,—Hoc fecerunt Barbareni,*" to be cut deeply, distinctly, and in large characters, on the west side of the same temple, in the following monkish lines:

"*Quod non fecerunt Goti*
Hoc fecerunt Scoti"—

intimating by the severity of this satire, that what the Goths had left undone, that had the Scots accomplished. Thus did his Lordship fulfil the scriptural proverb, *viz.* that he who *exalteth himself*

shall be *abased;* which turned out precisely to be the case.

The noble Earl was further doomed to feel the force of his wit, the lash of his satire, and the power of his Muse; for amidst the ruins of this temple he composed his "*Curse of Minerva,*" a poem, wherein the goddess is represented as haranguing the noble and modern bard of Greece; and pointing to her vacant shrine, calls upon him to behold her violated fane, despoiled by Alaric and Elgin, the ancient and the modern Goth; she is supposed to apostrophise the noble author thus:

"Mortal! ('twas thus she spake) that blush of shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name,
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honour'd less by all, and least by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found:—
Seek'st thou the cause? O, mortal, look around
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire;
'Scap'd from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both!
Survey this vacant violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain;
These Cecrops plac'd; *this* Pericles adorn'd;
That Hadrian rear'd, when drooping Science mourn'd:
What more I owe let gratitude attest,
Know Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
That all may know from whence the plund'rer came,
Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name:
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
Below, his name; above, behold his deeds!
Be ever hail'd, with equal honour, here,
The Gothic monarch and the British peer:

Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
But basely *stole* what less barbarians won.
So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackall last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own,
The last base brute securely gnaws the bone."

There were too many stern told truths and home strokes of genuine satire contained in the poem to allow it to escape suppression, accordingly it was suppressed, but in a stanza in the Pilgrimage of Harold, generally supposed to be the poetical journal of his Lordship's travels, he is thought to have concentrated the main force of his satire, and to have pointed his arrow very conspicuously.

" But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and time, hath spared;
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren, and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons, too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew till then the weight of despot's chains."

When it is considered that the poetry, the language and the history of the ancient Grecian States, were foremost amongst even the favourite studies of his Lordship;—when the florid descriptions of those parts by the ancients and moderns is also considered; and above all, when we take into consideration the vivid manner in which his

brilliant imagination may have depicted them, and contrast it with the dilapidated condition in which he found them; when these things are well considered, they not only furnish us with an excuse for such a satire, but they enable us to think it meritorious, and give rise to the anticipation of such a production as the mutual consequence of so great a contrast to so great a genius; they would indeed have caused us to have wondered, had his indignation been dormant upon such an occasion, but they cannot at all excite our surprise at its appearing so terrible as it did under the title of the "*Curse of Minerva.*" His Lordship, no doubt, was much struck with the devastations, and more hurt at the reflection that his countrymen were the spoliators; but as Byron, like Cæsar, will be found the best historian of his own life, times, opinions, and travels, we shall lose no opportunity of making use of his papers and his documents, by sprinkling them throughout our work in detail; being persuaded that nothing belonging to so precocious a genius, or so great a poet as Byron, who lived the salvator of Christians, and died the liberator of Greece, and whose name will perish only when our language and nation cease to exist —being persuaded, we repeat, that nothing belonging to so great a poet or so good a man will prove unacceptable, or be found uninteresting to his admiring countrymen; we therefore leave him for the present to speak for himself.

" We can all feel (says Lord Byron) or image, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld; the reflection suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. ' The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon, were less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but, how are the mighty fallen! when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her as contemptible as himself and his pursuits.' ' At this moment (Jan. 3, 1809), besides what has been already deposited in London, an

Hydriot vessel is in the Piræus to receive every portable relic. 'Thus,' as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen, for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion: 'Thus may Elgin boast of having ruined Athens!' Between this artist and the French consul, Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own Government, there is now a violent dispute, concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it—has been locked up by the consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signior Lusieri. During a ten years' residence in Athens he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as *Sunium*, till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful; but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden-speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four ship-loads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no

name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of *Verres*, that he had plundered Sicily in the manner imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go further than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration. I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend, Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines:"

"'When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure, with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin had employed; the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, 'Τελος!'"

This account is given in Lord Byron's own words, because it shows the man; it shows his love of Greece, and of the arts; it shows, too, that he would speak his mind in the most frank

and bold manner, of any man, however elevated his station, and in defiance of all consequences. His boldness may inspire the Greeks with similar sentiments, and rouse them up to defend the precious mementos of their illustrious ancestors against all future attempts of sacrilegious plunderers. He remarks that so little respect had they for the memory of their departed heroes, or the scenes of their former glory, that the plain of *Marathon* was offered to him for sale at the sum of 16,000 piastres (about £900) and observes that the dust of Miltiades could scarcely have fetched less, if sold by weight.

" Setting aside the magic of the name (says his Lordship) and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I have visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might 'damn the climate, and complain of spleen,' five days out of seven.

" The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara, the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.

" We found at Livadia an '*esprit fort*' in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a '*Coglioneria.*' It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception, indeed, of Thebes, the remains of Chœronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithœron.

" The fountain of Dirce turns a mill; at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri, we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction, which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villainous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.

" From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus,

the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

"I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

'*Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*"

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, '*In mediis audit duo litora campis,*' did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"'Athens,' says a celebrated topographer, 'is still the most polished city of Greece.' Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*: for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lowest orders are not improperly characterized in that proverb, which classes them with

'the Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont.'

"Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, &c., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

"Mr. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their 'national and individual depravity, while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

"Mr. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity: 'Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed *in the days of Themistocles!*' an alarming remark to the '*Laudator temporis acti.*' The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque; thus great men have ever been treated!

"In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, &c. of passage came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in Eng-

land would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

" Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, '*nulla virtute redemption*,' of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

" For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing, as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit, and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost every body has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

" Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

" The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not inde-

pendent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

"At present, like the Catholics of Ireland, and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth, they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it, they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. 'They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!'—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them! This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

"Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

"The English have at last compassionated their

negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren: but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

"Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

"To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after re-asserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state with a proper guarantee; under correction, however, be it spoken, for many, and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

"The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appears with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, heaven have mercy on the Ottomans, they cannot expect it from the Giaours."*

We have now seen what was Lord Byron's opinion of the Greeks when he first came among them; and it coincided with the judgment of every other traveller, of every country whatever,

* The contempt and scorn which the Greeks entertain for the Turks is now manifested on every occasion. While the latter were blockading Suli, they seized a poor ass near the gates of the town. The Suliotes desired to have back their old acquaintance, promising the Turks to give them something in exchange of equal value. The Turks, having no use for the ass, consented, and restored it. The Suliotes sent them in return one of the few Turkish prisoners they had taken, which they told them was the nearest thing in value they could think of to their donkey. The Turks were highly enraged at this contempt.

who has given any accounts of them. They were a people bowed down and degraded by ages of vassalage to a barbarian oppressor, and whoever has consulted history must be aware that the obstacles in the way of regenerating such a people are almost insurmountable. The Greeks, however, were not so abased as appearances bespoke them to be; they still retained a remembrance of their former glory, and an anxious and a laudable desire to regain it. Twice had they been induced by the Russians to make head against their tyrants, and as often had they been abandoned by them without shame or remorse, to the vengeance of the enraged and bloodthirsty Moslems. Associations of travelling Greeks (denominated *Hetærists* from a Greek word signifying a *Society*) flocked to Russia, Germany, Italy, and France, to acquire a knowledge of what was going on in the *civilized* world, and to communicate their discoveries to their countrymen at home. The beneficial effects of this intercourse soon became apparent; a spirit of inquiry was awakened, and as the superiority of the western nations was rightly attributed to their cultivation of the arts and sciences, the Greek people judiciously began their reformation at the right end, by reforming—*themselves*. Literature became the desideratum and delight of the Greeks, as much as the stupid Turks despised and detested it; and this contempt of the latter, combined with their natural

sloth and presumption, rendered them totally blind and insensible to the forthcoming danger. They laughed at the Greeks with books in their hands; it was the sabre only they dreaded; they were not aware how natural was the transition from the one to the other. The Greeks were, therefore, left at liberty to render themselves worthy of becoming a free people, whenever an opportunity should offer of recovering their lost rights. In this attempt they are justified by every law of nature and of nations, in spite of all the cant and casuistry of the *legitimate* supporters of the *Holy Alliance*, a league against common sense, and the unalienable rights of mankind. When, through the imbecility and dissentions of the Christian powers, and the malignant jealousy of the Church of Rome, the Infidels were enabled to subdue the Greek empire, it is undeniable that their only motive for not wholly eradicating the Greek population, was the apprehension of losing that source of emolument, which was to be derived from their industry and talents. The horrid intention has been often broached, and only prevented from being put into execution by motives of selfish interest. It is stated by Eton, in his survey, that not content with letting these merciless hordes loose upon the devoted Greeks, a deliberate proposal was made in the Divan to slaughter them all in cold blood, innocent and guilty, of

whatever age or sex; but that it was successfully opposed by Gazi Hassan, both from motives of humanity and interest. The chief argument which he used, and which alone carried conviction to his hearers, was—*If we kill all the Greeks, we shall lose all the capitation they pay.* Even without such a provocation, says Mr. Eton, Sultan Mustapha, predecessor and brother of Abdulhamid, on his accession to the throne, proposed to *cut off all the Christians in the empire*, and was with difficulty dissuaded from it. These facts are, therefore, of themselves sufficient evidence that the barbarians were the first to establish the right of revolt on the part of the Greeks, whenever it could take place with any prospect of success. By the law of nature and of nations, a people subdued by force of arms, has the same right to regain its former liberty by the same means. The right of conquest exists no longer than the superiority of force, which obtained it, can be maintained. The British Government have allowed this in the case of the South Americans, whose independence they have acknowleged; they withhold it from the Greeks. Let the authors of contradictory measures reconcile them with justice, if they can. The good sense of the people, unbiassed by the crooked paths of policy, and satisfied with those indisputable answers to prejudice and sophistry, has loudly and unequivocally de-

clared that the Greek cause is the cause of justice and humanity, and deserves the support of every free Briton.

Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse left Athens to make a short excursion to Cape Colonna, and the plain of Marathon. They set out on the 19th Jan. 1810, and took a direction nearly south, crossing the bed of the Ilissus, and arrived at Vary, a metochy or farm belonging to the monastery of Agios Asomatos. After visiting the Panèum, they returned to sleep at Vary. Leaving this place the next day at noon, they soon lost sight of the sea, and at three o'clock arrived at Keratèa, a village at the foot of mount Parnè, inhabited by Albanians. Ascending a hill in the vicinity, they gained a commanding prospect of the southern extremity of the islands of Negroponte and Macrisi, as far as Sunium, and several other islands. On Jan. 23 they left Keratèa, and their baggage behind them, as they intended to return the same night. They reached the cape, and after remaining some time under the columns of the temple of Minerva Sunias, they again set out on their return to Keratèa. At noon on the 24th of Jan. they left Keratèa, and proceeded to Port-Rapati, and through Cata Vraono and Apano Vraono, and by Caliva Spatha, to the plain of Marathon, the scene of the most glorious action of antiquity.

The village, at present called Marathonas, is in a kind of recess between the hills, about a mile

to the back, the north, of the Albanian cottages; it is inhabited by a few Turks, and surrounded by gardens. A river, once called the Charadrus, flows from the village, and passing towards the cottages, winds on before the hillock, taking a turn to the west-north-west, and flowing in that direction, until it is lost in a large marsh or lake, which extends under the woody hills that form the isthmus of the promontory Stomè. The Charadrus runs close to the ruined tower and the cottages. On the western side of the river, where there is the ruined tower, is a low rugged hill, about a mile and a half in extent, lying north and south, and forming the left bank of the narrow valley that reaches as far as Marathon. It is a little more than a quarter of a mile from the Albanian cottages and the hillock. (The offer made to Lord Byron of selling to him this famous spot for 16,000 piastres has been already noticed.) Having accurately surveyed it, they set out on their return to Athens, which the baggage horses, that preceded them, reached after being six hours on the road, which makes Mr. Hobhouse suppose the distance, computed ten miles, to be nearer fifteen miles.

Mr. Hobhouse and Lord Byron were now separated for a short time, as the former informs us at the commencement of his twenty-ninth letter, vol. ii. page 439. "It being my wish to pay a short visit to the town of Negroponte, as well as

to some part of the district of Thebes, which we had before not seen; I set off, Feb. 8th, at nine o'clock in the morning, from Athens, accompanied by our Albanian Vasilly, the Athenian Demetrius, and the necessary number of baggage and led horses. Lord Byron was unexpectedly detained at Athens; so that you will attribute any additional defects in the narration of this short tour to the absence of a companion, who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark united that gay good-humour, which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger."

In a biographical account of a literary character (like that of Lord Byron), it would be unpardonable to omit that, during his residence in Greece, so ardent was his thirst of knowledge, that he engaged a master, named Marmaratouri, to instruct him in the *Romaic* language, or rather dialect, of which he gives such copious and various extracts, and translations, in his notes to Canto 2d of *Childe Harold*, as demonstrate that he had attained a fluency, and would have been able (if Heaven had thought proper to have spared his life) to have added new gems to the literary treasures of his country. Some of the translations are delightful, as that beautiful song "*Maid of Athens, ere we part*;" that other "*I enter thy Garden of Roses*," and the famous Greek war song—"*Sons of the Greeks, arise!*" written

by Riga (the modern Tyrtœus), who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. From these specimens it appears that Lord Byron's genius was not confined to that light species of literature which delights only in a poetical flight: but that he had a mind capable of imbibing, and endued with a perseverance to attain the more solid and substantial parts. He acquired languages with facility, and traced things to their source. He might have been a *Leviathan of Literature*.—Ah, that *might have been!* it sounds like the knell of departed genius!

> " *Sarcophago contentus erit—mors sola fatetur,*
> " *Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*"—
>
> JUVENAL, 10.

Lord Byron now determined to pay a visit to Constantinople, and accordingly proceeded by sea, in the Pylades, ship of war, bound to Smyrna. Whether this journey was undertaken in pursuance of any plan of opening an intercourse between the Greeks of the Morea and the capital must now, perhaps, for ever remain a secret, owing to the destruction of his Lordship's Memoirs. On their arrival at Smyrna, they visited Ephesus, and then went on board the Salsette frigate bound for Constantinople. On their arrival in the Dardanelles, the well-known classical story of *Leander's* swimming across the Hellespont, to visit his beloved *Hero*, became the topic of discourse, and doubt as to its practicability. It was at length agreed

by Lord Byron, and one of the lieutenants of the ship, Mr. Ekenhead, to put it to the trial, which they did on the 3d May 1810. His Lordship strongly alludes to this feat in his "*Don Juan*," wherein, speaking of Juan's qualifications as a swimmer, he says:

"But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account.
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He would, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did."

The following is his Lordship's account of this memorable enterprise: "the whole distance from Abydos, the place where we started, to our landing at Sestos on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such, that no boat can row directly across; and it may in some measure be estimated, from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the party in an hour and five minutes, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way

from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan: but our consul at Terragona remembered neither of those circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability." This memorable adventure brought on his Lordship a fit of the ague, and produced the following poetical effusion of parallelism between Leander and himself:—having in four previous verses, alluded to the loves of Hero and Leander, therein representing the latter as swimming for *love*, and himself for *glory*, he thus concludes:

> "'Twere hard to say who far'd the best—
> Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
> He lost his labour, I my jest,
> For he was drown'd, and I've the ague."

Whilst we are on the subject of his Lordship's *swimming*-skill, there is another remarkable in-

stance, of which his Lordship takes notice in a letter (occasioned through some remarks made by a gentleman of the name of Turner, in a work of his entitled "*A Tour in the Levant*," respecting the practicability of the above exploit,) to his publisher in London, Mr. Murray, dated Ravenna, Feb. 21, 1821; in which he writes thus:—"Of what may be done in swimming I shall mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mingaldo (a gentleman of Bassano) a good swimmer, wished to swim with my friend Mr. Alexander Scott and myself; as he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him. We all three started from the Island of the Lido, and swam to Venice.—At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and I were a good way a-head, and we saw no more of our foreign friend; which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes, and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out, less from fatigue than *chill*, having been four hours in the water without rest, or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back, this being the condition of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprizing the whole of the Grand Canal, (beside the distance from the Lido,) and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, four hours

and twenty minutes. To this match, and during the greater part of the performance, Mr. Hoppner, the Consul-General, was witness, and it is well known to many others."

To this may be added another surprising instance, related by Mr. Hobhouse, in his '*Journey through Albania,*' &c., vol. ii. page 808:—"My fellow-traveller had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated, passage, for I recollect that when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide, and a counter-current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less that two hours in crossing the river."

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to the Troad.—Constantinople; and Character of the Turks.—Lord Byron leaves Constantinople and lands at Zea.—Visits the Islands in the Archipelago.—Mytilene.—Tenedos.—Abydos.—Candia.—Antiparos.—Returns to Athens.—Renews his Studies there.—Death of Lord Byron's Mother.—He sails for England.

Lord Byron, on his route, made an excursion over the Troad, and with Homer in his hand, or his head (perhaps both), he explored every spot where he thought he might trace the footsteps of those heroes of 'olden times,' whose deeds the father of epic poetry has sung to the delight and improvement of succeeding generations. He next visited Constantinople, and traversed different parts of Romania, (the ancient Thrace), and made observations on the manner of the present Turkish race, of whom he gives the following descriptive sketches.

"The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility, very comfortable to voyagers.

"It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live

amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha, of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon-vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to 'receive masks,' than any dowager in Grosvenor Square.

"On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

"In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

"With regard to presents, an established custom in the east, you will rarely find yourself a

loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

"In the capital and at court, the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country-gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

"The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

"The best accounts of the religion, and different sects of Islamism, may be found in D'Olisson's French; of their manners, &c., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised; equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are

not assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan until he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question, whether Europe would gain by the exchange? England would certainly be the loser.

"With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

"I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now this question from a boy of ten years old, proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from the College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as

a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

" In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacam and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to 'pray to God their way.' The Greeks, also, a kind of Eastern Irish papists, have a college of their own at Maynooth—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But, though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges; no, let them fight their battles and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans and

worse Christians; at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration."

Of Turkish manners Lord Byron gives us these further descriptions:—"In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it; I tried the experiment, but was like the Scotchman, who, having heard that the birds called kittiwaks were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that '*he was no hungrier than when he began.*'"

The principal diversion or exercise of the Turks consists in throwing the jerreed or djerrid, a blunted javelin, which is darted from horseback by one at another, who catches it, or eludes the stroke, with great agility and dexterity. On some one's remarking that it was a manly exercise, Lord Byron replied, he did not know how it could be called a *manly* exercise, as the most expert in the art were the black *eunuchs* of Constantinople.

The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,'" &c.

The Koran allots at least a third part of Paradise to *well-behaved* women; but by far the greater

number of Mussulmans interpret the text in their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern any "fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the *houris*.

In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers, tied with hair, "Take me, and fly;" but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

Green is the privileged colour of the Prophet's numerous descendants; with them, as here, pretended *faith* (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of *good works*: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Upon the whole, Lord Byron gives rather a more favourable account of the Turks than most other travellers; perhaps he had reason to do so; he experienced better treatment at their hands. It was well known to them that he was rich as well as great; and money is the grand travelling *firman*, the *passe-partout* of all Turkey, more so than in any other part of the world. From the Vizier to the water-carrier, Muftis, Cadis, Pachas, Agas, Janizaries, every thing is bought and sold, even justice. That they are not so insolent as they were,

is not to be attributed to them as a merit; they have been literally drubbed into good manners by the Russians, until their despised slaves, the Greeks, have set them at open defiance, during three campaigns. The Turks may well be civil to Englishmen. Were they once to withdraw their friendly countenance, the Russians would soon be in Constantinople, and there would be no longer a—*Turkey in Europe.*

After having satisfied his curiosity (and transacted what other business he might have to do) in Constantinople and its environs, Lord Byron embarked, with his fellow-traveller, on board the Salsette frigate, on the 14th July 1810, and passing through the Dardanelles, reached the island of Zea, where his Lordship took leave of his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, who was about to return to England on board the Salsette, and landed, having determined to make a longer stay in Greece.

Zea, or Zia (the ancient Cea, or Ceos), is an island of the Archipelago, one of the Cyclades, to the south-west of Negropont, fifteen miles long and eight broad. It abounds in barley, wine, silk, and a fine sort of oak, whose acorns,* called villani, are the best trading commodity of the island, being used by dyers and tanners. The principal

* Might not this be an useful hint? Has the experiment of making *acorns* serve as a substitute for *bark*, in tanning, been ever tried in this country? There seems to be every prospect of its answering the purpose just as well.

town, of the same name, is seated on an eminence, three miles from the harbour, at the further end of a valley. It resembles an amphitheatre, and contains 2,500 houses, all flat at the top. It belongs to the Turks, but most of the inhabitants are Greeks, and they have a bishop.

At Zea, his Lordship either purchased, or hired, a small Greek felucca, in which he visited many of the islands in the Archipelago, previously to his return to Athens; but from the period of Mr. Hobhouse's departure there is a deficiency of correct information, as to his Lordship's subsequent rambles, until his return to England, which can only be supplied from the notes to his works, or from the following extracts from letters of contemporaneous travellers, which have been brought together to form a connected series, and leave as little a chasm as possible in the life of a man of whom every one is anxious to know even the least movement. It is useless now to lament the want of better materials; we must be contented with the best that can be got, since his Lordship's *friends* have denied that information which his Lordship had thought proper to give of himself to posterity.

His Lordship visited the village of Zea, a very dirty, uncomfortable place, and not being able to meet with any accommodations there to his liking, he took up his lodging on board the vessel, where he was rather comfortable than otherwise, and no-

wise incommoded, but rather amused by the clumsy Greek sailors dancing to the pipe and tambourine, in an endless variety of gesticulations, which is a common practice with them upon all occasions, when they have no very particular business to attend to. They dance for a fair wind, and after a foul one; they dance in a calm, and for joy on the breaking up of a storm. It seems to be their general thanksgiving, as well as their pastime. These thoughtless people appear happy in spite of all their miseries, and are not unaptly likened to "children of a larger growth." Were they free, they would make good the old proverb, "*as merry as Greeks.*" With the first fair wind the vessel made sail.

ISLAND OF MYTILENE.*

"In sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his Majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mytilene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this place,

* The reader is referred to a letter (given in another part of this work, as having been sent to the Editor of Galignani's Journal, in Paris, under the signature of Lord Byron) in which his Lordship is made to deny having ever *resided* in the island of Mytilene; whether this account or that letter is fictitious, has hitherto eluded the most industrious research: time will probably disclose the truth. The account is *circumstantial*; the denial in the letter is *positive*. If the latter were really written by Lord Byron, he abominated falsehood, and implicit confidence should be given to his assertion.

and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables, always to be had there, induces the visits of many British vessels, both men-of-war and merchantmen; although it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna, its beauties amply repay for the deviation in a voyage; we landed, as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in watering, and the purser purchasing cattle of the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble over the cave called *Homer's School*, and other places, where we before had been. On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticule of that name) we met and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us, he had come from Scio with an English Lord, who had left the island four days before our arrival, in his felucca; "he engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him, but I did not like to leave Mytilene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it; he gave to Dominick, the wine merchant, six hundred *zecchines* (about £250 English money) for it, and has resided at it about eight months, at different periods, as he sails a good deal about the islands."

"This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house, where our countryman had resided, and were

kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion; it consisted of four apartments, on the ground floor, an entrance-hall, a drawing-room, a sitting-parlour, and a bed-room, with a spacious closet annexed; they were all simply decorated, plain walls painted green; marble tables on either side, with a small fountain, which could be made to play at pleasure; a large sofa, and half a dozen chairs, completed the furniture. There were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bed-chamber had merely a large mattrass spread on the floor, with two cotton quilts and a pillow; the usual bed throughout Greece. In the sitting-room was a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, but now locked up in a very large sea-chest, which stood in the closet, which we did not think ourselves justified in examining minutely. On the table of the recess lay Voltaire's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's Works, complete; Volney's Ruins of Empires; Zimmerman, in German; Klopstock; and Kotzebue's novels; several pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn, but not one English book whatever.

"The old man said, "the Lord" had been using these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; "but," said he, "there they must lay until his return; he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without his permission, he would frown upon me for a

month; and he is very good otherwise. I have the whole produce of this farm for taking care of it; except a sum of twenty *zecchines* I pay an old Armenian, who resides in a small hut below, and whom 'the lord' brought from Adrianople."

"The outside appearance of the house was pleasing; the portico in front was fifty paces long, by ten in breadth, and the marble pillars, as it is now customary in Grecian architecture, were considerably higher than the roof, and terminated in a platform, covered with a carpet, awning, and seats. It is here, on the house-top, the Greeks pass their evenings, smoking, drinking, and enjoying the sea breeze. On the left-hand, as we entered the house, a small stream glided away; grapes and different fruits grew on its borders, and under the shade of an extensive lime-tree a seat was placed, on which, we were told, "the lord" passed most of his nights, till twelve o'clock, smoking, reading, writing, and talking to himself;— "I suppose," said the old man, "praying, for he was very devout, and went twice a week to our church, without fail."

"The view from this seat was what may be termed, "a bird's-eye one," but pleasing; a long line of vineyards led the eye to mount Calcla, covered with olive-trees and myrtle; and on the top of which a ruined temple appeared, majestic in decay; a small stream descended in broken cascades from near the summit, and at last

was lost in the woods at the mountain's base; the sea smooth as glass, and a horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chesnut-trees, several small islands could be distinctly seen studding the ocean with emerald green.

"I seldom enjoyed a view more than this, but our inquiries were all vain as to the person who had resided here; none knew his name but Dominick, of whom he had purchased the estate, and he was gone to Candia. "The Armenian," said the old man, "I believe could tell, but I am sure he will not." "And cannot you tell, old man?" said my friend. "If I can," said he, "*I dare not.*" We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our arrival at the town, we learnt several particulars of the emigrant lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced at their weddings; he had given a cow to one man, and two horses to others, and distributed cotton to all the young women near him, who worked at the business; he also gave a boat to a fisherman, who unfortunately lost his in a gale; and he often gave books to the poor children; in short, he appeared to us, from the description, to have been a very eccentric, but a very benevolent character.

"One circumstance was related to us. The old man who kept Calcla cottage, had a most beautiful daughter, of whom many tales were told; she

was at present gone to her aunt at Candia. She had always done so when "the lord" went away, and did not return till he came again, when her father went to her in the felucca; they are natives of Candia, but brought here by the English lord: "he is expected," said our informant, "next year, and we all wish for his return." With such information we departed from Mytilene, our imaginations all on the rack to discover who this Grecian rambler could be. He had money, it was evident; he had philanthropy, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arriving at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in company with an architect, who had been travelling over Greece, "The individual," says he, "about whom you are so anxious, is Lord Byron. I met him in my travels, and visited him at Mytilene." We had never then heard of Lord Byron's fame, but had the first volume of *Childe Harold* put into our hands, and instantly recognised the wanderer in Mytilene in every page. We then deeply regretted not having made more particular inquiries; but, as all our regret was then unavailing, we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning there on a future day, but to me that day has never returned; and I make this statement now in justice to his Lordship, who has been much slandered. He has been described as of an unfeeling disposition, averse to associating with human nature, or contributing in any degree to its relief.

The fact is very much to the contrary; all the finer feelings of the heart seem to guide his Lordship's mind. His courting solitude and repose, are strong reasons for marking him as a being on whom Religion has set her seal, and Benevolence thrown her mantle. No man can read of his humane actions in Mytilene without feeling proud of him as an Englishman. With respect to his loves or pleasures, I do not assume a right to give an opinion. Reports are ever to be received with caution, particularly when directed against man's moral integrity; and he who can justify his innocence before that awful tribunal where all must appear, he alone has a right to censure a fellow-mortal's errors. I conceive enough has been related here to prove that Lord Byron's character is worthy of his genius. To do good in secret, without courting the world's applause, is the surest testimony of a virtuous and self-approving conscience.

" TENEDOS.

" It was a sweet morning as ever shone from the heavens, when we anchored to the westward of Tenedos; on every side appeared something to arrest the attention; before us lay the birth-place of Briseis (for whom Agamemnon and Achilles contended), and the ruins of Troy; to the left lay the Grecian isles; to the right the promontories of Asia; and the waves of the Hellespont beat against the vessel's bows. On this

interesting spot of land we soon found our footing, but in traversing the island little presented itself to our view of a pleasing nature; ruin and desolation surrounded us, famine and misery tracked our way. The Russians had plundered the place: this we knew. In the tottering ruins of an ancient temple, apparently destroyed by fire, we met an aged Greek priest. In the course of a conversation, carried on with him by means of the Latin language,* he told us that Lord Byron had resided upon Tenedos five weeks, and when he left, had given them one hundred and eighty *zeelemes*, to build a chapel in the place of that destroyed by the Russians. The cottage in which his Lordship had resided was destroyed in that general destruction which overrun this island; it faced the Hellespont, and here no doubt he wrote "*The Bride of Abydos*," and in my opinion planned "*The Corsair*." Abydos was not a three miles pull from us, and after taking some refreshment from the worthy Greek priest, we persuaded him to accompany us in

"A VISIT TO ABYDOS.

"In sailing round the eastern point, he pointed

* It is not necessary a person should understand Greek to travel in Greece; at the present day the pure ancient language is not understood; and the modern tongue they use is so barbarous, that if a man wishes to understand it, he could not; but all the clergy can converse in Latin.

to a small bay, and enquired "Will you go in there? it was there our fleet lay." "Your fleet! what fleet?" was the reply.—"Our fleet at the siege of Troy." "Who told you it laid there?" "My good friend the Lord Byron. I came here with him ten times with his maps and papers." This was sufficient to excite our curiosity, so we ordered the helmsman to tack and steer into the bay; in a few minutes we landed and mounted the rocks. The bay, if it can be termed so, would scarce afford shelter to *fifty English men-of-war's launches;* but I am certain from ocular demonstration, must have been that in which the Grecian heroes practised their *ruse de guerre* of retirement.

"We sat down on a rock to view the scene before us; "Here," said the Greek, "upon this same seat my Lord used to sit and draw pictures of the castle for hours." "And how did you exist under this burning sun without refreshment?" "Oh! I always took care to have plenty in the boat, for his Lordship's house was well stocked, but if he was out all day, he never took any thing but some water, and seldom any wine; when we returned, grapes and bread were his supper; but he never went to bed before midnight." This ended our conversation; the sun, rising near his meridian, warned us to depart, and a fresh breeze wafted us over to Abydos.

"Here we had a sublime view of the Hellespont

and all its recorded glories, of which it is not my present business to speak; we sought out and found, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading myrtle-tree, the favourite seat of the noble bard. There was not any thing remarkable in its construction; an English garden-chair, made of unpolished timber, and sufficient to accommodate four persons, will give a very good idea of it. From this seat the view was very contracted; the ruins of the old castle of Abydos were seen through a long gloomy avenue of chestnut-trees, and the island of Tenedos closed the perspective. I have reason to suppose, and from the testimony of the Greek priests believe, Lord Byron never wrote one article upon this spot; he used to pore over his maps and papers stretched at full length, and ramble through the adjoining wood with his hands crossed on his bosom, apparently in deep meditations, composing perhaps the lines he committed to paper in his cottage at Tenedos.

"The Turks who garrison the *modern* castle of Abydos, are, like most of their brethren on the opposite shore, a villainous set of murderers. Lord Byron, one day, rambled too near the lines, and a shot was fired at him from the fort; he turned about and slowly walked away; "I joined him," said our spiritual guide, "at the time, and knowing the vindictive spirit of the commanding janissary, urged him to hasten to the boat, to which he paid no attention; when, as I expected,

a soldier armed with a drawn sabre presented himself, and demanded who his Lordship was? 'An English traveller' was the reply. 'Shew me your firman' (that is passport), said the soldier, in a resolute tone. 'Here it is,' his Lordship said, and drawing from his belt a double-barrelled pistol, levelled it at the fellow's head, and told him, if he obstructed his path he would blow his brains out: the man had pistols, nevertheless he walked off with trepidation, and we reached our boat in safety, which I never thought we should see more." We could not help smiling at this account, and thought Lord Byron's *double-barrelled passport* much better than a piece of parchment, in a land of robbers.

"Nothing very particular attracting our attention, we bid farewell to the seat of the wandering poet, and landed once more on Tenedos. The worthy priest had not many anecdotes to relate of his Lordship worthy of record beyond what I have related; Lord Byron rewarded him with a handsome present, and gave him forty *zeelemes* to be distributed amongst the poorest and greatest sufferers from a hurricane which had recently destroyed the grapes in almost every open vineyard; at the same time his Lordship said he neither liked the people or the island, and would never visit it again, "which I am sorry for," said the old priest, "as he was a friend to all upon it; but he disliked us, and I don't know from what

cause." And as I cannot explain the cause, I shall suffer it to remain amongst those eccentricities which his Lordship alone can explain.

"It is a striking proof of his humanity, that although he despised the people, he could not help pitying and relieving their sufferings; this is genuine benevolence, devoid of all ostentation, pomp, and pride. In an obscure Grecian island, which he never intended to revisit, he left marks of his bounty and goodness of heart, which he never could expect would be made known in England: real charity finds its sweetest reward in being concealed from public view; from this it appears, that his Lordship 'did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'

'When merit claimed the sufferer's breast,
He showed his bounty then;
And those who could not prove that claim,
He succoured still as men.'

"We loaded our boat with Tenedos grapes, the finest in Greece, for which we paid twenty paras, or ten pence English, and after a glass of meagre wine with our friendly instructor, we bade adieu to the Island of Tenedos, and all its interesting scenery. I would have brought away the rustic seat of the polished bard, but I deemed it a sort of sacrilege to remove the pillars which had supported a temple of genius, and as British vessels, bound to the Black-Sea, often touch at Tenedos for a supply of wine, the old priest (who now

knows its value) will add a little to his scanty income by shewing it."

"CANDIA.

"At Champetray, in the Island of Candia, Lord Byron stopt in his Speronera; a poor Jew was incarcerated for having sold opium, which a Jew is forbidden to deal in by the Turkish law. His punishment was to have been three years' confinement in a dungeon, and three public bastinados on the soles of his feet. Lord Byron solicited the municipal authorities, and he solicited the right way, for in Turkey, every thing, even *justice* is sold. By the payment of thirty zechines, or about fifteen English guineas, he rescued the poor wretch, and sent him away from the island.

"Lord Byron, during his stay in Candia, lived at a place called Macri, in the house of a Greek named Demetrius, a man of considerable property; his second daughter was much attached to his Lordship, and, in fact, they went to the adjoining island of Gozo frequently together, and remained there for weeks. In Greece such proofs of familiarity are not proofs of guilt; there every thing reminds one of the pastoral age, when integrity walked hand in hand with virtue; but I will give no opinion on his Lordship's conduct, nor have I a right to do so.

'Then, with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,

Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Inslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.'

Falconer's Shipwreck.

"I am relating only facts. Chedar Antoninus, his travelling companion, was wedded to a British Officer, Lieutenant C—l; Lord Byron gave her away at Antiparos, and he also gave with her £600 English. All parties appeared to be contented, and at Famagusta, the capital of Cyprus, I saw C——l and his wife, with whom Lord Byron remained during a short stay in that town."

At the Island of Antiparos, Lord Byron, before his exploration of the too-much-extolled grotto, met with a countryman, a pupil of Wyatt, and a traveller in quest of knowledge, namely, a Mr. F——r of Liverpool. His Lordship, though generally averse to any communication with his own countrymen, yet accepted Mr. F——'s company, and together they visited the grotto of Antiparos. In his rambles from isle to isle, Lord Byron was accompanied by a singular character, whom he had met with at Yanina, in the service of Ali Pacha. His real name was Fullinton; he had been in the British navy as a midshipman, but was dismissed the service and imprisoned two years in the Marshalsea, for striking his superior officer. He then sailed for the East-Indies, where

he commanded a trading ship, belonging to a native merchant. He quitted this ship at Balsora, having mortgaged her and pocketed the money. He travelled overland to Constantinople, and entered into the Turkish service, which he deserted for that of Russia, and served in various capacities on board different ships in their squadron cruizing in the Grecian Archipelago. From Catherine he obtained a pension as a captain, and afterwards entered into the service of Ali Pacha. He became his admiral, and superintended the building of his ships and gallies. When Ali Pacha declared against the Turks, Fullinton fought for him by sea and land, and he was appointed to attend Lord Byron, and shew him every thing worth seeing in the city and its environs. After a residence of some weeks, it appears that his Lordship had a narrow escape from the treachery of Ali Pacha, whose very smiles covered some secret sinister purpose of his heart. Whether he wished to make his peace with the Porte, or supposed that the travellers had vast treasures in their possession, which his avaricious disposition longed to appropriate to his own use, perhaps for both these reasons conjointly, Fullinton informed his Lordship that Ali meant to arrest him and his friend, and ship them both off for Constantinople. In consequence it was arranged that they should go out on horseback together, and set off, *sans cérémonie*. This plan was carried into effect, and

may account for the expedition which they used on their return, going over that ground in *four* days, which had occupied *nine* before. Ali Pacha, exasperated at their escape, seized all their trunks and papers, and after ordering a black servant, whom they had left behind, to be bastinadoed, he made him a slave on board his gallies. Fullinton accompanied Lord Byron until he was recalled by the Russian court, on failure of the loss of his pension, when he departed, laden with marks of his Lordship's bounty. His skill in seamanship rendered him peculiarly useful and agreeable to Lord Byron in his aquatic excursions.

The *Philomel*, British brig of war, had a roving commission in the Levant, and frequently came across his Lordship's route. Captain Crawley, who commanded her, it was said, owed his promotion from a lieutenancy to the command to his Lordship's influence. They were particularly intimate, and generally kept it up over a bottle of Tenedos wine to a late hour. A singular adventure occurred to these boon companions, which evinced his Lordship's usual courage and presence of mind. They were returning on board the brig from the island of *Salmondrachi*, after a merry day spent on shore among the vineyards under a tent. The boat was upset by a squall of wind, and his Lordship being able to swim like a duck, saved Capt. Crawley's life by pulling him on to the keel of the boat. A serjeant of marines was

drowned, and they were two hours in this perilous situation before they were rescued, which was only accomplished by one of those singularly eccentric and daring flights which his Lordship was wont to take in cases of emergency. He quitted his companions, and swam to an Italian vessel, three miles distant, which sent a boat for his companions, who, but for this act of intrepidity, must have perished. The serjeant had left no wife, but a girl on board, to whom his Lordship presented one hundred dollars on the day of the poor fellow's funeral. To the sailors of the brig he gave at various times two pipes of wine, a quantity of rum, tobacco, fruit, and coffee, and frequently set them to dance when grog was mixed for them by his directions. The same inducement he also held out for swimming; all who went overboard had a dram when they came in. He alleged, and with truth, that swimming and dancing were to be considered essential to the preservation of their healths in that sultry and enfeebling climate.

From an officer on board the *Philomel*, and who came often upon his Lordship's track, these facts were collected; and his Lordship's route, he states, was just as it has been given to the reader. He heard of him at all the places that have been mentioned, where he was as well known as any *Greek* among them, and highly beloved and respected.

Capt. Crawley, Lieut. Hill, and Mr. Cotgrave, the purser of the *Philomel*, were among those who accompanied Lord Byron in the visit to Antiparos; at which island Lord Byron purchased from a Greek boat, a number of goats and kids, two casks of wine, and twenty frails of figs, which he presented to the *Philomel*'s crew, and procured them a holiday to enjoy his bounty on shore.

To Mr. Cotgrave, who is proud to acknowledge his obligations, Lord Byron gave many marks of generosity. Mr. Cotgrave was a very good-hearted young man, but one who often outstepped the bounds of discretion. It is customary in the navy for the captain to endorse, by way of authenticating, all the purser's bills. Cotgrave had got so many endorsed by Captain Crawley, that he refused to put his name to any more, at a time when Cotgrave really wanted the money, to purchase necessary supplies for the ship. Totally at a loss what to do, he at length made his difficulty known to Lord Byron, who immediately endorsed them, with this expression, "Sir, I know you to be a gentleman." When the vessel was ready for sea, Mr. Cotgrave called upon the agents, Messrs. Lark and Woodhead, to settle his account; they told him, he might take his bill again; this astonished him, until they handed over to him a letter of Lord Byron, saying, that he had paid the amount of the bill, and would take his word for repaying it, to a person named in the letter, by

three instalments, at eighteen months, or "as suited his convenience."

On another occasion, Lord Byron paid for ten head of cattle for the same gentleman, and when he was offered the money, said he would take in payment one of his barrels of Whitbread's porter, which would amount to but a very inconsiderable part of the money he had paid.

Lord Byron was always excessively attached to the naval service, and innumerable are the instances of the favours which he conferred on many deserving members of it. The benevolence of his disposition often led him to interest himself in behalf of persons to whom he was a perfect stranger, before he saw them suffering under, what he conceived to be, an act of injustice. On his return from the Levant, landing at a certain place, (if we recollect right, at La Valette) being at the Opera, he was a spectator of a violent altercation between two English gentlemen in *plain cloathes*, concerning a fair frail cyprian, whom one of them had introduced into the box where the other was sitting, and refused to be ejected by the latter. A scuffle took place in the lobbies betwixt the parties, and Lord Byron took part with the gentleman who had the lady under his protection. It appeared that the parties were naval officers, the one a captain and the other a lieutenant; and the affray ended by the former sending for a guard of soldiers, and placing the latter under arrest; they

were ordered to convey him on board the vessel as a prisoner. Lord Byron took the liberty of remonstrating, that as both parties were in plain clothes, as private gentlemen, the affair should only be considered as a private dispute, and that there could be no disobedience of orders, where no uniform marked the distinction betwixt the parties. No attention was paid to these remarks of his Lordship, and as the guard was proceeding with their prisoner to the beach, a party of sailors attacked them, and rescued him. He returned again to the Opera, and Lord Byron invited him into his own box, where he remained unmolested until the conclusion of the performances. At the door of the theatre a stronger guard secured him, and he was conveyed on board as a prisoner, and next day ordered to prepare for a court-martial. This young man (Mr. Snelgrove) was the son of a boatswain, and had risen to the rank of lieutenant by his merit; but on account of his mean origin, it was evident that a strong prejudice operated against him; a prejudice as absurd as it was injurious, and such as, to every sensible man, ought to have had a contrary effect. Lord Byron, indignant at the supposition, sent to the young man, and assured him of all the support he could give him by purse or influence. The court-martial took place, and Snelgrove was sentenced to be put back to the station of a midshipman, and there to serve two years; after which he was

to be restored to his rank of lieutenant, but to be placed at the foot of the list. Lord Byron tried, in vain, to get a mitigation of this sentence, and when all his efforts had failed, he resolved to purchase a privateer, and make Mr. Snelgrove captain of her. This generous offer Mr. Snelgrove declined with gratitude, observing that he was so warmly attached to the service, he preferred submitting to his sentence. This *true British feeling*, this resolve, though smarting with injuries, to fight still for his country, aroused Lord Byron's feelings yet more strongly in his favour. He wrote to England a full statement of the facts; on the return of the packet, a remission of the sentence came from the Admiralty Board, and he was restored to his former rank. His situation, however, was not likely to be comfortable; he would still be pursued by envy; a superior officer seldom forgets an inferior who has foiled him. Lord Byron made him retire on half-pay to be out of the way of his enemies. He remained with his Lordship till a conveyance offered, when he supplied him with money, more than his wants required, and furnished him with letters of recommendation to some of the first people in London. He soon got employed under the command of Lord Byron's particular friend Sir Peter Parker, whose loss he commemorated in some pathetic lines. From that time Mr. Snelgrove's conduct was blameless, and he was Lieutenant of the Me-

nelaus, and along side of his brave commander, when the latter fell in battle with the Americans. He is now in London on half-pay, and high on the list. It is probable that he never would have risen superior to his sentence, and all his prospect in life would have been for ever blasted, but for the generous protection afforded him by Lord Byron. He was ever most grateful to his benefactor, and no doubt at the present moment is a sincere mourner for his untimely fate.

Lord Byron rambled about most of the Islands of the Archipelago during some months, and the first time we hear of him again, was on Jan. 23, 1811, at the Franciscan Convent at Athens, that being the date of the second paper referred to by the notes on the 2d Canto of '*Childe Harold.*' Here his Lordship resumed his studies, and, by the information which he gave of the declining empire of the Turks, contributed not a little to rouse that too long dormant spirit of the Greeks, which has since so nobly burst out, and effected the liberation of the Morea.

During this last residence, it must be evident that his Lordship must have found full employment for his leisure hours, to judge from the number and variety of works which he brought forward soon after his return to England; and also that he was much indebted to the local scenes of the seat of the Muses, which he was daily in the habit of beholding, for the richness of the embellish-

ment which he bestowed on his poetical effusions; scenes which, as he himself observes, had before animated the strains of a Falconer and a Campbell.* No parts of his works are so truly beautiful as those where he gives picturesque descriptions of that highly favoured country:—

* "The attention, I was told (says a subsequent traveller) of his Lordship at Athens was chiefly directed to literary subjects; and in this celebrated spot Lord Byron spent much of his time in writing, and never walked out until the sun was down, nor returned home till near midnight. Here, no doubt, he traced many of the scenes in "Childe Harold." From the account I heard, his Lordship seems to have been impressed with deep melancholy. *Polycarp*, at whose house he resided, related many circumstances of him, but which I do not feel warranted in repeating. "As cunning as a Greek" is a very old and true saying, and from our eager anxiety I feared he meant to impose upon us, but I have since had reason to alter my opinion. As a coffee-house keeper he bears an exemplary character, and it is generally no small recommendation to his good name that the unfortunate Tweddell chose him for his guide through Athens. He shewed us a book, upon the leaves of which were inscribed numerous names, succeeded by recommendations of him and his house to future travellers. This book I did not see until a second visit to Athens. Amongst the names I observed Lord Elgin, Mr. Salt, Mr. Tweddell, Lord Byron, Count Monvelio, Monsieur Tallie. The accounts were interesting at the end of each name, particularly that of Tweddell, who says, 'he is an honest man and an intelligent guide. *I shall never live* to do him a service, but I recommend him to my countrymen who may arrive at this much-neglected spot.'

"Lord Byron's name has simply prefixed to it,—"*Polycarp is an honest man*," which I conceive the strongest recommendation borne on the book.

'Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smil'd,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendele's marbles glare;
Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deep'ning glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.'

It was natural enough that Lord Byron's habitual melancholy should be rather increased than diminished by the scene of devastation and destruction which surrounded him wherever he took his pensive walks. To one, who, like his Lordship, had his mind stored with all the great and noble sayings, writings and actions of the ancient Greeks, how vain, and transitory must appear all human grandeur! Athens (that object of veneration to every classical scholar)—'Athens,' says his Lordship, 'is the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of women), who appoints the Wayvode. A pander and eu-

much (these are not polite, yet true appellations) now *governs* the *governor* of Athens!—

> "What can he tell who treads thy shore?
> No legend of thine olden time,
> No theme on which the Muse might soar,
> High as thine own in days of yore,
> When man was worthy of thy clime.
> The hearts within thy vallies bred,
> The fiery souls that might have led
> Thy sons to deeds sublime,
> Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
> Slaves,—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
> And callous save to crime."

"And yet (said his Lordship to a Greek, to whom he was remarking this debasement) when the Persians sent Ambassadors to demand *earth* and *water* in token of submission, the Spartans and Athenians tossed them into a *muddy ditch*, telling them to help themselves—there was plenty of both!"

Seeing what he did see—the apathy with which the Greeks viewed the destruction and deportation of the noblest monuments of their never enough to be admired ancestors—it is no wonder that he should entertain the same opinion as other travellers, that the Greeks never could be independent, never would be independent sovereigns as heretofore. Still, when about to take his departure, he expressed a charitable hope that, in spite of all his predictions, there was a reasonable

hope of the redemption of a race of men who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of slavery.

Nearly three years were passed in these excursions before Lord Byron thought of revisiting his native shores, and then, without any of those delightful sensations of hope which are usual on such occasions. His mother had departed life during his absence, and one beloved object, to whom he had been attached from his earliest youth, was separated from him from for ever. "In the short space of one month (he laments in one of his notes) I have lost her who gave me birth, and most of those who had made that being tolerable."

> "What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
> What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
> To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,
> And be alone on earth, as I am now."

In the appendix to the '*Doge of Venice*,' Lord Byron states that he came home to England in the British Squadron (in 1811), with the prizes taken in the memorable battle off Lissa.

CHAPTER VII.

Publication of first part of "Childe Harold."—His Lordship and the Edinburgh Reviewers.—Increase of poetical fame.—Address on re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre.—Lord Byron's benevolence to distressed Authors.—His first and only display of talents in the Senate.—Further development of his Lordship's Character.—Publication of "The Giaour."—"Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair."—Also of "Lara"—and the "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte."—Lord Byron's Marriage.—"My Wedding Night," a Shandæan Fragment.—Publication of the "Siege of Corinth."—"Hebrew Melodies."—"Parisina."—"The Curse of Minerva."—"Waltz."—Letter from Lord Byron to a French Journalist on the subject of "The Vampire," a literary forgery.—Madame de Stael and the Vampire Society.

WITHIN a few months after Lord Byron's return to England, he published his '*Childe Harold*,'*

* The first part of "*Childe Harold*," published by Mr. Murray, at his shop in Fleet Street, was a gratuitous presentation by Lord Byron to his friend Mr. Dallas, the brother of the Judge. It has been said that Mr. Murray gave Mr. Dallas *five hundred pounds* for the *first edition*. Mr. Dallas, without a doubt, can and will justify himself against the imputation of ingratitude for having attempted to publish the private correspondence of his Lordship with his family, which publication was *only* restrained by an Injunction of the Court of Chancery, issued at the solicitation of the executors of Lord Byron's will.

It

or at least the two first cantos of a *Romaunt* so called, in which he traces his own wanderings, step by step, through Portugal, Spain, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. This coincidence, combined with several other relations in the work, seemed so clearly to point out his Lordship as the hero of the piece, that the public could scarcely fail of making the application, in spite of the assurances of his Lordship that the character was merely a fictitious one, and of his having moreover painted him as a very dissolute one at his onset:—

> " ——————— he was a shameless wight,
> Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
> Few earthly things found favour in his sight
> Save concubines and carnal companie,
> And flaunting wassailers in high and low degree."

His disappointment in a tender passion; his determination to seek for change of scene in foreign parts; his leaving a mother, a sister, without leave-taking, all seem to point out the real Childe Harold, whose travels we have been relating, but as we have given the occurrences in exact order, and made several extracts from the poem itself, there remains the less to be said upon the subject. The metre is the stanza of Spenser, which was adopted on a suggestion of Dr. Beattie, and suits

It has been also reported, and with every degree of probability, that his Lordship bestowed all the profits of his works on persons whom he deemed objects of, or deserving his benevolence!! Such conduct needs no comment.

well with the subject, although the use of archaisms to describe modern characters and events subjected his Lordship to a charge of anachronism. In the execution, though excellent upon the whole, there are some marks of inattention, not a few of caprice and errors of judgment, arising from a want of a better knowledge of the world; yet are they all overborne by transcendent genius. It has been objected to the author, that he has declared himself an enemy to all military men and martial measures; a railer at the fair sex; and disposed to consider all religion as only different modes of superstition. It cannot be denied that he ridicules the folly of men's knocking each other on the head who had never seen one another before, at the same time that he laments the miseries which such folly entails upon mankind; and pray, what writer on the subject, historian or poet, has not done the same thing? He rails at the fair sex! True; and so have all those authors who have written about them, from Homer down to the present day, and those who have been most severe upon their failings, have ever been those who have professed the strongest attachment to them. He is a scoffer at religion! No;—at superstition only;—that inquisitorial, meddling, officious sort of zeal, which, not content with seeking its own way to heaven, will needs be for directing and controlling others. No man in his senses would ever think of trying a

professed '*Romaunt*' by the rules of the *Canon-Law*. Neither Milton's Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Man, nor any other moral work, if brought to that bar, but might be found to contain some points not strictly orthodox. But with those who read to be amused, '*Childe Harold*' will never occasion a blush on the face, nor a stain in the soul.

Not the least remarkable circumstance attending this production, was the manner in which the Edinburgh Reviewers greeted its appearance. Lord Byron had made them sensible that he neither wanted the power nor the spirit to repel an aggression, and fearful they might again hear the lash whistle over their heads, they began to make advances towards a reconciliation, in hopes, through the countenance of his rising name, to prop their own cause, which from some certain inaccuracies had been rather in a declining condition. "Lord Byron has improved marvellously (they say) since his last appearance at our tribunal; and this, though it bear a very affected title, is really a volume of very considerable power." And the noble bard, with the generosity which accompanies true genius, not only forgave all former '*slaps on the face*,' but by way of atonement for the '*kick o' th' shins*,' which he had given Mr. Jeffrey, he pays him the following pretty little compliment:

"And all our little feuds, at least, all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below),

"Are over; here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne;'
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."

After this, who but must allow that critics and bards are the most facetious, pleasant, polite gentlefolks on the face of this rotatory globe? There are male as well as female coquettes.

Never perhaps did poetic work excite more attention, or receive more general applause. Lord Byron was, by universal consent, considered as the first poet of the age. Some fastidious persons, indeed, showed alarm at the boldness of some of his doctrines, which many who had no objection to their truth, did not like to see proclaimed to the world. This *evangelical* outcry against all authors who are not of the class of the *elect*, and all works that abound in *profane wit*, has increased so much of late, and has attained such a height of intolerance and insolence, that, if not timely and severely checked, Milton must give way to the *Moravian Hymns*, and Dryden and Pope to *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*; the cloud of ignorance will again bedim our horizon, hypocrisy will pass upon us for holiness, and the muses will be degraded to the servile offices of *pew-openers* to the

Conventicles. The *good* men who raise this outcry, are not those who 'take no heed of the things of the world;' but persons who make a living out of their zealous endeavours to render the world virtuous, and yet, in a manner not very consistent, dreading there would then be an end of their trade, are ever complaining that it is every day growing worse. To such we would apply the old adage, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam,* stick to your last, Mr. Cobbler. Messrs. *Propagandists, Missionaries, Gospel-spreaders,* &c. &c. confine yourselves to your *Evangelical Magazines,* your *Gospel Experiences,* your *Religious Tracts,* but, for mercy sake! do not interfere with works of *taste* and *genius;* they are quite out of your element. If poetry were to be subjected to the snuffling cant of puritanical criticism, the Pierian spring will be converted into a puddle, and *Wesley's Hymns* be accounted the standard of poetical excellence.

A new Drury Lane Theatre, having, phœnix-like, arisen from the ashes of the old one, a contention arose among the Parnassian pretenders for the honour of producing the *opening address.* The Board of Management was soon inundated with a mass of poetry that might have papered the whole surface of the globe, and the honour, after due deliberation of the *profound judges* who were intrusted with the management, was awarded to Lord Byron, whose production was delivered accordingly, on the 10th October 1812. Of this

address, all that need be said, is, that as it was born on the occasion, so it died with the occasion; and it deserved no better fate; if his was the *best*, all the rest must have been—*devilish* bad.

But there is this trifling inconvenience attending greatness, that a load of honours almost always brings with it a load of troubles. It was no sooner blazed abroad, that the public opinion had crowned his noble temple with the bays,

> " ——— *mobilium turba Quiritium*
> *Certat tergiminis tollere honoribus,*"

than he was dubbed the *Mœcenas* of all the hungry sons and daughters of Apollo, who swarmed round his Lordship like so many flies round a honey pot; and there is a pleasure in recording that his heart was neither so steeled by greatness nor misanthropy, as to reject the humble petitions of his more unfortunate brothers and sisters of the " gray-goose quill." Two instances of his generosity will vouch for his not being destitute of the finest feelings of humanity: a young lady of considerable talents, but who had never been able to succeed in turning them to any profitable account, was reduced to great pecuniary hardships through the misfortunes of her family. The only persons from whom she could have hoped for relief were abroad; and in this desperate state, urged on more by the sufferings of those whom she held dear than by her own, she summoned up resolu-

tion to wait upon Lord Byron, at his apartments in the Albany, and request his subscription to a volume of poems. She had no previous knowledge of him but from his works; those works, which have induced so many others, equally unacquainted with his Lordship or his real character, to stigmatize him a misanthrope and a manhater; but from the boldness and feeling expressed in these, she concluded that he must be a man of kind heart and amiable disposition. She was not mistaken in her conjecture; and although she entered the apartment with faltering steps and a palpitating heart, she soon found courage to state her request, which she did in the most simple and delicate manner. He heard it with the most marked attention, and the keenest sympathy; and when she had completed, he, as if to avert her thoughts from a subject which could not but be painful to her, began to converse in words so fascinating, and tones so gentle, that she hardly perceived that he had been writing, until he put a folded slip of paper into her hand, saying that there was his subscription, and he most heartily wished her success; "but," added he, "we are both young, and the world is very censorious, and so, if I were to take any active part in the promoting of your subscription, I fear it would do you harm rather than good." The young lady, overpowered by the prudence and delicacy of his conduct, took her leave; and upon opening, in the

street, the paper which, in her agitation she had not before looked at, she found it was a draft upon his banker for *fifty pounds.*

Another instance, which happened about the same time, though it did not require the same delicacy, is equally characteristic. A young man from a distant part of the country, who had quarrelled with his father in consequence of having squandered a small sum of money, was friendless and almost pennyless, in the metropolis; and at last wrote a little poem, or rather a succession of bad rhymes, which he offered to the booksellers: most of them rejected the proffered poem with scorn; but at last the writer met with one who said, that if ten pounds were given him, he would publish it, and give the writer half the profits. Elated with this offer, he sallied into the streets, and had wandered as far as Piccadilly ere he knew what he was about or where he was going. Exhausted at last, he stood still at the front entrance of the Albany, with his manuscript in his hand. Byron happened to pass; and his notice being drawn by something peculiar in the young man's appearance, he accosted him. The whole story came out, and the rustic rhymester was taken into the apartment of the bard. "And so, you say, you have quarelled with your father?" said Byron. "Yes," said the young man, hanging down his head. "And you could get a chance of half the profits of your poem for ten pounds?"

"Yes," said the young man, raising himself up. "And for how much could you be reconciled to your father?" "For ten pounds also," said the young man. "Then," said Byron, "there are ten pounds, give it to him, and let him publish the poem if he pleases; and there are other five for yourself, to hasten you on your way." The young man was astonished, and before he could turn round to thank his benefactor, that benefactor had disappeared.

Now, if this man were a misanthrope, would to heaven that the world possessed a greater number of such *Timons!*

From some motive or other, which was never made public, Lord Byron entertained thoughts of disposing of Newstead Abbey, the seat of his ancestors, and a contract was according entered into with a gentleman (Col. Wildman), who was to have possession of the whole property for one hundred thousand pounds. The purchaser, however, not being able to fulfil his part of the contract, it was set aside, and his Lordship was much benefited by the event, as the discovery of a coal mine on the Rochdale estate added, it is calculated, at least fifty thousand pounds to the value of the whole.

Of Lord Byron's parliamentary career, we can say but little. We find but one instance (and we believe the only one) of his speaking in his place in the House of Lords, which was on the

1st of June 1813, at some length, when he presented a petition from Major Cartwright. There is little in his speech to recommend it more particularly than the generality of opposition harangues; but the circumstance of its being *his*, cannot fail, alone, to render it interesting to our readers; and will, at least, afford them a specimen of his oratorical powers. It was to the following effect:—

"My Lords;—The petition which I now hold, for the purpose of presenting to the House, is one which I humbly conceive requires the particular attention of your Lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains is neither selfish nor imaginary; it is not his own only, for it has been, and still is, felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor, indeed, within, but may to-morrow be liable to the same insult and obstruction in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for Reform in Parliament. The petitioner, my Lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue influence, which 'has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished;' and, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be

found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now, oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, he is still unimpaired in talent and unshaken in spirit—'*frangas non flectes.*' He has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult, of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright, and it was in behalf of the People and Parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the Representation, which is the best service to be rendered both to Parliament and People, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms the subject matter of his petition to your Lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language—in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid this House. The petitioner states (among other matter, of equal, if not greater importance to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth), that on the 21st January 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him, merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subject to gross and abusive insinuation from the commanding Officer relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally

carried before a magistrate, and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him; and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against the petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never to this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the petition. To the other topics touched upon, I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your Lordships to its general contents; it is in the cause of the Parliament and People that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated; and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than an appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperative of his duties, the obtaining by petition Reform in Parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint: the petitioner has more largely expressed it. Your Lordships will I hope adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him; and not him alone,

but the whole body of the people, insulted and aggrieved in his person, by the interposition of an abused civil and unlawful military force, between them and their right of petition to their own representatives."

The reception of the petition, after being supported by Lord Stanhope, and opposed by Lords Sidmouth, Lauderdale, and Fitzwilliam, was negatived without a division.*

The Opposition began to flatter themselves that they should gain a new and powerful aid from the young peer; but he would either not suffer himself to be drawn too far into the inextricable labyrinth of politics, or else he had satisfied himself by this one trial of his abilities, that the senate was not the stage on which his genius was

* We have been since informed that he addressed the Parliament on another occasion. Our informant says: "The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches, as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had nothing of full and manly melody; he had no vigour of frame, nor open expanse of forehead; but his face was finely formed, and impressed with a delicate vigour. He had a singular conformation of ear: the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down, and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington."—This description is correct; when we saw the corpse, the ears were shrivelled, as if withered away.

destined to display itself. He did not hesitate; his choice was made, and it did credit to his judgment.

Thus was Lord Byron, on his return to his native country, about to launch his bark on the ocean of life, with every adventitious circumstance that might seem to promise a prosperous voyage; youth, rank, affluence, education, and genius improved by travelling; and, to crown all, a high spirit, that would not suffer these advantages to remain long concealed from the world. So circumstanced, without any other recommendation, his company would have been sought for in the most polished circles, who require no other passport than the hereditary claims of birth, rank, and fortune. But when it became blazed abroad that he possessed, in addition to all these adventitious circumstances, a genius far exceeding that of all his cotemporaries, every door would have flown open to receive him, if he had not studiously withdrawn himself from the gaze of admiration. He was now arrived at full manhood; his countenance was strongly expressive, exhibiting the striking contrast of very dark hair and eye-brows, with light penetrating eyes, that bespoke a mind of more than common stamp. The predominating passion was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid change of features, when engaged in interesting conversation. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, dissatisfaction, or

satirical dislike, which alternately animated his features, during an evening's conversation, might have been mistaken by a stranger for the habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying him for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree that their proper and natural tone was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this saturnine gloom would interrupt even his gayest and most happy moments, and the following verses dropt from his pen to excuse a transient expression of melancholy, which cast a gloom over the general society:

"When from my heart, where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high;
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink;
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the captives shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell."

It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to the rank, the age, nor the success of this young nobleman, without feeling an undefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit of constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur:

" ——— I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness."

But howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports, as if he contemned them, and felt that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character, whose tints were otherwise romantic. Noble and far descended, his mind fraught with ancient learning and modern accomplishment, the pilgrim of distant, civilized, and savage countries, eminent as a poet, amongst the first whom Britain has produced, and having, besides, cast around him a mysterious charm, arising from the sombre tone of his poetry, and the occasional melancholy of his deportment, Lord Byron occupied the eyes, and interested the feelings of all. The enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious, with a wish to admonish; and the tender, with a desire to console. Even literary envy, a base sensation, from which, perhaps, this age is *not* more free than any other, forgave the man whose splendour dimmed the fame of his competitors. The generosity of Lord Byron's disposition, his readiness to assist merit in distress, and to bring it forward when unknown, deserved and obtained the general regard of those who partook of such merit; while his poetical effusions, poured with equal force and fertility, shewed at once a daring confidence in his

own powers, and a determination to maintain, by continued effort, the high place he had attained in British literature. "*Childe Harold,*" though represented as one satiated by excess of pleasure, and seeking from change of place a relief from the tædium of life; though assuming a character of contempt and dislike for the public, instead of seeking to propitiate them; yet by the very audacity of this repulsive personification, gave such indications of original, powerful, and energetic genius, as electrified the mass of readers, and even those who censured and regretted certain parts of his work, did not withhold their tribute of applause from the real merits which pervaded the "*Pilgrimage.*"

It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron entered the public stage, on which he has made so distinguished a figure. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sank into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity.

Before the world (the *literary* one) had well digested "*Childe Harold,*" his Lordship's facility of writing astonished them by producing, in rapid succession, the "*Giaour,*" the "*Bride of Abydos,*"

and the "*Corsair*;" the first inscribed to Mr. Rogers, the second to Lord Holland, and the third to Mr. Thomas Moore. In the dedication of the "*Corsair*," he said it was the last production with which he should trespass on public patience for some years; a sort of promise which poets are not much expected to keep, and are readily excused for breaking. Lord Byron soon broke his, by sending into the world "*Lara*," a continuation of the "*Corsair*," and an "*Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*;" the whole of these productions we shall now proceed to consider *seriatim*. The story of the "*Giaour*" is as follows: Hassan, a powerful emir, detects his favourite mistress in an intrigue with a young Venetian, or Giaour, as the Moslems term all Christians. The lover makes his escape, but the female slave is tied up in a sack, and thrown into the sea. The Giaour reaches the mountains, joins a band of robbers, and becomes their chief. At the head of his Arnaouts he has a rencontre with Hassan, whom he slays. He then quits his predatory course of life, and buries himself in a monastery; not as a penitent, for he preserves all the ferocity of his former character, and dies, after relating his story, rejecting all consolation from the monk who confesses him. Meagre as this outline is, the deficiency is amply compensated by richness of imagery, and copiousness of description.

In one of the notes we are told, that the circum-

stance to which the above story relates, was not an uncommon one in Turkey. A few years ago, the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom? and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! Not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, and all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty.

The "*Bride of Abydos*" is founded on a story more regularly constructed, and carried on through all its gradations to the catastrophe, with much greater regularity. Giaffir, a pacha, is supposed to have two children, a son and a daughter. He holds a council, and orders Haroun, the keeper of the harem, to conduct thither his daughter. Selim, the supposed son, tells him, that his sister is walking in the cypress grove, whither she had come at his solicitation. This information draws on him a severe rebuke for his effeminate manners, which Selim retorts with indignant looks, and Giaffir is threatening him for his rebellious spirit, when Zuleika enters, and hears with grief her father's design of marrying her to Carasman Oglou, the pacha of Magnesia. Giaffir proceeds thence to review his troops, and Selim and Zuleika

hold a conversation much more savouring of lovers than of a brother and sister. They separate with a promise to meet again at eve in the gardens of the harem. At this meeting Selim surprises Zuleika by informing her that he is not her brother, but her cousin; his father, Abdallah, having been poisoned by his brother, Giaffir; who, to prevent discovery, brought up his nephew as his son. This story he had learned from Haroun, by whose means he was enabled, during Giaffir's absence, to visit the islands in the Archipelago, and to become the head of a nest of pirates, with whom he still corresponded, with a view to their assistance in carrying off Zuleika to a place of safety, and marrying her. Giaffir, in his haste to marry his daughter to Carasman Oglou, comes in search of her, and arrives just as the pirates' boat reaches the shore. Selim having hid Zuleika in a cave, rushes forth to join his comrades and repel the assailants, but falls by the hands of his father's murderer; who meets with his punishment by finding his only daughter dead in the cave.

" Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand, Abdallah, Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy daughter's dead!

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lovely beam,
The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
'Where is my child?' an echo answers—'Where?'"

The story of this romance bears so near a resemblance to that of Hamlet, that the reader will not fail to be struck with it. The poetry is charming, and if the morality be questionable, at least all the guilty parties are punished.

No one need be at a loss now to account for the manner in which Lord Byron employed his time in the east. He had collected such stores of mental treasure, and such was the fertility of his genius, in bringing them to light, that scarcely was public curiosity awakened by one poem, before it was arrested by another. "*Childe Harold*" surprised by its eccentricity of composition; the "*Giaour*," by its novelty and Eastern garb; the "*Bride of Abydos*," by grandeur of design, vigour of expression, and tenderness of sentiment. At length, to follow up the climax, like a giant in all his strength, the noble bard brought forth another poem, excelling all his former excellencies, and leaving far behind him all competitors for lyric fame. Having described his wanderings in the Ægean sea, as "*Childe Harold*," and attached from infancy to romantic scenes, he fixed upon one of those islands as the sequestered retreat of a piratical band, of whom Conrad was the chief—"a bold, bad man."

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That rais'd emotions, both of rage and fear:
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope, with'ring, fled; and Mercy sigh'd farewell."

Yet was this man of rapine and bloodshed in love; and with his wife, too! the tender Medora, and equally beloved by her. He resolves on a secret expedition, but previously pays Medora a visit, who endeavours to persuade him to leave off his piratical pursuits, but in vain; he leaves her, and goes to sea. The second canto opens with Coron's bay, which was illuminated, because Seyd, the pacha, had promised himself a triumph over the pirates, and was holding a feast, in which, in idea, he was already sharing the captives and the booty. A dervise is brought in, who tells a story of having escaped from captivity among the pirates. He is invited to take refreshment, but refuses; and whilst the pacha interrogates him as to the force of the pirates, he sees the blaze bursting on the bay, and his gallies in flames. He orders them to seize the dervise, who throws off his disguise, and shews himself completely armed. It is Conrad! He blows his bugle; Seyd flies; the pirates force the harem gate, and fire the palace. Alarmed by the cry of the women, Conrad orders the doors to be burst open:

"Oh! burst the harem—wrong not, on your lives,
One female form—remember *we* have wives."

Conrad bears off Gulnare, the favourite mistress

of Seyd; but as the pirates are retiring, Seyd perceives how few their forces are, and collecting his followers, surrounds them, and takes Conrad prisoner. He is doomed to be empaled; and confined in a tower where Gulnare, on whose heart he had made an impression, visits him at night, by means of the pacha's signet. She learns from him that he loves another woman, and yet she promises to save him. The third canto opens with the return of the remains of Conrad's party to their island, where Medora, on being informed of Conrad's captivity, falls into a swoon. The scene next shifts to Seyd's harem, where Gulnare, endeavouring to persuade Seyd to spare Conrad's life for a high ransom, rouses his jealousy, and he threatens her. At night she revisits Conrad, and offers him a dagger, with which he is to kill Seyd. Conrad nobly refuses to act the assassin. Gulnare, herself, goes to do the deed, and returns to Conrad without the dagger, and with blood on her face. Conrad guesses at her guilt, and views her with horror. They escape together, embark, and meet on the sea another bark, which is soon discovered to be the pirates coming to endeavour at Conrad's rescue. They reach the island at dark—Conrad flies to Medora's tower, which is all darkness. He enters—seeks her chamber, and finds her—a *corpse!* In the morning he disappears, and a sea-boat's broken chain announces the manner of his flight, who

" Left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

If a man can read this poem without feeling 'the divinity stir within him,' he may rest perfectly assured that his soul is not attuned to the harmony of numbers. We shall simply remark that, as in the "*Bride of Abydos*," we were struck with a resemblance to Hamlet, here the character of Gulnare seems drawn after the model of Lady Macbeth.

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's promise that he should not trouble the literary world again for some years, his resolution gave way, and "*Lara*," though not acknowledged, was obviously written by him as a sequel of the "*Corsair*." The poem opens with the sudden return of the Chief—of Lara, attended by a single page, a foreigner. The sudden disappearance of Conrad, and as sudden reappearance of Lara connects the two pieces, and assures the identity. The character of Lara corresponds exactly with that of Conrad, depressed by the death of his beloved Medora:

" And some deep feeling it were vain to trace,
At moment's lighten'd o'er his livid face."

He loved not questions of the past, nor told stories of his 'hair-breadth-scapes.' Born of high lineage, he joined with the magnates of the land in their carousals, but viewed every thing with apathy and repulsive indifference. His strange behaviour gave rise to as strange surmises, which

none dared to utter. After a while, being invited to a festival given by a neighbouring nobleman, named Otho, whilst viewing the 'gay dance of beauty's bounding train,' he observed one of the guests, an unknown person, glancing sternly at him, who no sooner caught his eye than he exclaimed, "'Tis he!"—This excited the surprise and curiosity of all. The stranger still gazed, and drawing nigh, exclaimed with haughty sneer,

"'Tis he!—How came he thence?—What doth he here?"

Words ensue, which Otho puts an end to by pledging himself for the stranger, Sir Ezzelin, and for Lara, that on the morrow both shall meet to settle any differences between them. Lara calls his page and retires.—The second Canto opens with the gathering of the chiefs in Otho's hall. Lara presents himself, but Ezzelin comes not. Lara calls on Otho to produce the babbler, or redeem his pledge. Otho answers the call, and falls wounded, but not dangerously. Otho is rescued from his vengeance. Lara departs, and Ezzelin's strange disappearance causes much suspicion of Lara's having shown him foul play. Otho and Lara arm their respective followers, and civil war ensues. Lara is at first successful, but at length falls in battle; his page is discovered to be a woman (Gulnare, perhaps), and a story is told of Sir Ezzelin's having been thrown into a river on the night of his disappearance.

Such is the sequel of the "*Corsair*," increasing in energy, boldness, and loftiness of sentiment, though destitute of the softness which Medora's tenderness threw over the scenes: that in some measure, the page, Kaled, is made to supply. The description of the field after a battle is truly poetical—

"Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;
And near yet quiv'ring with what life remain'd
The heel that urg'd him, and the hand that rein'd;
And some, too, near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste;
They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
Why pause?—no further thirst they have to slake—
It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not;
It was an agony—but now forgot!"

The death of Lara is as finely described, and is fully equal to any thing that ever the author wrote; though the horror of the event be described with force and energy, yet it is relieved by the mixture of fidelity and affection with which it is combined.

The "*Corsair*" was not a painting of the imagination, but founded upon the following facts: Whilst Lord Byron was at Constantinople, a Venetian vessel anchored in the port, where a quarrel ensued between the crew and some Turkish sailors, and ended in an affray. The Turks were worsted, but the whole population being ready to back them, the Venetians fled precipitately to their vessel, and got under weigh, unfortunately leaving their captain on shore. Assured of instant empalement if he fell into the hands of the Turks, he entered the residence of Lord Byron, whom he did not know, even by sight, and requested his assistance to shelter him, and put him in a way of rejoining his friends. There was such an undaunted courage and noble confidence in his manner, as instantly gained him the respect and esteem of his Lordship, who promised to protect him at the risk of his own life; the Turks, however, had seen him enter the house, and no time was to be lost in getting him out of it. A suit of female apparel, belonging to a Greek slave, was procured, and the captain decorated with it; and, sallying out, thus disguised, met with no interruption, as it is the Turkish custom never to look at a female, but rather to turn away on meeting one in their route. Lord B. followed at a distance, hired a Greek boat, into which they got, and ordered it to put them on board the British frigate. They were only just in time; for they had

scarce left the hotel, before it was surrounded by the Turkish authorities, and searched from top to bottom; but the birds were flown. Lord Byron threatened to complain to the British ambassador of the insult, and talked loudly; but it was only to stifle suspicion. The Venetian remained on board until the ship sailed with Lord Byron on board, and they left it together at the island of Zea. Here, as they strolled together about the islands of the Archipelago, gratitude and friendship drew from the Venetian the whole of his most extraordinary history. He was the heir of a noble and powerful family, and had fallen in love with a young lady of another family, of equal rank, which, however, as is too frequently the case in Italy, was at mortal enmity with his own. They often met at church, where, for a long time, their sole intercourse was confined to an exchange of glances, which soon convinced both of them that love was infinitely more powerful in their breasts, than family feud. At length they contrived to exchange billets, as well as glances, and the violence of their passions, as well as the importunity of Conrad (for it was he himself!) prevailed on the blushing fair one to admit him into her balcony-window at midnight. Their love was for a time crowned with every success that heart could wish for; but it was not so secret as they hoped and believed. The lady was engaged in marriage to a cousin, whom she never loved, and

of whom, since she first saw Conrad, she could not bear the sight. Jealousy is as quick-sighted as love; he watched until one unfortunate night he made a discovery of what was going on between the lovers. He laid a plan, with the other relations of his house, to surprise and wipe out the dishonourable stain upon their family by the blood of the guilty pair. In effect, they were very nearly surprised together; but, hearing an unusual stir in the house at the dead hour of night, the lovers suspected the horrible fate that awaited them, and escaping by a back way, got into a gondola, and were soon got among the Dalmatian isles, on the opposite shore of the Adriatic. Here they found a solitude of silence and melancholy, not ill-suited to the disposition of lovers. Half-destroyed buildings and mouldering walls denoted the fallen grandeur and decay of the Roman empire; the proud remnants of the fallen mistress of the world; now inhabited by wild beasts, or by men scarcely more humanized. At one view were to be seen the broken columns and pediments of the palaces of the Cæsars, and the clay-built huts of the worthless Heyduks; the luxurious baths of the Roman patricians, and the smoky cabins of the Dalmatian boors. But a new—an unexpected danger awaited them; little less dreaded than that from which they had just before so narrowly escaped. They fell into the hands of a nest of piratical banditti, who made it their practice to

rob both by sea and land. Conrad defended himself and mistress with such desperate courage, as, though soon overpowered, procured him the esteem and respect of the banditti, who, eager to possess so courageous a commander, offered him such terms, as, in such a desperate state of affairs, it would have been madness to have refused. His intrepidity at length raised him to the rank of their captain, and they were the terror not only of the Adriatic, but of the Mediterranean sea. The daring of those pirates may be guessed from their venturing into the harbour of Constantinople; where, if discovered, certain death by the most horrible torments awaited them. But they disguised themselves and their vessel so well, that they ventured every where to gain information, and then pounced upon their unsuspecting prey. Their principal rendezvous was on one of the most barren and inaccessible of the Dalmatian isles, whence, if in danger of being overpowered, they could presently cross over to the continent, and elude all pursuit among the crags and precipices of the wildest country in the universe. Conrad's rival, with a party of his friends, fitted out a stout vessel, and sailed in pursuit of the fugitives, more now through revenge than any other passion. He traced the lovers to their haunts; but found them too strong to be overpowered, and too wary to be entrapped; and was compelled to return with his revenge ungratified.

. Such was the ground-work of this famous poem. Conrad soon after quitted Lord Byron, with mutual regret at parting, to rejoin his wife and friends, expressing a determination to quit so horrible a mode of life as soon as possible. The remainder of the story (if "*Lara*" was really intended by the noble author as a continuation of the "*Corsair*,") must have been his own invention. Conrad, on the death of his wife and his father, returns to take possession of his estate and honours, vainly imagining his piratical pursuits, during his absence, might not be known; but he meets with his jealous rival and implacable foe, who tortures him with his insinuations, draws him into a snare, and completes his revenge by an *Italian* catastrophe.

To "*Lara*" was appended a trifling poem, entitled "*Jacqueline*," from the pen of Samuel Rogers, Esq. Whether this poetical partnership was a contrivance of the banker to slip down to posterity by means of the Lord, or that the Lord had some *private* reasons for paying that compliment to the *man of money*, the coalition, at that time, excited a smile on the face of the critic. No two writers could be more dissimilar; one all *eau de vie*; the other *water-gruel*. It reminded one of the fashion, some time ago, of a handsome woman being always accompanied by an ugly female companion, or toad-eater, a sort of *lusus naturæ*, by way of a foil to her own personal charms; or

of the punishment, inflicted by the tyrant Mezentius, of tying a living body to a dead one:—

" Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibùsque manus, atque oribus ora,
(Tormenti genus) et sanie taboque fluentes
Complexu in misero, longâ sic morte necabat."

VIRGIL, lib. 8.

The dead he to the living tied,
And then the suff'rer would deride,
And chuckling keep and crowing:
So when to Lara, Jacqueline
Was bound, said Byron, with a grin,
Sam's done, though he's so knowing.

If it was a practical joke of *Byron*, it was the severest satire that could have been played off upon his *friend*; but, as Gay says truly,

" Wits are game cocks to one another—
No author ever spared his brother."

From his connection with the *shop* in Clement's Lane, Mr. Rogers has it in his power to do a good turn now and then; and so he will, but he *must have good security*. If a man would have a bill discounted, or wipe a greasy chin in St. James's Place, he must praise Mr. Rogers's poetry; it is paying rather dear for the entertainment, but that is the *sine quâ non*. It is probable, therefore, that the banker's vanity was the sole reason of his name appearing in the firm of *Byron and Rogers*. Though his drafts on Parnassus may be noted and

protected by the critics, yet on the Stock Exchange, Samuel Rogers is as good as the Bank of England!—a very Midas!—He should leave poetry to hackney parsons, and other poor devils, who make a living out of it.—"*quos rerum sors indiga vexat.*"

About the same time appeared the "*Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte,*" which is so wholly different from any other of Lord Byron's works, and so vastly inferior, that his Lordship must either have found himself very unfortunate in his choice of a hero for his subject, or his mind, at the time of composing it, must have been in a kind of wandering-maze, or *Fool's Paradise*, which every *Bachelor* naturally experiences when he is upon the eve of that most important undertaking—*Marriage!*

> "He was a *Bachelor*, which is a matter
> Of import both to Virgin and to Bride,
> The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter;
> And (should she not hold fast by love or pride)
> 'Tis also of some moment to the latter:
> A rib's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,
> Requires decorum, and is apt to double
> The horrid sin—and, what's still worse the trouble."

Lord Byron (among his other numerous studies) appears not to have overlooked the qualifications of the *Fair Sex*, and to have been perfectly on his guard against *Drapery Misses*:—

" The milliners who furnish *Drapery Misses*
Throughout the season, upon speculation
Of payment, ere the honeymoon's last kisses
Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,
Thought such an opportunity as this is
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
Not to be over-looked, and gave such credit,
That future bridegrooms swore, and sighed, and paid it."

" This term *Drapery Misses* (as he himself explains it in one of his notes) is probably any thing but a *mystery*. It was, however, almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811-12. It means a pretty, a high born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe *upon credit*, to be repaid when *married*, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the "*drapery*" of an "*untochered*," but "*pretty virginities*" (like Mrs. Ann Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday:—she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, my authorities might be cited, in which case I could quote both "*drapery*" and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete."

With all this forecast about him, it may be supposed that Lord Byron did not run his head into

the noose with a *Drapery Miss*, but that he looked about for one whose *personal charms* were not her sole *personal property*, but with somewhat (as the lawyers phrase it in the marriage settlement cant) in possession, reversion, remainder, and expectancy. He accordingly pitched upon one with '*every requisite to make the marriage state happy*;' but, as Solomon says—'VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY!!'

On the 2d day of January 1815, at Seham, in the county of Durham, Lord Byron was married to Anne Isabella, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, Bart., of that place; an event which promised happiness to both parties, but which turned out quite the contrary. But, as the future could not be foreseen, there was the pealing of bells, the feasting, the *et ceteras* usual upon such jollifications, and the *wedding-day*, at least, passed merrily.

"Whether he married with the third or fourth
Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess,
Or whether with some virgin of more worth
(I mean in fortune's matrimonial bounties),
He took to regularly peopling earth
Of which your lawful *awful* wedlock fount is."

MY WEDDING NIGHT.

(A Shandyan Fragment.)

"I know not how it is, said my father, one evening to my uncle Toby, but I certainly must have

been born under some retrogade planet, as I never in my life, in any one of my actions, went straight forward to the mark.—There is nothing like a straight forward push with the bayonet in an action, said my uncle Toby.—Pish! cried my father in a surly tone; those cursed military affairs have upset one of the best heads—(my uncle gave my father a look which instantly disarmed his anger; so taking my uncle's hand in his, he added)—and one of the best hearts, too, that ever tenanted human breast.—Thank ye, brother, thank ye kindly, said my uncle Toby.—You owe me no thanks, Toby, said my father; it is I who ought to thank you for forgiving me for so often and so violently running against your hobby-horse.—I think nothing of it, brother Shandy; you mean me no unkindness.—The more ungenerous in me to persist in such conduct, brother Toby: but henceforth thou shalt canter on the road as thou wilt, and revel in battles, sieges, ramparts, ravelins, bastions, fascines, curtains, counterscarps, and I will listen with patience.—Did I ever tell you, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, about the affair at Steinkirk?—Another time, brother Toby; I will attend to your military affairs; at present, we were just talking about my *matrimonial* ones.—Go on your own way, said my uncle Toby, and may Heaven prosper you, brother, whichever way you go!—There was something so touching in my uncle Toby's manner, as he utter-

ed this fraternal wish, as struck my father to the very heart. He looked on my uncle Toby as goodness personified, and the contrast with his own cold, unfeeling philosophy, gave him no very satisfactory idea of himself. He hurried into his old train of argument to get rid of the unpleasant sensation.—I have often and long considered, brother Toby, what could be the reason of my son's obliquity, which makes his fate so different from that of all other children, and I think it must have been all owing to '*My Wedding Night.*'—I am no judge of these matters, you know, said my uncle Toby; but for the assault of a battery.—Brother Toby, do let me finish my assault first.—I thought you had finished it, brother Shandy, with evident proof of your conquest.—Why so I have, Toby, but may I not be permitted, like yourself, to fight my battle over again?—I will re-fill my pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt you again, until you bring it to a conclusion.****—You must know, brother Toby, said my father (so soon as my uncle had replenished his pipe), for you were abroad at the time of my marriage.—It was during the affair of Dendermonde, said my uncle Toby. —Pish! cried my father, we are going on with another kind of siege now: my wedding-day passed over pretty much as it does with all other newly married couples; the usual scenes of eating, drinking, singing, story-telling, jesting, laughing, dancing, &c. &c. &c.; the sun went down upon

our mirth, and we had got through the night, and deeply into the next morning, as though they were trying to put my patience to the test. To shew them that my philosophy was superior to every kind of trial, I left the company, withdrew to my closet, and began to—what do you suppose, brother?—Why, to undress yourself, I suppose.—Too common-place, Toby; no—I began to compose my *epithalamium*: was not that philosophical coolness, think you?—I am no judge of these matters, brother Shandy; but when I was upon the eve of action, I remember, at Oudenarde.—Brother Toby, I have not got into action yet; when I have finished, you may go on with the affair of Oudenarde whenever you please. My poetic vein came upon me—(an odd vein upon such an occasion muttered, uncle Toby),—as it usually does early in the morning; I took up my pen and composed several stanzas, and was just got into the pith, the marrow of the business,—in imagination, brother, only in imagination.—I understand you, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby; a sham fight—a sort of review.—Damn all *Reviews* and *Reviewers!* cried my father. (He was an author, and, as his works, the darlings of his fancy, had been handled roughly by the critics, it was touching him in rather a sore place). A Reviewer (quoth my uncle Toby, doubtingly) has a soul to be saved, brother Shandy, and may as well hope to get to Heaven as another man.

—Never, brother Toby, never; unless indeed, as Mahomet's ass carried the prophet to heaven: the ignoble beast was admitted in consideration of his noble rider; so if ever a Reviewer enters the gates of heaven, it must be as a beast of burthen, with his more worthy author on his shoulders.—I am no theologian, brother Shandy.—And God forbid, dear brother Toby, that thy poor brain should be ever addled by metaphysics! it has been warped enough by battles, sieges, and ambuscades; one folly is quite enough at a time for any one individual. Well, just at that critical moment, brother Toby, the impertinent bridesmaid peeped in her head at the door, and in a giggling sort of a tone whispered, that I might retire when I pleased. Pish! so may you, I replied, indignant to be interrupted when the flame raged within me.—I think you were rather cool to the lady, said my uncle.—But consider, Toby, at such a time, and with such a happy flow of ideas, could all my philosophy withstand it?—I wonder you did withstand the invitation, brother Shandy.—Toby, with all the ardent passion of a lover of the muses, I resumed my labours.—At that time of the morning, brother, I think you had better have resumed your night-cap and gown.—That, Toby, would have been rather too much in the style of vulgar folks for one of my lofty notions; I stuck to my *Epithalamium*.—Every man to his fancy, brother Shandy; but you did not assuredly stick

to it long?—Until I fell fast asleep; the God *Morpheus*, jealous, I suppose, of my happiness, shook his poppies over me, and then hastened away laughing, to make the other deities in Olympus merry at the expense of the *new-married couple*.—The rascal! cried my uncle Toby; he should have been brought to a drum-head court-martial, and flogged from Olympus to Ida, and back again, for his *mawvaise plaisanterie*; and, brother, though you are my brother, by all the articles of war, you ought to have been cashiered for neglect of duty; but the articles of war have nothing to do with matrimony.—War and matrimony, Toby, said my father with a shrug of the shoulders, are, perhaps, more nearly allied than you are aware of.—I never experienced it, said my uncle Toby.—And pray Heaven, for your peace of mind, brother Toby, that you never may!—(My uncle Toby got into a brown study, for as the two gardens were separated only by a low pale fence, the widow Wadman had been for some time carrying on her approaches against my uncle Toby's weak side, and had made considerable progress in her attacks.)—I pray to mercy that you never may get into that yawning gulph, brother Toby!—Pray, said my uncle Toby, willing to get away from the subject—how did your first campaign end?—Why, it is not commenced yet, Toby. Well, when I awoke from my dream, in my elbow-chair, I went to pay my respects to my bride; but

she had flown. I found her in the breakfast-parlour, however, with a few female friends, and soon perceived that the flag of defiance was hung out. —No wonder, brother Shandy; you should have instantly cried out for quarter, and surrendered at discretion.—I did so, Toby, and wished to pass off the affair as a joke. I was for a long time unsuccessful, but I began at length to make some impression. After dinner, when the ladies, as usual, withdrew for a while, I went to my closet to—finish—my *epithalamium*;—it was committed to the flames!—The best place for it, brother Shandy.—What, Toby, cried my father, his fury kindling in his eyes—the best place for the beloved offspring of my fancy—the infant of my —— Fiddlestick, cried my uncle Toby; a man who had never seen a campaign in his life, would see through the folly of writing his dispatches before he had commenced action.—My father, with all his eccentricity, was a reasonable being, and instantly saw the force of my uncle's argument.—By ———! brother Toby, said he, laughing, you are right, and I am wrong, for once in our lives—But my poor epithalamium!—lost—for ever lost—But you have got a child, brother Shandy.—True, said my father; but then my studies were broken in upon, and my philosophy was put to the rout—A fig for that philosophy, brother Shandy, that will not instruct a man to bear with the crossings and jostlings of the world!

I thought that such was the use and end of all philosophy.—Toby, you are a *bachelor*, and talk like one; he only, who wears the shoe, can tell where it pinches the foot. * * * *

Lord Byron's attention to his bride did not prevent him from paying his respects to the Muses. He produced various short pieces, and a series of "*Hebrew Melodies*," which were written at the express solicitation of two eminent Jewish performers, Mr. Braham, a singer, and Mr. Nathan, a composer, for the purpose of being used as minstrelsy at their places of worship. These melodies display such a skill in versification, and command of diction, as would have raised any other writer to the summit of distinction. The "*Siege of Corinth*" was the next considerable work, the story of which is told by its title. It is a magnificent composition, though not, perhaps, strictly regular in all its parts. The interest is maintained by alternate representations of soft and solemn scenes and emotions, and of the tumult and horrors of war. The contrast is, perhaps, too violent, and, in some places, rather harshly coloured; but the whole is finely designed, and executed with the greatest spirit. The description of the event of springing a mine, and the destruction of the besiegers, the besieged, and the contested city, is truly awful:

" All the living things that heard
That deadly earth shock, disappear'd :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left th' unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke ;
The nearer steed plung'd o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill,
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
The jackall's troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and solemn sound,
Like crying babe and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar, and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !"

The next piece in succession, "*Parasina*," differs entirely from the last; there is no tumult, no bustle; all is sadness, pity, terror. The story is quite simple: the prince of Esté has married a lady who was originally destined for his *natural* son. He discovers a criminal attachment between them, and puts the issue and the invader of his bed to death, before the face of his unhappy paramour. Never was displayed a richer or more redundant vein of poetry. The arraignment and

condemnation of the guilty pair, and the bold, yet temperate defence of the son, can only be excelled by the mute despair of fallen, detected, beauty :

> " Those lids o'er which the violet vein,
> Wand'ring, leaves a tender stain,
> Shining through the smoothest white
> That e'er did softest kiss invite ;
> Now seem'd, with hot and livid glow,
> To press, not shade, the orbs below ;
> Which glance so heavily, and fill,
> As tear on tear grows gath'ring still.
> Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
> Or shade the glance o'er which they rose ;
> But round their orbs of deepest blue,
> The circling white, dilated, grew ;
> And there, with glassy glare she stood,
> As ice were in her curdled blood ;
> But every now and then a tear,
> So large and slowly gather'd, slid
> From the long, dark fringe of that fair lid,
> It was a thing to see, not hear !
> To speak she thought—th' imperfect note
> Was chok'd within her swelling throat,
> Yet seem'd in that low, hollow groan,
> Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
> It ceas'd—again she thought to speak,
> Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
> And to the earth she fell like stone,
> Or statue from its base o'erthrown."

The execution of the rival son, though narrated in plain language, and with the utmost simplicity and distinctness, is so full of the spirit of pathos, that it would be difficult to find a parallel to it.

The author is aware of the objections that might be laid against the morality, but he shields himself under the authority of the Greek dramatists, and he might have added some English ones too. The *Don Carlos* of Otway is the very counterpart of this story. The guilty parties are punished; and, with deference to better judgment, if guilt be not represented as successful, it is fully sufficient for the morality of a romance.

The poem, entitled "*The Curse of Minerva,*" has been already noticed as a biting satire on a certain noble Lord, for the *violence* committed by him, or by his orders, on the venerable Athenian *matron;* and if the old law maxim be founded in truth—"the receiver," &c. the public equally deserve the lash, which the bard has laid upon both their backs:

"First on the head of him who did the deed,
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race;
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate!
Long of their patron's *gusto* let them tell,
Whose noblest *native gusto* is—to sell:
To sell, and make (may shame record the day!)
The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey!"

If the force of satire be insufficient to stop the ravages of these modern Goths, it is to be hoped

that the returning good sense and *amor patriæ* of the Greeks will effectually resist any further attempts of the kind.*

The next production, "*The Waltz*," an apostrophic hymn, is a satire on dancing, to which, as has been already mentioned, Lord Byron had a marked and rooted antipathy, which it would have been wiser, perhaps, to have kept to himself, as it might be deemed envious in him to sneer at that cheerful and health-bestowing recreation, for which Nature had absolutely disqualified him. He might have been reminded of the fable of the *Fox and the Grapes*. The poem is ushered into the world by a letter, under a fictitious signature, which, as it exhibits a curious specimen of his Lordship's epistolary-prose-style, is here given at length:—"Sir;—I am a country-gentleman, of a midland county. I might have been a Parliament-man for a certain borough, having had the offer of as many votes as General T——, at the general elec-

* Lord Byron rejoices that the plunderer was *not* an Englishman, but a *Scot!* Rather a presumptive proof that Scotland was *not* his Lordship's birth-place. Lord Byron took many sketches of the ruins at Athens and its environs, and, it is said, expressed his opinion that the "Elgin Marbles" were of a modern date. In this we coincide with his Lordship, and believe, that like the "Tuscan Vases" of Sir William Hamilton, many of them were engraved, or inscribed by foreigners, to take in *Milord Anglais*. In 1816, the British Parliament voted Lord Elgin £35,000 for the Grecian relics brought to England for the use of the British Museum!

tion (in 1812). But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged Maid of Honour. We lived happily at *Hornem-Hall* till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot, of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche; of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside; that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birth-night's minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces, to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprize, on arriving, to see poor, dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman, I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round and round to a d—'d see-saw up-and down sort of tune, that reminded me of the *Black Joke*,

only more *affettuoso*, till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By and bye they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down; but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, *quàm familiariter*, (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach), said, 'Lord, Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are valtzing,' or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H.; though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid in practising the preliminary steps in a morning. Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election-ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of W. F., Esq., and a few hints from Dr. B. (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master B.'s manner of delivering his father's late successful D. L. Address), I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments

known to the public, whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics. I am, Sir,

" Yours, &c. &c.

" HORACE HORNEM."

There is a vast fund of humour throughout this piece which must delight the reader, male or female, although he or she may entertain very different sentiments, and a very contemptible opinion of his Lordship's taste. The following racy *bonne bouche* will shew the flavour of the whole:

" Endearing Waltz! to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon;
Scotch reels avaunt! and country dance forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe;
Waltz, waltz alone, both legs and arms demands,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public sight,
Where ne'er before—but—pray 'put out the light.'
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far, or I am much too near;
And true, though strange, Waltz whispers this remark,
'My slipp'ry steps are safest in the dark!'
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to waltz."

Nearly about the same time as these two last works there also appeared a tale called "*The Vampire*," which, in April 1819, was announced as the composition of Lord Byron, but which was in reality written by Dr. Polidori. Appended to it is, "An Account of Lord Byron's Residence

in the Island of Mytilene." Both these compositions, it seems, his Lordship disclaimed, in the following letter from Venice, addressed to the editor of an English newspaper, published at Paris, under the title of *Galignani's Messenger*: "Sir;—In various numbers of your Journal, I have seen mentioned a work entitled "*The Vampire*," with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper, I perceive a formal annunciation of "*The Vampire*," with the addition of 'An Account of my Residence in the Island of Mytilene,' an island which I have occasionally sailed by, in the course of my travelling, some years ago, through the Levant, and where I should have no objection to reside; but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to require that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honours; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own.

"You will excuse the trouble I give you; the imputation is of no great importance, and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of the public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a

residence where I never resided, is a little too much; particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one, nor the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to *Vampires*, and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets.

" You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about my 'devotion,' and 'abandonment of society for the sake of religion,' which appeared in your '*Messenger*,' during last Lent; all of which are not founded on fact; but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the others, in some degree, concern the reader.

" You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honour to be (as the correspondents to magazines say) 'your constant reader' and very obedient servant.—BYRON."

Yet did this stupid tale give rise to as stupid a *drama*, which would have disgusted any audience, if it had not received the sanction of Lord Byron's name. It is not to be wondered at that the drama is in the last stage of decline, when it is considered what management (or rather *mis*-management) it has been so long under. The *patient* is literally dying of the *doctor*.

The story is founded on the following anecdote: One evening, in 1816, during Lord Byron's residence

near the Lake of Geneva, he and Mr. Shelley, another gentleman, and two ladies, after having perused a German work, entitled "*Phantasmagoriana*," began relating ghost-stories; when his Lordship having recited the beginning of Coleridge's "*Christabel*," then unpublished, it took so strong a hold on Mr. Shelley's mind, that he suddenly started up, and ran out of the room. Lord Byron and one of the company followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon inquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the hideous bosom of the lady, he was obliged to leave the room, in order to destroy the impression.*

The fact is, that a knot of male and female scribblers, with romantic ideas, weak nerves, and disordered brains, having settled themselves in the spot where Gibbon, Voltaire, and Rousseau once resided and wrote, took it into their fancies that they, too, must be inspired; and accordingly they sent into the world "*The Vampire*," "*Franken-*

* The following are the lines which are said to have produced such terror on Mr. Shelley:

"Her silken robe and inner vest
Dropt to her feet, and, full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side,
Hideous, deform'd, and pale of hue."

Unnatural—horrid—disgusting!

stein, or the Modern Prometheus," &c. &c. and other disgusting compounds of unnatural conception, false taste, and rank absurdity; but that they should palm their nonsense upon a writer of established credit is monstrous, and deserves the strongest public reprehension. We want none of those *fee-faw-fum* writers, who task their labouring minds to invent new monsters, to degrade their species into imaginary forms of disgust and horror, and to augment the source of mental misery to themselves and others. It is from the perusal of similar productions that the minds of half our *reading* females are unhinged, and they are not only disqualified for the duties of wife and mother, but, like children, they are frightened at their own shadows, and only fit for meditation among the tombs and charnel-houses. There can be no more appropriate name for the writers of such works than *resurrection-men*, and for the readers than that of *bone-pickers*, as skeletons are their only delight. The proper subjects for poetical composition are the delineations of *natural* objects; and to pervert it to distortion, or to the creation of monsters, is a degradation of the human species, and of the human genius, and shews an utter depravation of taste, and a consciousness of inability to do justice to those matters, which are within the comprehension of every man of common sense.

" Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose sickly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine,
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hov'ring nigh;
Ev'n now the gulph appears in view,
Where, unlamented, you must lie;
Oblivion's black'ning lake is seen,
Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether."

His Lordship, in his "*Fugitive Pieces*," thus takes his leave of "*Romance*," fit only for the "votive trains of girls and boys" as he expresses it, and resolves

" No more to tread its mystic round,
But leaves its realms for those of *Truth*."

See his "*Ode to Romance*."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lord Byron's melancholy not dissipated by travel.—Aspersions on his character by Reviewers, and others, examined and refuted.—His concern with Drury Lane Theatre introduces him amongst the Literati, Amateurs, and Patrons, Actors and Actresses, &c. &c.—Mr. Thomas Moore.—Mr. R. B. Sheridan.—Mr. Kean.—Lord Byron makes one in the social circles.—Symptoms and rumours of matrimonial discordance.

THE melancholy which had gained so great an ascendancy over Lord Byron's temperament, did not appear to have been much diminished by the variety of scenes which he had witnessed abroad; it was become habitual to him; it led him to shun rather than to seek company. But, at times, as if unable to bear his own sensations, and to drive them away; but oftener, unable to resist the solicitations of his young friends to make one in their convivial circles, he would launch out with a seeming resolution to drown all his inward griefs in the care-dispelling pursuits of other young men of fortune and fashion. This course for a short time he would follow up with ardour: but he was no sooner withdrawn from the sight of all beholders, than, as if he felt remorse for those deviations, he would seclude himself with his books,

or at his writing-desk, and be inaccessible, until the repeated solicitations of some friends would rouse him up to exertion, and again draw him into the vortex of company. Again he would disappear, and "*his Lordship is in the country,*" would be the answer to all inquiries for days and weeks together, at the very same time that his Lordship was shut up in his apartment, with no other company than his *Muse!* Thus frolic and gaiety, or gloomy seclusion held the sway alternately, and his life was a continual struggle between his passions and his judgment, dissipation and remorse, ever in extremes, and ever visibly unhappy, even in the moments of the greatest hilarity. Yet, that this disrelish for company, and the pursuits common to youth, did not proceed from morosity or misanthropy, must be evident from the friendships which he formed with several gentlemen of kindred souls and congenial manners;—friendships which continued through life, and left a void, deeply felt and deplored by the survivors. Another strong proof is, that his Lordship, being satisfied with the chastisement which, in the moment of agony and irritation at the insult offered to the first-born of his muse, he had inflicted on the offenders in his satirical poem of "*Scotch Reviewers and English Bards,*" he suppressed an edition, after the expense had been incurred of printing it, and cordially corresponded with Mr. Jeffrey (his first and bitterest

opponent), Mr. Walter Scott, and Mr. Thomas Moore, and to the two last he dedicated some of his works in a manner that did honour to both parties. He was not to be deceived, however, by the *sneaking* praise of the temporising reviewers, tremblingly alive whilst the lash whistled over their heads, and which they alternately bestowed and retracted; qualifying a little good, with a greater portion of bad. Lord Byron knew his men, and the just value of their praise or censure. They fell upon the young Lord, fancying themselves the *Churchills* of the age, and that—

> "Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
> Play as we will, to turn Lords into Bards."

But when the bard and the lord were evidently united, and the Edinburgh Reviewers had felt the force of his wit, they began to make overtures to draw him over to their party. It would not do, however; and his Lordship had too much sense as well as spirit to be made the tool of a hireling reviewer. However, a kind of armistice was concluded until his Lordship gave a most unpardonable offence by the publication of his "*Curse of Minerva*," and the accompanying notes, wherein he so grievously attacked the *Plunderer of Greece*, and when he added to his other remarks, that he rejoiced the plunderer was not an Englishman, but a *Scot*, every mouth in the pack was again opened in full cry against him; not in a

fair sportsman-like manner, but as though, blood-hound like, they were resolved to hunt him through the world, and leave no resting-place for the sole of his foot.* For example:—

"His (Lord Byron's) mind is evidently of a wilful and overbearing cast, fond of power and pre-eminence, and impatient and vindictive under disappointment. He has been habituated to look upon himself with an adoring fondness, and upon the rest of mankind with a contemptuous and disdainful eye, and, in his mad ambition, and his cold disdain of his species, he has come at last to outrage every sentiment in which other men recognize the dignity of their nature. At an early period of life, but after one rude repulse, he found himself placed at the head of our literature, and basking in the sunshine of unrivalled fame. This was too much for his climbing and impetuous soul:—he soon became cloyed with praise, and disdained the offerings presented to him by beings who had first trampled upon his weakness, then trembled before the frown of his indignation, and finally worshipped the resistless triumphs of his

* Mr. Jeffrey's renewed hostility drew one night from Lord Byron, among a select party of friends, the following animadversion. "You may trace the old blood at work; you see the varlet cannot leave off his old trade of shaving, puffing, and drawing blood. He must keep stirring them up with his pole." Alluding to Mr. Jeffrey's *barber*-ian (not barbarian) origin, his father having been a *barber* in Edinburgh Old Town.

genius. He could bear to be insulted, because *that* only stimulated him to exertion, and summoned him to revenge; but when he found the world at his feet, he began to despise and to loathe it.

"The pride—the excessive and inordinate pride of Byron, is the first and principal cause of those deplorable aberrations into which he has been betrayed; but there is another, scarcely less operative, namely, the power of strong passion, to which he readily submits; and to which, as it has been the source of his most brilliant successes, he seems willingly to surrender the troubled course of his existence. He is, perhaps, more decidedly the creature of passion in its most intense and indomitable form, than any other living man; and he certainly has it less under the government of refined and enlightened intellect than any of the great poets of former times, with whom, in other points, he may bear a comparison."—(*Edinburgh Monthly Review.*)

Again—"There is something quite new and peculiar, indeed, in the whole career of Byron. Madame de Staël, in treating of English literature, remarks.—'Il n'y a point en Angleterre de mémoires, de confessions, de recits de soi faits par soi-même: la fierté du caractère Anglais se refuse à ce genre de détails et d'aveux.' Lord Byron has proved a conspicuous exception to the truth of this remark.

"He seems to have identified his character with his writings; his poetry, at least a considerable portion of it, is a mirror in which are reflected the movements of his soul. He has even obtruded the events of his life upon public notice; he has solicited regard to the dark current of his sorrows; he has revealed the privacy of his domestic life, and demanded the public judgment of his character. His spirit has already been, in great part, developed to the world by his poetical pilgrimage, which embodied the dark and tumultuous aspirations of a soul that had ever been a stranger to repose. The world, which admired his genius, was subdued into compassion for his sorrows, however capricious and distempered might be the source from which they flowed. The moody and self-tormenting temperament of genius was recognized, pitied, and reverenced; and the complaints of Byron, however whimsical their origin, in the midst of all the apparent elements of happiness, and however questionable or unintelligible their tendency, were listened to with a sort of charmed sympathy and commiseration. But the sudden transfusion of this poetical character into the realities of life, the dreadful apparition of it in the most hallowed retreats of domestic purity, the destroying taint of its sullen egotism and unintelligible fury, amid scenes over which the smooth clear stream of gentle affection is alone permitted to wind its course, struck every one with amaze-

ment and aversion. It became but too evident that the delicious repose of *English* domestic life was utterly uncongenial to the perturbed soul of Byron. He voluntarily exiled himself from a country which he had equally honoured and insulted, honoured by the display of his extraordinary talents, and insulted by the outrage of its most cherished affections and revered institutions. He has now chosen as his place of exile a region where all things that present themselves—whether the melancholy monuments of decayed grandeur, or the living varieties of unscrupulous luxury and gratification, will correspond to the majestic but depraved temperament of his own unintelligible nature; but he must not from this voluptuous retirement insult the purity which he has voluntarily renounced, and to which it now appears but too probable that he is fated never to return." (*Idem.*)

Now for another!—"It has been sufficiently manifest, that this man (Lord Byron) is devoid of religion. At times, indeed, the power and presence of the Deity, as speaking in the sterner wakings of the elements, seems to force some momentary consciousness of their existence into his labouring breast; a spirit in which there breathes so much of the divine, cannot always resist the majesty of its Maker: but of true religion terror is a small part, and of all religion, that founded on mere terror is the least worthy of such a man as Byron. We may look in vain

through all his works, for the slightest evidence that his soul had ever listened to the *gentle voice* of his oracles. His understanding has been subdued into conviction by some passing cloud; but his heart has never been touched. He has never written one line that savours of the spirit of meekness. His faith is but for a moment, 'he believes and trembles,' and relapses again into his gloom of unbelief, a gloom in which he is at least as devoid of HOPE and CHARITY,* as he is of FAITH. The same proud hardness of heart which makes the author of Don Juan a despiser of the faith for which his fathers bled, has rendered him a scorner of the better part of women; and therefore it is that his love of poetry is a continual insult to the beauty that inspires it. The earthy part of the passion is all that has found a resting-place within his breast. His idol is all of clay, and he dashes her to pieces almost in the moment of his worship. Impiously railing against his God, and brutally outraging all the best feelings of female honour, affection, and confidence. How small a part of chivalry is that which remains to the descendant of the Byrons, a gloomy vizor, and a deadly weapon!" *(Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.)*

Whether this was a deserved censure, or rather was not a hideous disfiguration of his Lordship's

* Does not this reviewing gentleman, this *censor morum* of other men, give a very pretty specimen of his own CHARITY?

portrait, to revenge the stain thrown upon Scotland in the character of the *Plunderer of Greece*, let the reader judge for himself: but it proves the misfortune of *timid* and *officious* friendship, if the wish of concealment can be deemed friendly; for had not Lord Byron's memoirs been destroyed, it is believed that his calumniators would have cut but an indifferent figure, as he has many times declared that "out of their own mouths he could condemn them," as he held their own evidence against themselves in his own hands!!—His Lordship was well aware of the tribute that must be paid by genius to the envy of those who, never being able to rise themselves above mediocrity, are ever seeking to annoy those who soar above them, just as snails crawling over the finest paintings, leave the traces of their slime, till the hand of truth effaces the temporary stains. What can compensate for that misery which is compelled to view with disgust the common-place events, and the every-day persons with whom men of talent must come in contact? What can the most splendid success bestow as an equivalent for the agonizing torture of the disappointment, the neglect,—the sarcasm of the worthless, unfeeling hireling,—matters which to minds differently constituted would be nothing, but to *them*, are overwhelming and distracting to an inconceivable degree? What, indeed, but such a consciousness of self-worth as Lord Byron possessed, and a thorough

knowledge of the worthlessness of his accusers? Under this torturing and insufferable state of feeling, poor Chatterton was driven to that dreadful resource—suicide; and poor Kirke White (as Lord Byron observes) writhed under the inhuman and wanton sport of a cold-blooded reviewer, with such acuteness of misery as to hasten his progress to a premature grave. But Lord Byron was not a man to dance jigs to whatever tunes these *Edinburgh Pipers* chose to strike up; and when they found him invulnerable in his talents, they, in the true presbyterian cant, attacked him on the score of morality. Mr. Southey, as we shall have occasion to see hereafter, took the hint, and pursued the same course; and to all such accusers, we shall make but one sort of defence. The man, who was honoured and respected by the most eminent characters of England; who was beloved by all ranks in Italy; who was respected and feared in Turkey; and who was adored in Greece, could never have been a bad man.

A more numerous swarm of wasps (more annoying but less dangerous) was that host of buzzing male and female speculatists, travellers, tourists, collectors of conversations, anecdotes, &c. &c. &c. who pursued Lord Byron through every country, in every place, at every step, as the servile jackall follows the lordly lion to devour his leavings, and were eagerly striving to catch up something to make their quartos, octavos, or

humble duodecimos, sell when they could get them printed in England. These inquisitive gentry his Lordship most studiously avoided, so that what they could not effect by dint of impertinent intrusion, many of them contrived to work out by dint of *invention:* Lord Byron might disappoint their curiosity, but he could not stop their tongues. Of the female scribblers his Lordship entertained the greatest apprehensions, and he always deprecated the idea of having his portrait drawn by the fair hand* of some memoir writer, or, as he termed it, '*manufacturer of matter of fact.*' It was, probably, to ease his fears on this head that he committed his own memoirs to paper, and entrusted them to the hand of friendship. It was because he kept these industrious fragment pickers, anecdote hunters, and tale gleaners at a proper distance, or rather, that he kept himself at a proper distance from them, that he was stigmatized as a morose, sullen, surly misanthrope! But there are evidences enough on record to the contrary. In the course of this work, several instances will be given that every person of talent and character (*properly recommended*) of whatever rank or country, received an instantaneous admission, and a most polite, nay affable, treatment from his Lordship; and that none were disap-

* "It is not digraceful (observed his Lordship) to be felled by the *club of Hercules*, but I should not like to be brained by the *distaff of Omphale.*"

pointed, who were any way qualified to expect that honour.

His Lordship drew all his sources of satisfaction or consolation from his own internal sensations. Of company, (except a very few, and those very select friends,) he never was very fond; promiscuous assemblies he detested: but if there was only on record the solitary fact that his friends followed his footsteps wherever he went, as though they enjoyed life with a higher relish in his society, no other testimony can be wanting that his heart was not seared against the finer feelings of humanity, and that he was only dead to *himself!* But for the solicitations of friendship he would have presented the strange object of a real *Hermit in London.* He never went into company, but by a sort of constraint, and his habitual melancholy, and a continual wandering of mind, disqualified him for shining in it. He was a thinking, not a talking being, and, though he seldom spake, it was very doubtful whether he was ever an attentive listener, so great was the aberration of his mind, from the secret vulture that preyed upon his vitals.

There are certain secret causes of grief that overwhelm and beat down the strongest minds; and the higher the spirit, the greater the pressure, because it disdains to vent itself in useless complaints, and expose itself to the pity of the world, that humiliating pity, which sensibility shrinks from

with loathing. Such was his Lordship's grief; he endured, but endeavoured to conceal it; it would however break out at times in spite of him.

His friends perceived this dreadful state of mind, and endeavoured to relieve it by persuading him to plunge into the vortex of pleasure, and drive away reflection. No man could be better qualified to effect such an alteration than Mr. Thomas Moore, who, from his imitations of the poetical effusions and jovial qualities of the old Grecian bard, had gained the appellation of *Anacreon* Moore.

Whether estimated by the number, or by the beauty of his compositions, Mr. Moore has a pre-eminent claim to take the highest rank among the lyric poets of Great Britain; nor will the proudest honours of minstrelsy be deemed misappropriated, when placed on the brows of *Erin's Child of Song*.

Thomas Moore, Esq., so justly designated "the representative of Irish poetry," is the son of Mr. Garrett Moore, formerly a respectable merchant of Dublin, where he was born May 28, 1780.* The earlier portion of his education was received under Mr. Samuel Whyte, who had also been the early tutor of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; in 1794, however, his studies were

* For the sketch of Mr. Moore's Biography we must acknowledge our obligations to an amusing little periodical publication, entitled "The *Mirror*," which has an extensive, and well-merited circulation.

removed to Trinity College, Dublin, and he subsequently crossed the Channel, and entered as a student of law, in the Middle Temple, in November 1799. In the spring of 1800, Mr. Moore first appeared before the public as an author, in a translation of *Anacreon*, which was succeeded by some anonymous poems in the following year. In 1803, he embarked for Bermuda, where he was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty, the duties of which office being consigned to a deputy, he departed for America, whence he again returned to England, in 1804; and shortly afterwards published his *Remarks on American Society and Manners*. His more recent, and far more popular productions, have been the *Irish* and *National Melodies* and *Lalla Rookh*, each of which is sufficient to confirm our most favourable opinion of his talents. Of his new poem *The Loves of the Angels*, we shall have occasion to speak more largely hereafter. The name of *Anacreon Moore*, by which this gentleman is distinguished, is not so much his due from the mere circumstance of his having translated the Odes of the Teian Bard, as from the social qualities which he is known to possess, and the convivial spirit of his muse. Mr. Moore seems to be of opinion, that—

> "If with Water you fill up your glasses,
> You'll never write any thing wise;
> For Wine is the horse of Parnassus,
> Which hurries a bard to the skies."

He is not, however, ungrateful for whatever share conviviality may have had in inspiring his Muse, but has amply acknowledged it in the elegant and glowing terms in which he has celebrated its praises.

No individual presides with more grace at the convivial board; nor is there one whose absence is more liable to be regretted by his friends. Being on one occasion prevented from attending a banquet, where he was an expected guest, and where, in consequence, every thing seemed (to use a familiar phrase) out of sorts, a gentleman, in the fervour of his disappointment, exclaimed, "Give us but one Anacreon *more*, ye gods, whatever else ye deny us!" Presiding once at a tavern-dinner, where some of the company were complaining that there was no game at the table, a gentleman present, alluding to the fascinating manners of Mr. Moore, who kept the table in a roar, said, "Why, gentlemen, what better game would you wish than *moor game*, of which, I am sure, you have abundance?"

At another time, after the pleasures of the evening had been extended to a pretty late hour, Mr. D. proposed, as a concluding bumper, the health of Mr. Moore; a toast which, having been twice drunk in the course of the evening, was objected to as unnecessary. Mr. D., however, persisted in giving the toast, and quoted, in support of it, the following passage from Mr. Moore's

translation of the eighth ode of Anacreon. "Let us drink it now," said he;

> "For death may come, with brow unpleasant,—
> May come, when least we wish him present,
> And beckon to the sable shore,
> And grimly bid us—drink no *more*."

The active part which Lord Byron was induced to take in the affairs of Drury-Lane theatre, also brought him in close contact with many most eminent characters, interested in that concern. Many of these gentlemen were no less remarkable for their talents and genius, than for the brilliancy of their wit, their *savoir vivre*, and their convivial qualities. Among the most prominent of these must be ranked Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., the brightest orator that ever graced the British senate; a wit of the first brilliancy, a most successful dramatic author. Of Sheridan, who, by the flashes of his mirth, his quickness at repartee, and genuine humour, was the life of conversation, and the soul of society, it would be superfluous to repeat what is known to every body; only that (in *his* way)

> "——————— Take him for all in all
> "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

To a numerous assemblage of literati, authors, amateurs, and *eccentrics*, to whom this new connexion introduced Lord Byron, may be added the *performers*, male and female, a society well calcu-

lated to banish *ennui*, if his Lordship's had been of that sort, which could have been driven out of it by the careless thoughtlessness and indifference of the sons and daughters of Thespis. On the 26th Jan. 1814 (previously to which time, in spite of all the support of the Committee of Management, the affairs of Drury-lane Theatre had been in a deplorable state) a new theatrical meteor started up to illume the darkened horizon. This was a Mr. Kean, who was transplanted from the theatre at Exeter, on the strenuous recommendation of Dr. Drury, of Teignmouth, who stated his opinion of his great merits to Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., M. P., who applied to Mr. Whitbread, and such powerful interest procured what Mr. Kean's unsupported application had failed to bring about—his introduction to a London audience. Mr. Arnold was deputed to go to Exeter, and make his observations on the abilities of the young candidate, and his report was so favourable, that Mr. Kean was engaged at a salary of £8. per week. Mr. Kean's first appearance was in the character of *Shylock*, which gave great satisfaction to those who saw him, but few, indeed, at that time thought of going to this theatre. His merits, however, soon became blazed abroad, and his first appearance in the character of *King Richard III.* was witnessed by a crowded house, and drew forth great applause on the talents that excited their admiration. In a short time, his performances drew such audiences as rescued

the theatre from the ruin that impended over it. The Committee, fully sensible of the prize they had gained, cancelled their agreement, and concluded another for five years, at a salary for the first of £16. per week, to be increased for the two following years to £18., and to be raised for the three last to £20. per week, with a benefit each season. In his next attempt, of *Hamlet,* he was little less successful, and his merit was stamped as one of the first actors on the British stage. Mr. Kean was, moreover, a man of some education (having been at Eton school, we understand, for about three years), a good singer in company, and possessed of the talents requisite to enable a man to cut a figure in the social circles. Lord Byron was among the first of Mr. Kean's warmest patrons and friends; and, from admiration of his abilities, and other companionable qualities, grew so attached to him, that, breaking through his usual love of solitude and close study, he began to enjoy the pleasures of life, in company with his jovial histrionic companion. His Lordship's gloom was dissipated in the company of this laughter-loving son of Momus; at least, he felt some relief from the secret pangs which preyed upon his vitals.

Most men of every kind of genius (and poets, in particular) are fond of "*potations deep;*" but not always of the *Pierian spring;* and no wonder. "Wine does wonders every day;" it blunts the

shafts of envy, which merit is ever sure to encounter, at the same time that it sharpens the wits, whenever, by too frequent and intense application, they are in danger of losing the keenness of their edge. A poet without his bottle is like a workman without his tools; he may possess talent, will, and industry, but he cannot get on: the main spring is wanting."

> "Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
> Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
> With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
> Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound,
> And arguments convictive, didst enforce
> Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
> Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
> Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
> To jaded muse, and oft, with vain attempt,
> Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
> With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
> His unrecruited muse could never reach
> The mighty theme, till, from the purpled fount
> Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
> He quench'd, and with inspiring nect'rous juice
> Her drooping spirits cheer'd:—aloft she tow'rs,
> Borne on stiff pennons, and on war's alarms,
> And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings."
>
> GAY.

The man, who drinks for drinking-sake, is a despicable sot; but he who takes his wine to render his wit as sparkling as his champagne, to promote conviviality, and "*curam dulci Lyæo solvere,*"

may plead the right of prescription, and the custom of Apollo's court, from time immemorial. It was never intended that *fools* should have all the good things of this world to themselves.

The climate of England is a sort of *crassa Bœotia*, a foggy country, that requires the soul-enlivening juice of the grape to disperse the vapours. Hence we find that no business either is, or can be done, without the aid of the bottle. Not to mention the hackneyed subject of civic and aldermanic guttling and guzzling, kings get royally drunk; politics are always discussed over cabinet dinners; churchwardens and overseers of the poor make all parochial business stand a treat; for the clergy the old adages of *bibere papaliter* and *canonicé* may suffice; lawyers cannot find their way to the bar but by eating and drinking their commons; and no young student can pass for a degree of M.D., without a greasy chin to Warwick-lane Hall. As for poets (the Lord mend them, for Old Nick will have nothing to do with them!) the higher classes (such as Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors) elevate their brains to the Parnassian pitch with champagne, Burgundy, or claret; the middling classes with port or punch; and the plebeians (by far the most numerous class and *quorum*, to my great grief, *pars magna fui*,) by purl or porter! Though *Apollo* be their *legitimate* sovereign, they much oftener

bow the knee to *Bacchus.* However they may pretend to invoke the former, the latter is the true god of their inspiration.

Having thus been introduced among a set of *bons vivans,* it was not to be supposed that his Lordship could be suffered to *take his degrees* without being *matriculated;* and it could not be a matter of surprise that his Lordship should have at times found the benefit of that recipe, which he prescribes to his fellow-collegiates:

"——————— And when
You wake with head-ache,—you shall see what then—
Ring for your valet, bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;
For not the blest sherbet, sublim'd with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desart-spring,
Nor Burgundy, with all its sun-set glow,
After long travel, ennui, love or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water."

DON JUAN.

Whatever was the cause, towards the close of the first year of the marriage, the tongue of rumour had began to whisper some intimations of that wedded discord between a certain noble pair in Piccadilly, which soon became the subject of conversation from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Her Ladyship, it was said, objected to the company which his Lordship was in the habit of associating with; and his Lordship would

not confine himself to the socialities of her Ladyship's fire-side; and the breach thus commenced, though trifling enough, was soon widened by the intervention of some *good friend* (at least so his Lordship supposed) so as to be for ever after irreparable.

"The cruelty *sprang not from thee*,
'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart;
That levell'd its arrow at me,
And fix'd the incurable smart.

Ah, no! 'twas another than thine,
The hand which assail'd my repose;
It struck—and too fatally mine,
The wound, and its offspring of woes."

BYRON'S "*Farewell to England.*"

CHAPTER IX.

Matrimonial rupture.—Causes assigned for it.—Brought before the Public on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre by Mrs. Mardyn, one of the performers.—Allegations on both sides the question fairly put and discussed—Birth of a daughter.—Effusion "To my Daughter on the morning of her birth."—Separation finally determined—Lord Byron's "Sketch from Private Life."—He writes his own Memoirs, and bequeaths them to his friend, Mr. Thomas Moore, for posthumous publication.—His Farewell to England.—His pathetic "Fare thee well," addressed to Lady Byron.—He leaves the kingdom a voluntary exile.

THE progress of events brings us now to a most important, and most unfortunate period of Lord Byron's history. There is a delicacy that seems to forbid one to enter upon the private affairs of a family, and to discuss matters that involve the peace and character of its members. But, on the other hand, it may be said, that there need be very little hesitation in the present case, as there was scarcely any thing that remained untold or unsung by the parties themselves; and so very notorious was the principal and immediate cause of the *matrimonial rupture*, that it was absolutely made a matter of open discussion on the boards of Drury-Lane Theatre, as numbers of persons now living well remember. It is in vain, therefore, to attempt to stifle an

affair that occupied the Theatre, the Newspapers, and all the tea table circles throughout the town. The public curiosity cannot be defeated, although his Lordship's self-justificatory memoir has been destroyed. The facts are too recent to be consigned to oblivion, and too important an event in his Lordship's history to be passed over in silence.

Various causes were assigned for the rupture, which took place between Lord and Lady Byron, but all of them directly pointing towards the infidelity of the noble Lord, and the jealous irascibility of the lady. Lord Byron's celebrity had caused him to be solicited to lend his personal as well as poetical aid in re-establishing the credit of the New Drury-Lane Theatre, and he was appointed one of the Committee of Management. To this cause was attributed his subsequent domestic trouble, by its bringing him connected with a set of persons with whom a lady of high sensibility could not think of associating. The scruples of a virtuous wife (as the friends of the lady alleged) every man of feeling will respect, because he sees in them the best security of his own happiness; but here, on the contrary, the repugnance to join that sort of company which her husband selected, was treated with contempt, and those connexions openly continued, the propriety of which became as much a matter of public scandal as of private disagreement. Even a capriciousness of temper a man of true gene-

rosity will be so far yielding as to give way to in many things, rather than occasion pain to a beloved object. But when a husband finds in his wife that her prejudices, if they must be so termed, are on the side of virtue, and that even her love for himself is subordinate to that higher principle, his obligations to cherish her affections by the correctness of his own conduct, become stronger in proportion to the brightness of the example which he has continually in his view. After marriage, even the most dissipated characters commonly affect, for a short time at least, somewhat of chastened habits; or if they do still hanker after licentious pleasures, they generally take care to wander from home, thereby endeavouring to avoid as much as possible such an exposure as they know will bring an unquiet house. But that man must have worked up his mind to a high pitch of contemptuous superiority over the ordinary principles by which the social relations are maintained in harmony, who can presume to bring depravity under his roof, and introduce vice to his table.

Here we have the whole charge of the Lady's friends brought into a focus, and the next point will be to shew what foundations there were for so serious an accusation.

At the time of Lord Byron's separation from his Lady, many different and contradictory stories were in circulation as to the real cause of such an event; scandal was not idle on the occasion, and

reports highly prejudicial to his Lordship's character were most industriously circulated by his enemies. A domestic division which arose from a very trifling circumstance, was laid hold of with avidity, in order to propagate the heaviest imputations against the morals of Lord Byron, that the most malicious heart could possibly devise.

The real cause of this occurrence originated in jealousy on the part of Lady Byron. Her Ladyship was filled with constant suspicions of the fidelity of her Lord; these doubts, it is said, had been infused into her mind by a favourite *confidante*, who had been her *Governess*, and had continued to reside with her, after her marriage, in the capacity of a friend. This person, actuated, as Lord Byron suspected, by the spirit of a fiend, formed the design, from some hellish motives, of destroying the domestic felicity of the noble pair, under whose roof she was a sojourner. This female *Iago* commenced by vague imputations, dark inuendoes, and damnable surmises respecting Lord Byron, whose every action she watched with the eye of an Argus, to *misrepresent* with the cool, calculating malevolence of a demon. She at length got so complete an ascendancy over the mind of Lady Byron, that her Ladyship was incapable of viewing any thing, except through the jaundiced medium in which this female chose to present it. Though Lord Byron, previously to his nuptials with Miss Noel, had lived a very free and dissipated life, yet, it is asserted by his most inti-

mate friends, that no man could have been more restrained in his conduct than he was after his marriage, and at the precise time of the quarrel which took place between the parties, and which terminated in their eternal separation.

At this period Lord Byron was one of the Committee of Drury-Lane Theatre, and frequently had theatrical persons, both male and female, calling at his residence on affairs connected with the Committee. This circumstance was artfully seized upon by the person who was the *confidante* of Lady Byron, and was converted by her into a means of still farther deluding her Ladyship's mind. Lord Byron was reported as having affairs of gallantry with several actresses. As "trifles light as air are, to the jealous, confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ," so a trivial matter which occurred tended to inflame the mind of Lady Byron, already prepared by the machinations of the person above alluded to.*

The beautiful Mrs. Mardyn, at that time a member of the Drury-Lane company, had occasion to call on Lord Byron at his residence, relative to some theatrical business, and was shown into his Lordship's library. During her stay there came a dreadful storm of rain; and when the lady was about to depart, Lord Byron sent a servant to procure a hackney-coach. There not

* This account is taken *verbatim* from a recent reprint in the *public* newspapers.

being a single coach to be found, his Lordship very politely ordered his carriage to convey her home. Lady Byron, who had received intimation that Mrs. Mardyn was in the house, on learning that the carriage was ordered for her, directed the servant to say, that his Lordship's carriage had been lent, and was abroad. "Then," said Lord Byron, (who immediately suspected that this was an excuse arising from the jealous mind of his Lady, and her consequent disinclination that such a conveyance should be provided for the female stranger), with some impetuosity, "let Lady Byron's carriage be instantly got ready." Lady Byron's answer to this, was, "go, and tell your master that Mrs. Mardyn shall never ride in a carriage belonging to me." Hereupon Lord Byron, with great *sang froid*, observed, that as Mrs. Mardyn could not procure any kind of conveyance home, she should stay and dine. Dinner was at length announced, and the noble Lord led Mrs. Mardyn to the dining-room, where Lady Byron had just preceded them. On their entrance, he presented Mrs. Mardyn to his lady, who, with an air and manner manifesting the deepest indignation, made some caustic observations on Mrs. Mardyn's character, and the object of her visit, and burst from the room. The consciousness of the integrity of conduct, and the injustice of Lady Byron's suspicions, roused in turn a momentary, though perhaps, a too warm

resentment, in the bosom of his Lordship, and as he followed his Lady to the door, he betrayed more of defiance, even, than reproach — and quickly slapped it to as Lady Byron retired. This was too much for a woman full of love and passion, and with another feeling superinduced by both, she re-entered. Her proud spirit was depicted in her countenance; and, with a commanding air, and a firmness and determination from which she never after relaxed, she exclaimed, "I leave you for ever—never will I live with that man again!" These were the last words Lord Byron ever heard his Lady utter—he saw her now for the last time! The carriage, which had been gotten ready, by his Lordship's subsequent orders, for Mrs. Mardyn, served to convey his lady from his house, to return no more! She threw a mantle over her shoulders; *fled,* as it were, from her home; stept hastily into her chariot, and drove to her father's residence; leaving the astonished husband, and the almost fainting cause of so much domestic disquietude, wrapped in confusion and astonishment.

From this apparently trifling cause arose the separation of Lord Byron and his lady; both being extremely passionate, and his Lordship too proud to make even the slightest concession. The individual who had irritated Lady Byron against her husband, had caused her to suspect that her lord had an intrigue with Mrs. Mardyn. Mrs.

Mardyn, however, denies, in the most solemn manner, ever having had any commerce of the kind with Lord Byron. Thus, it would appear, but for the insidious insinuations of a third person, the domestic happiness of the noble pair would not have been dissolved; the separation would never have taken place; and England would not now have to lament for the most gifted of her sons.

When the fact of the separation of the truly illustrious Lord Byron from his lady reached the public ear, the most intense curiosity prevailed in every circle of life as to the cause. Rumour soon placed the innocent Mrs. Mardyn (innocent as to this charge at least) before the eyes of the world, as the guilty instrument of so much misery; and her name passed from one to another with the fleetness of the wind as a deserved object of public reprobation. There is a confidence imparted by innocence which defies danger, and which battles with resentment, no matter how terrific its shape or its magnitude. Mrs. Mardyn heard her name pronounced in connexion with a crime by which she divided two hearts linked to each other by the most sentimental and endearing ties; she was, however, equal to the crisis, and she determined to meet the storm of public rage, satisfied that the consciousness of her purity, as regarded the imputed charge, would befriend her in the exigency. At this time Mrs. Mardyn was engaged at Drury-lane; she was announced on an evening shortly

subsequent to the separation of the noble pair, for a part in a comedy of Farquhar. The hour arrived—the minute—the moment—and she appeared! It was an awful hour, an awful moment to her! Scarcely had she cleared the wing of the stage, when a deafening, and, as it appeared, an unappeasable burst of indignant vengeance would have compelled her to retire. The house was crowded to excess. The audience, particularly the box audience, were vociferous and resolute in their endeavours to hoot her from the stage. The pit rose as a single man; the galleries vehemently exclaimed against her; called upon her instantly to retire; and charged her, without any disguise of language, with the frailties and the worst of vices of her sex. A Grecian dame could not have borne her suffering with more fortitude, or an English female her situation with more propriety of demeanour than did Mrs. Mardyn in this trying hour. She was equal to it, however. The call upon her to withdraw was met, on her part, by an advance to the very foot-lights of the stage. Her step was intrepid, and she waved her hand, claiming to be heard, as she came forward to the view of every member of the audience. Her first words were: "Nay, I will never retire, with life, under undeserved obloquy; I will, I must be heard." Her manner had the awe of innocence about it. Her voice was not only bold and undaunted, it was mingled with all that was pathetic

in appeal; though it was firm, it was still feminine; and the beauty of the sufferer, and the imploring, yet firm attitude in which she stood, soon checked outrage, and invited attention. A British audience is a genuine epitome of the British nation; it is what the Roman satirist considered a Roman crowd, in which the union of all classes represented, not alone the vices, but the virtues of the illustrious community of the commonwealth. There was in the air of Mrs. Mardyn a repelling power which, as it were opposing force to force, stilled the storm which threatened her destruction. In a moment, and, as by common consent, a silence, as fearful as the late commotion, reigned; and the words which broke upon the auditory were, "I am an unprotected female, and I throw myself upon the protection of a British audience. It is not the characteristic of a Briton to put down, unheard, a helpless woman. I am innocent of the charge made against me; and I look to every manly heart in this crisis."

It was not the *matter*, but the impressive *manner* of this appeal which produced an effect unparalleled in a public theatre. Mrs. Mardyn subsequently was proved, beyond a doubt, to have been entirely innocent as regarded any criminality with Lord Byron.

A moment's consideration might suffice to convince any impartial person that if Lord Byron had any criminal correspondence with Mrs. M., he

would have taken some little pains to conceal it from his high-spirited lady, and never would have carried matters to such a barefaced effrontery as to bring her to his own house, where he was aware that his conduct was watched by the Argus-eyed confidante, and the worst construction put upon his every look, word, and action. The accusation needs no other refutation. Lord Byron, having access at all times to the green-room of Drury-lane theatre, could have had no inducement to make his own house a place of rendezvous; and, if he had really been culpable, what prevented him, after the breach between him and his lady became irreparable, from continuing the intercourse, and taking Mrs. M. abroad with him, where it might have been carried on without fear of interruption? But no! he fully proves both her and his own innocence by leaving her behind him. Lady Byron should have had undoubted proofs of criminality before her uncharitable surmises levelled the character of a female with the dust, and deprived her of the public patronage, on which she solely depended for her means of existence. The world *may* pity her delusion; but it *must* execrate the wretch who instilled the baneful passion into her mind—*if his Lordship's suspicions were well founded!!*

Another cause of this unfortunate separation has been received from most respectable authority, as communicated by a lady, Viscountess P——,

and Capt. G***n, who were most intimate with the parties. After the marriage of Lord Byron, he experienced much opposition in forming a *town establishment*, and, in truth, never did form one. Sir G. Noel had a small pamphlet published against him, respecting his conduct when a prisoner in France, which was *falsely* attributed to the ill offices of Lord Byron. A serious misunderstanding took place betwixt the Noble Lord and Lady; and, by the advice of a friend, *change of scene* was deemed necessary to soothe maddening passions into peace. They repaired to Tonbridge, where his Lordship became an agreeable man in society; in fact, he either dropped all remembrance of disagreement, or concealed it, and became the fond attentive husband. Being of a friendly and good-humoured disposition, his connexions with a certain theatre caused numerous applications to be made to him in the country; and, amongst those who solicited his protection, was a very good actress, but *not a very young one*, a *Miss* D——ke, who, however, had a family of three children. His Lordship patronized her nightly, and at her benefit brought her a bumper. Lady Byron has been represented as rather of a jealous disposition, and the gossip of Tonbridge gave scope to her morbid suspicions. It happened that Lord Byron, returning one day from a country excursion, met or overtook Miss D——ke, on the heath, during a violent storm, and offered her

a seat in his carriage, which she accepted, her young child being with her at the time. His Lordship set her down at the entrance into Tonbridge, at the very moment when Lady Byron and Lady Shuckburgh were looking out at a window. The old dowager lady fanned the flame of jealousy into a fire, and Lady Byron, with her friend, followed Lord Byron home, and reproached him with his want of sincerity. He did not deign to offer any excuse, but, ordering a post-chaise and four, instantly set off for London. Lady Byron accompanied Lady Shuckburgh to London, and remained some days with her in Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square. Here she was very ill, and her situation being made known to Lord Byron by Dr. P———ll, his Lordship sent to her, and she returned home. Unfortunately, another female applicant for favour was one day in Lord Byron's library, when Lady Byron came in. Mrs. P——l was neither young nor handsome, as we all must well remember, but her Ladyship took fresh offence, and, leaving her house, went to her father's; these adventitious circumstances, conjoined with the affair relating to Mrs. Mardyn, caused the separation to become *final*.

Such is the statement of the facts which occasioned the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, as they were collected at the time from one of the parties, who suffered no less than his Lordship from the jealousy (founded or unfounded) of his.

high-crested lady; the accused female, however, protested her innocence with so much vehemence and seeming candour, that the public gave credit to her asseverations,* which might have satisfied, or, at least, ought to have softened, if any thing could have softened the jealous spirit of Lady Byron. But no;—she had bad advisers. One of them has been already hinted at. We think her Ladyship, considering her situation as a mother, carried her inflexibility much too far. To be united to such a man as Lord Byron was an honour that would have gratified the pride of any woman; but it was a distinction attended with something of a drawback, a sort of hazard; great genius is above the ordinary rules and trammels of life; his heart was well worth the pains of winning and keeping; if his lady knew how to contrive the former, it appears she would not take the trouble to bring about the latter. If the habits of Lord Byron had not been very correct before marriage, and had not altered for the worse since, the original fault certainly lay with her for consenting to the match; for, if she had that previous knowledge, and still would marry him, she brings upon herself whatever consequences may ensue. Is not this therefore a punishment for allowing her vanity to draw her into a situation, which she cannot support with common

* As a proof of this, Mrs. Mardyn remained at Drury Lane Theatre, where we find her, in the winter of 1818-19, engaged at a salary of £20 per week!

temper and forbearance? Before Lord Byron paid his addresses to her, he was well-known to have been a man of many loves, though by no means a destroyer of the peace of families, and to suppose the lady totally ignorant of such a propensity, she must have been as secluded from the world as if she had been shut up in a convent. Assuming, therefore, this previous knowledge, we may still further assume, either that she imagined she had power sufficient to reclaim his Lordship from these irregularities, or else that there was something in his rank, wealth, or popularity, that seemed to her an equivalent. If we take the former alternative, she either over-rated her powers, or did not take the pains to exert them; if the latter, she can expect very little sympathy from the world. We have been assured by a person of veracity that it was an express stipulation before marriage, that Lord Byron should abstain from *wine* and *women* at least twelve months preceding the celebration of the nuptials, and then for ever afterwards!!

The birth of a daughter, one would have thought, might have effected, if not a sincere, at least an apparent, reconciliation. During some weeks of temporary separation, an amicable correspondence was carried on, but without producing the desired effect. The Lady's nearest relations were next consulted, who thought it advisable to take the opinion of an eminent civilian; and that

opinion was stated to be decidedly in recommendation of Lady Byron's continuing to live apart from her husband. This decision being made known to Lord Byron, his Lordship had too high a spirit to stoop to solicit a reconciliation by undue submission, and he suddenly left England—never to return!

It must be evident to every impartial observer that the separation was repugnant to his Lordship's dearest wishes, and that he did not form the resolution to quit the country, before the determination of not being re-united was signified to him. With what tender regret he took this last heart-rending step, that led him from all he loved, his last and well-known "*Fare-thee-well!*" addressed to Lady Byron, puts beyond all manner of question. What heart, save the seemingly obdurate one to which it was addressed, would not have melted at the mention of the infant!—

FARE THEE WELL!

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever fare *thee well:*
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:
Still thine own its life retaineth;
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet!
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead:—
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.—
Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die."

In these verses (which comprise the whole of the poem) Lord Byron breathes forth the tenderest and purest affection for his young and beautiful Lady, "even though unforgiving;" and no one, it is presumed, would dare to call the sincerity of these sentiments into question—sentiments which he retained on his death-bed, where, if it was before at all doubted, he fully verified them when he stated that he was not afraid to die, and, by his so frequently bursting forth into most affectionate exclamations of "My dear wife! my dear "child!" His acute feelings being too much overpowered to proceed any further; turning therefore to his faithful attendant, Fletcher, he further exclaimed, "You know all—you must "say all—you know my wishes." Which wishes doubtless were for a reconciliation, or why should Fletcher be expressly desired to *say all*, if *all* was not teeming with affection? If it is objected, that

these verses were publicly published, in lieu of being privately conveyed to her Ladyship, be it remembered that they were written after the resolution of remaining disunited was expressed to him, and that in consequence, after such resolution, and after being thus discarded, no honourable opening was left to convey his sentiments to his Lady but through the public press :—thus he could have no alternative ; and being in this manner publicly obliged to express them, it fully accounts for his having given the preference to harmonized lines and syllables upon the occasion, rather than to the prosaic and common epistolary style of composition. Much, very much, and ever is it to be lamented, for the happiness of the young and noble pair, that the offended party, for reasons known only to themselves, thought proper, in the dignity of silence, to pass over this pathetic effusion of the heart. His Lordship had already expressed his contrition, and now made a tender of his whole affection, which, it appears, was unheeded—was spurned :—this was too much for a man of his superior sensibility to bear, and thus he came to the painful resolution of becoming a melancholy exile. There remains no doubt that his Lordship sincerely wished for a re-union with his young and beautiful wife ; and, from the excellence of her Ladyship's disposition and character, none whatever, that she also inwardly burned for the same ; how much it is to be regretted then that

she should have been reasoned, *not* out of all inclination, *but* out of all power of even intimating that inclination, by the ill advice of her counsellors, who, if they had looked far enough into the case, might have anticipated his Lordship's subsequent resolution. One word,—but one kind word, from her Ladyship in reply at this important, at this eventful crisis, would, without doubt, have turned the current of his resolution, would have brought him back to her arms full of affection, and both might at the present moment have been living together in conjugal felicity:—pride, however, on each side—pride—by which the angels fell from heaven, was the chief instrument in the fall of Byron from the heaven of domestic happiness.

There was another publication, the severest satire ever written, put forth by his Lordship before his departure, intitled "*A Sketch from Private Life*," supposed to designate the governess and companion of Lady Byron (the lately mentioned female Iago) whom he roundly taxes with being the cause of the separation:—

> "Born in a garret, in the kitchen bred,
> Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head,
> Next—for some gracious service unexprest,
> And from its wages only to be guess'd—
> Rais'd from the toilet to the table, where
> Her wond'ring betters wait behind her chair:
> With eye unmov'd, and forehead unabash'd,
> She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.

Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie,
The genial confidante, and general spy,
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess?
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell."

His Lordship then proceeds to show that, because her former functions had ceased, she aspired to and usurped the more exalted post, whence she might rule the same family circle that she before served, although none knew why she continued in her usurpation; then follows a description of her qualifications, which are depicted, together with the portrait of her person, and other observations connected with the subject, in the most poignant satire ever penned by man; and that no one might be able to doubt she was the cause of the separation of her master and mistress, he concludes, with a bitter imprecation on the "*wretch* without a tear," in these words:—

"Oh! may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,
The widowed couch of fire, *that thou hast spread!*
Then, when thou fain would'st weary heaven with prayer,
Look on *thine earthly victims*—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years."

March 30, 1816.

Marriage is a voyage of adventure, something like that in search of a North-West Passage. It is a continual struggle at the onset,—death-like chilling in the middle, and, on the return home, quite uncertain, whether the adventurer may double the Cape of *Good Hope* or else *Cape Horn*, and bring up in the haven of *Doctors' Commons*. The length of the voyage, and of the confinement, is sure to breed grumbling; short allowance; too much, or too little, grog; vessel leaky; badly manned; unskilful steerage; contrary winds; stormy seas; or something or other always amiss: of *good humour*, which is the only lasting provision, they seldom lay in a sufficient stock; but, to make up the deficiency, there is always a plenty of *fuel*. On the most trifling occasion, all the fat flies in the fire, and blazes up mast high! There seems to be a kind of compact between the two sexes to lay their faults mutually at each other's door; so that neither gains any advantage. Thus from the age of Moses and Homer things have gone on to the present day, and will continue to do so, to the end of the chapter—loving and abusing; falling out and falling in; and after all, the greatest punishment upon earth would be to keep them apart. Indeed, the sweets of marriage would become quite insipid, were it not for some pretty little brisk bickerings by way of interludes to vary the scene; and *love and bitters* are as necessary to whet the languid appetite in one

sense, as *gin and bitters* are in another. It is an undoubted fact that a certain fashionable couple, who came together through inclination, and in possession of every thing to make the matrimonial state happy, after having led an exemplary life of attachment and fidelity for ten years; to the utmost astonishment of their friends and acquaintance, agreed to separate, and actually did so. The married folks candidly confessed, that no human passion could hold out during a ten years' enjoyment. That was their only reason. The Co., thus divided, went at liberty for some years, but it would not do. After a severe penance, they signified their mutual wishes of being reunited, and actually were, and remained so until death dissolved the partnership. The fault is not in man, nor in woman either; but in Nature—

"Man always is – but never to be—blest!"

Nature revolts at a *perpetuity*, even of conjugal bliss. There is something in the idea of the loss of liberty, that sits uneasy upon the stomachs of some folks, whilst others give a gulp and swallow it down with a few wry faces. "Our state," said a galley slave, chained to the oar, "would not be so bad, if it was not for the name of it." It may be much the same with marriage. A man will put up with a hundred insults from a vulgar mistress, who will not brook half a one from an amiable wife. Is there not something in fault, in

the *irrevocable* nature of the obligation; and would not the power of suing for a divorce bind both parties to their good behaviour? As it is, it is a state of suffering; but man was born to suffer in this world; the only comfort is, that in the next, "*they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.*"

Such being the precarious state of matrimony, all persons conversant in human nature must be aware, that two very amiable persons may possess uncongenial tempers; in which case, if they choose to separate, the world has no business with the matter, provided they avoid all *éclat.* In the present case, the most dignified silence was maintained by the individuals themselves; neither descended to reproach, and the utmost decorum was observed. The parties themselves were satisfied, and the world ought to be so, in all such cases.

Having thus traced the labyrinth of this unfortunate affair, in which both parties were more severely punished than either of them deserved (the difference originating in misinformation or misunderstanding, and being kept up by pride), we are now come to the proper place to mention the justification which Lord Byron wrote as a "*Memoir of his Own Life and Times,*" and which he presented to Mr. Thomas Moore, before leaving England the last time, under condition that it was not to be printed until after his Lordship had quitted the mortal scene. This MS. was sold to

the proprietor of Lord Byron's works for £2000, the price being fixed by his Lordship himself, and what was the fate of it has been already noticed. The public opinion on that transaction is decidedly with Mr. Moore, that the MS. should *not* have been destroyed, but only such parts of it expunged, corrected or softened, as might have too severely wounded the feelings of the survivors. It was Lord Byron's express wish and command that it should be published, and we never heard that in his last moments (and he was not called away suddenly, but after some days' preparation) he ever recalled that wish. It was his justification of himself, and his last legacy to the public: therefore, it should, on no account, have been withheld.

If it be asked—Why did Lord Byron fly from his country, and connexions, without attempting any thing in defence of his character? the charitable heart will instantly suggest an answer:—that he could defend his own character only by impeaching that of a person who was most dear to him, and who was less able to bear up under an imputation of misconduct. He was content to wander in exile during life, and to bear up against obloquy, solacing himself with the consciousness of not having deserved so hard a fate, and of having it in his power to justify himself to posterity, when it could be done without wounding those who were most dear to him;

but even that posthumous justification was denied to him, and the public were not permitted to hear what plea he had to offer in his own defence. This does not carry with it the appearance of guilt on his Lordship's part: those only dread the truth, who are likely to be confounded by it. If even there were any thing wrong in his Lordship's conduct in the first instance, he certainly made a noble atonement for it by a voluntary exile, which relieved his lady from the necessity of vindicating her own conduct, while it left his own character at the mercy of public opinion.

The only documents left by his Lordship, in any degree pertaining to this unfortunate rupture, or which afford any clue to it whatever (except his own Memoirs, which were destroyed without being published) are three, *viz.*, his "*Fare thee well!*" addressed to Lady Byron, his "*Sketch from Private Life,*" being a satire upon her governess, and his "*Farewell to England,*" also apparently addressed to Lady Byron: the former two we have already noticed; and as the latter is found to be more circumstantial, alludes much stronger to, and unravels more of, the subject than either of them, and is, in fine, one of the best testimonials to his Lordship's feelings, and a thorough demonstration of the deep regret with which he left his native country, we therefore feel it due to his Lordship's integrity to place the most unreserved confidence of truth in the sentiments therein con-

veyed, and due also to his honour to allot to it a full-length insertion: —

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

" Oh! land of my fathers and mine,
The noblest, the best, and the bravest;
Heart-broken, and lorn, I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest!

Dear mother of Freedom! farewell!
Even freedom is irksome to me;
Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel,
For reason approves the decree.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high heaven!
That marked all my frailties and fears;
I adored—but the magic is riven;
Be the memory expunged by my tears!

The moment of rapture how bright,
How dazzling, how transient its glare;
A comet in splendour and flight,
The herald of darkness and care.

Recollections of tenderness gone,
Of pleasure no more to return;
A wanderer, an outcast, alone,
Oh! leave me, untortured, to mourn.

Where—where shall my heart find repose?
A refuge from memory and grief?
The gangrene, wherever it goes,
Disdains a fictitious relief.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream,
Which washes remembrance away,
Again might the eye of Hope gleam
The dawn of a happier day.

Hath wine an oblivious power?
Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
The draught might beguile for an hour,
But still leaves behind it the pain.

Can distance or time heal the heart
That bleeds from the innermost pore?
Or intemperance lessen its smart,
Or a cerate apply to its sore?

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
The form I adore will be there,
A phantom to torture my soul,
And mock at my bootless despair.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
Will whisper her voice in mine ear,
And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
Demand for Love's altar a tear.

And still in the dreams of the day,
And still in the visions of night,
Will fancy her beauties display,
Disordering, deceiving the sight.

Hence, vain fleeting images hence!
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain,
Mere frauds upon reason and sense,
Engendered by folly and pain!

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven
My fealty to her I adored?
Did she give back the vows I had given,
And plight back the plight of her lord?

If I erred for a moment from love,
The error I flew to retrieve;
Kissed the heart I had wounded, and strove
To soothe, ere it ventured to grieve.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?
Did I sue, who was used to command?
Love forc'd me to weep and implore,
And pride was too weak to withstand.

Then why should one frailty like mine,
Repented, and washed with my tears,
Erase those impressions divine,
The faith and affection of years?

Was it well, between anger and love,
That pride the stern umpire should be;
And *that* heart should its flintiness prove
On none, till it proved it on *me*?

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt,
Thy tenderness so to conceal,
That witnessing all which I felt,
Thy sternness forbad *thee* to feel?

Then, when the dear pledge of our love
Looked up to her mother and smiled,
Say, was there no impulse that strove
To back the appeal of the child?

That bosom, so callous and chill,
So treacherous to love and to me:
Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
As it turned from the innocent's plea?

That ear which was open to all
Was ruthlessly closed to its lord;
Those accents, which fiends would enthral,
Refus'd a sweet peace-giving word.

And think'st thou, dear object—for still
To my bosom thou only art life,
And spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee, I woo thee, my wife!

Oh! think'st thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief?
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
An antidote yield for thy grief?

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam
Which breaks from the portal of light;

For, when on thy babe's smiling face
Thy features and mine intertwined
The finger of Fancy shall trace,
The spell shall resistlessly bind.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek,
The glances that beam from her eye,
The lisp as she struggles to speak,
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

Then I, though whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear,
Shall triumph, though far and unseen,
Unconscious, uncalled, shall be there.

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart,
That levell'd its arrow at me,
And fixed the incurable smart.

Ah, no! 'twas another than thine
The hand which assailed my repose;
It struck—and too fatally—mine
The wound, and its offspring of woes.

They hated us both who destroy'd
The buds and the promise of spring;
For who, to replenish the void,
New ties, new affections can bring?

Alas! to the heart that is rent
What nostrums can soundness restore?
Or what, to the bow over-bent,
The spring which it carried before?

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
And fade like the leaf in the blast;
The cracked yew no more will recede,
Though vig'rous and tough to the last.

I wander—it matters not where;
No clime can restore me my peace,
Or snatch from the frown of despair,
A cheering—a fleeting release!

How slowly the moments will move!
How tedious the footsteps of years!
When valley and mountain and grove
Shall change but the scene of my tears.

The classic memorials which nod,
The spot dear to science and lore,
Sarcophagus, temple, and sod,
Excite me and ravish no more.

The stork on the perishing wall,*
Is better and happier than I;
Content in his ivy-built hall,
He hangs out his home in the sky.

But houseless and heartless I rove,
My bosom all bared to the wind,
The victim of pride and of love,
I seek—but, ah! where can I find?

I seek what no tribes can bestow—
I ask what no clime can impart—
A charm which can neutralize woe,
And dry up the tears of the heart.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—
From Ind to the northernmost pole;
Unheeded—unpitied—complain,
And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?
What tears shall respond when I weep?
To my wailings what wail shall reply?
What eye mark the vigils I keep?

Even thou, as thou learnest to prate,
Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
Shall count it a duty to *hate*
Where nature commands thee to *love*.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal
My vices, my faults, in thine ear,
And teach thee, with demon-like zeal,
A father's affection to fear.

And oh! if in some distant day,
Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
And nature's true index may say,
'It may be—it must be my sire!'

Perchance to thy prejudiced eye,
Obnoxious my form may appear,
Even nature be deaf to my sigh,
And duty refuse me a tear.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
Have echoed from mountain and dell,
Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
With grateful emotion may tell.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,
And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
To thee e'en may venture to say,
'His frailties were those of a man.'

They were; they were human, but swell'd
By envy, and malice, and scorn,
Each feeling of nature rebell'd,
And hated the mask it had worn.

Though human the fault—how severe,
How harsh the stern sentence pronounc'd;
E'en pride dropped a niggardly tear
My love as it grimly denounc'd.

'Tis past: the great struggle is o'er;
The war of my bosom subsides;
And passion's strong current no more
Impels its impetuous tides.

'Tis past: my affections give way;
The ties of my nature are broke;
The summons of pride I obey,
And break love's degenerate yoke.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest;
A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

And swift as the swallow that floats,
And bold as the eagle that soars,
Yet dull as the owlet, whose notes
The dark fiend of midnight deplores!

Where gleam the gay splendours of East,
The dance and the bountiful board,
I'll bear me to Luxury's feast,
To exile the form I adored.

In full brimming goblets I'll quaff
The sweets of the Lethean spring,
And join in the Bacchanal's laugh,
And trip in the fairy-form'd ring.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,
To drown the dull memory of care,
An exile from hope and from home,
A fugitive chased by despair.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave!
Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
When tempests around thee shall rave
Still—still may they homage thy worth!

Wife, infant, and country, and friend,
Ye wizard my fancy no more,
I fly from your solace, and wend
To weep on some kindlier shore.

The grim-visaged fiend of the storm
That raves in this agonized breast,
Still raises his pestilent form,
Till Death calm the tumult to rest."

The heartfelt anguish with which Lord Byron quitted England, the isle which contained all that was dear to him, is here truly and visibly enough depicted: heart-broken and lorn, a wretched wanderer and an outcast, penitent, and yet *not* pardoned, it mattered not where he wandered; no clime could restore him his peace of mind: nor is his love for his Lady less visible or less sincere; he calls heaven to witness that he adored her; neither time, place, nor even unforgiveness, had power to erase her image from his heart, which had so deeply imbibed the impression, that wheresoever he went the form he doted on was continually present with him. Here again, the mention of the babe, the

affecting appeal of the child, one might have imagined, would have reached the heart, and have drawn forth a tender response: but, alas! as his Lordship laments, that ear which was open to all, was closed only to him; not by its own consent, however, but by the too harsh command of its counsellors; this his Lordship seemed fully aware of, and has asserted in the most forcible language, that the cruelty *came not* from his Lady, it was foreign to her soul, but that it proceeded from "the genial confidante and general spy," and from those other ill advisers who must have hated them both, and whom he regretted had so much power over her; further that it was they alone who imposed that heart-chilling silence and separation which, as his Lordship rightly prophesied, would be incapable of bringing that balm which could afford either of them relief. Respecting governesses, with deference to the ladies, it is our decided opinion, that in all cases, those ladies should be removed some time previous to marriage: if a girl is not out of her leading-strings, it is obvious that she cannot then be fit for wedded life; for it is as incompatible with reason to suppose that a bride should continue in her pupilage, as that a *bridegroom* should, with his satchel and shining morning face, creep like a snail unwillingly to school, and return to his *bride* in the evening, *whistling aloud to bear his courage up for the diurnal rencontre.* The necessity of a governess, and

importance of her functions, no one will deny; but when these ladies are kept by those who were formerly their pupils, in any way whatever, either as companions, friends, or confidantes, after marriage, it amounts to an absolute censure; for in spite of all endeavours to the contrary, as they have naturally possessed an influence, so they will continue habitually to preserve (notwithstanding the change of life, particularly if they are of artful dispositions) an ascendancy over, the minds of their pupils, which cannot fail to operate to the prejudice and discomfort of all husbands. The idea of carrying a governess through life is revolting to the feelings, and fit only for those who are incapable of governing themselves; besides the rules of propriety peremptorily declare that mistress and pupil should, by womanhood, more particularly at the time of marriage, have parted; if this had been the case in the present instance, it is probable that the peace of the noble pair would never have been broken. A man of Lord Byron's judgment must instantly have seen the impropriety of such a step; but, doubtless, out of condescension towards his amiable Lady, was induced to gratify her caprice, which, according to his own account, proved fatal to himself, and ought, in consequence, to stand as a warning to all others. We learn from this "*Farewell,*" that Lord Byron had acknowledged his errors, and had expressed his contrition; that he repented, washed

them with his tears, and was ready to drown them in the stream of redoubled affection; that he even sued for pardon—but, strange to say, forgiveness was withheld; is it, then, at all wonderful that his Lordship quitted a land wherein, if he had remained, his affection for his Lady would have caused him to perform the part of another Tantalus? Reason approved of the resolution. Who would have lived in the kingdom after so great a humiliation; a humiliation, too, of a man of rank and consequence? Therefore it was, that by fleeing the country, he changed the scene of his sighs and tears. It further appears that he lamented most deeply that obduracy, effected by the interposition of female insinuation and of ill advisers, which so closely barred a reconciliation.

It is, however, to be hoped, that her Ladyship's counsellors, whatever they might think proper to intimate to Lord Byron, spoke *to her* only of temporary separation; it is to be hoped that they left an opening for a re-union at some future period, and that, as a portion of their advice, they gave it as their opinion, that, in the progress of time, a happy and lasting reconciliation might be effected. Had not Lord Byron been cut off in the prime of his days, it is indeed more than probable, in the course of human events, if a reconciliation had not taken place previous to his dearest child, his dearest Ada's arriving at the eve of womanhood, that she would have been the conciliator and

blessed angel which would effectually have re-united two hearts once linked together by stronger ties than love, but thus wofully severed from each other. She could, doubtless, have accomplished more than all the advisers put together; she would have been the administering spirit which would have annihilated the appalling chasm reigning between the two once-happy hearts, and have united them again in closer bonds than ever. Thus, it is probable, that a happier day might have dawned upon them, wherein Lady Byron might publicly have forgiven her Lord (doubtless, she was too good not privately in her heart to have long ago forgiven him), as she also hoped hereafter to be forgiven; and thus Ada, the pledge of their love, true to her office as pledge, would, by this affectionate act of duty, have become doubly dear to the authors of her life; and, independent of breathing under the smiles of each, would have experienced the heartfelt satisfaction of having been the means of reconciling her noble father and her virtuous and illustrious mother, who might thus, in the course of a few years, have been rendered mutually happy in the society of the lovely daughter of their house and heart. It is to be hoped that this event was looked forward to by both parties; it is to be hoped, that in the revolution of time it would have been accomplished. No less grateful would such an occurrence have been to the public than to the noble pair themselves.

There is frequently, however, a fatality hovering over human events, which no prudence can foresee —no vigilance avert. The decree of Providence has in this instance ordered it otherwise; and, to the decrees of an Omniscient Providence, we all must bow in silent reverence and awe. Since, therefore, the separation from her Lord, which it is hoped was but intended as temporal, has become eternal in this world, and reconciliation is now placed, in consequence of death, beyond the bounds of possibility on this side the grave; it is further to be hoped that his errors will be entombed with his mortal remains; and that, according to his dearest wish, the youthful Ada will be spared, to live the consolation and solace of her amiable mother. If a reconciliation was looked forward to, it will now remain a consolation—a grateful, though melancholy consolation, to those that survive; but, if such re-union was intended, ere death overtook either the one or the other, and was thus looked forward to as being in the seeds of time had his Lordship survived, ought we not to take warning from the awful issue of procrastination? Thus are our darling projects ever made to exist only in imagination, and the purposes we hold dear to form the sports of time. Delay, indeed, is dangerous; even the present moment can scarcely be called ours—the next we know not where may find us; but, if the present time can scarcely be called ours, how much does

it behove us to improve it! Is it not madness to trust to the ocean of futurity? Is it not folly to adventure on that world of dark waters—to launch our bark, laden with our hopes, upon that hidden sea, when we are for ever ignorant whether its surface be calm or stormy; whereon both compass and rudder are futile, our course uncertain, and our chances of becoming the prey to the jaws of the yawning and o'erwhelming billow, innumerable? Here bark and hopes may sink together, and we ourselves be hurried in the vortex of the same whirling wave into—Eternity! That which brings this conclusion—Time, cannot, nor ought not, to be either trusted or wasted, but should be used without procrastination.

We learn also, by the "*Farewell to England,*" that Lord Byron, up to the period of his departure from the kingdom, entertained opinions the most favourable of his countrymen, and sentiments the most patriotic for the land of his birth, which he designated by the title of the "mother of Freedom," "the land of the noblest, the best, and the bravest." If his Lordship's real sentiments were at all changed, during an absence of seven or eight years—and we have no ostensible or convincing reason to cause us to suppose they suffered any such alteration; true it was, that he avoided the society of the many *inquisitive tourists,* not wishing to *adorn* any of *their tales,* who persecuted him wherever he went, and this also from a wish not to be bored with their

company, and not out of dislike to their nation, keeping his society within a limited sphere, this is no more than any man of his popularity would have done:—but even assuming they were changed, might not this change have been occasioned by his public and his private wrongs? Was not the ill advice of those self-constituted counsellors (whom he could, if his love for his lady had not restrained him, severely have laid the lash on, and it was well for them that they were thus shielded from so mighty an antagonist, and that they escaped whole), who had persuaded the wife of his bosom to be deaf to his intreaties, was not this sufficient to have warranted a change?—the ill advice of those counsellors, who had broken his peace, marred his domestic happiness, destroyed the buds of the spring of his love, banished him his country, and drove him to the resolution to wander a voluntary exile from all he held dear,—was not this advice, and were not these reasons, sufficiently weighty to have tainted the opinions of any man, and to have brought about an alteration, particularly in a man of such powerful sensibility as Byron? Surely the mortifying humiliation of having his private, his domestic affairs submitted to the gaze of the world, to the inquisitive eyes of strangers; and for his fate, his happiness or misery, altogether to have depended upon their will, upon the caprice of whom he was both independent and superior;

and, moreover, to be made *miserable* by the issue of their cold-hearted judgment: surely this, which is enough to embitter the feelings of the most insensible person, was well calculated to produce an effect upon so accurate an observer of human nature as his Lordship.

In addition to the affecting appeal to her Ladyship's feelings, conveyed both in this "*Farewell,*" and in the preceding "*Fare thee well,*" his Lordship addressed a pathetic effusion to his "*Daughter,*" on the morning of her birth:—

"Hail! to this teeming stage of strife;
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!"

He proceeds to trace out the snares, dangers, and temptations, attending the progress from infancy to maturity, particularly of the female sex, and concludes with a prayer that she may escape, or overcome them:

"Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest!
May joy still animate thy breast!
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich, inspiring rays,
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r,
And as he seeks its last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes."

It is to be regretted that all this failed of the desired effect, and that no way was left open for reconciliation, but that which would have too much humbled his Lordship's high spirit, which had already sufficiently lowered itself. So situated, Reason itself must approve of his Lordship's resolution not to stay in England, and "*digito monstrari et dicier—Hic est,*"—the proud, haughty, high-crested, Byron—degraded, humbled, penitent, and yet not *pardoned!* It was well, perhaps, for his honour, character, and peace of mind, that he did so, as a reconciliation effected on overbearing demands on one side, and weak concessions on the other, could never be expected to be very sincere or lasting; it was better, indubitably, for his fame, as instead of leading an inactive life at home, it impelled him into that scene of glory in Greece, which, of itself alone, is sufficient to shed a never-dying ray of lustre over his name. The man is no more, and all his little, short-lived troubles have been entombed with his earthly remains; but his memory survives, and Britain—Greece—the world will make his better part, his fame, immortal!

> "*Non omnis moriar: multaque pars mei*
> *Vitabit Libitinam.*"
>
> HORACE, Ode 30.

Of all the strange fictions with which the Heathen mythology abounds, the one which always strikes us as the most uncommon, and the most

puzzling to think how it came into the heads of the ancients, is that of *Orpheus's* descent into the *shades below*, in search of his deceased *wife*, *Eurydice*;—nine out of ten husbands of the present day would take the leap in the dark, to get rid of theirs. Either the husbands or the wives must be very much altered since those old-fashioned days. The story would bear a *learned* commentary, and would not be an unpleasant one, if judiciously handled. We would recommend it to the Poet-laureate as the subject of another "*Vision.*" He might take for a motto, the following two lines of Aurungzebe:

> "If I but hear *wife* nam'd, I'm sick that day;
> The sound is mortal, and frights life away."

CHAPTER X.

Lord Byron crosses over to France.—Proceeds to Brussels, and Waterloo.—Thence up the Rhine to Basle, Soleure, Morat, and Clarens.—Takes up his residence at the latter place.—"The prisoner of Chillon."—Report of Lord Byron's Misanthropy.—Letter giving an account of his residence, and manners.—Indefatigable application to his studies.—Extract from his Sketch Book.—"Manfred," a Drama.—Leaves Geneva for the Milanese.—At Ferrara he eulogizes the poet *Tasso*.—His Monody on R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Lord Byron crossed over to France (in 1816), and as his former tour is described in the first and second cantos of "*Childe Harold*," he now proceeds, in a third canto, to give a new series of observations on his travels, with the advantage of having matured both his plan and his judgment by experience. Harold is somewhat older than when he first appeared in public; his vigour is increased, together with his confidence in his own powers; and, what is still better, his misanthropy is proportionably decreased, and his mind is become more sensitive. But still we cannot fail to recognize the author in the hero; they travel together; they reflect, they moralize together; it is impossible for the idea to separate them for a moment; and, perhaps, that very idea adds consi-

derably to the interest of the piece. The third canto opens with his darling theme:

> "Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
> Ada? sole daughter of my house and heart?
> When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smil'd,
> And then we parted—not as now we part,
> But with a hope.—
> Awaking with a start,
> The waters heave around me;—and on high
> The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
> Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by
> When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye."—

He crosses rapidly to Brussels, and arrives at the field of *Waterloo;* he describes the revels of the British officers and the Belgian fair, where all went merry "as a marriage-bell," until the alarm is given—"The foe! they come! they come!"—He next paints the confusion that ensues, and the horrors of a battle; he commemorates the valour of those who fell in that ensanguin'd field, and sympathizes with the many mourners who must rue that fatal day. The poetry is suited to the subject; now the author rushes headlong, like the war-horse, into the ranks; again, he is gentle, pathetic, and tender; sometimes, indeed, he is rather too abstruse and metaphysical, as if he meant more than he wished to meet the eye. Thus, in the apostrophe to Napoleon Buonaparte, he seems afraid to praise, yet unwilling to condemn. He

paints, however, in strong colours, the restlessness and agitation of conquerors, and the dangers that surround them. In a note on this part he makes the following *curious* remark: "The great error of Napoleon, if we have writ our annals true, was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris, after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, 'This is pleasanter than Moscow,' would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark." This is a strange censure, falling from the lips of Lord Byron, who was himself charged with an entire *want* of *community* of *feeling* with or for mankind, which was the chief cause of the outcry that was raised against him. He even seems to take a pride in avowing this trait of his character, as appears from the following notice in the appendix to the "*Doge of Venice*:"—"The author of *Sketches descriptive of Italy, &c.*, one of the hundred tours lately published, is extremely anxious to disclaim a possible charge of plagiarism from '*Childe Harold*' and '*Beppo.*' He adds, that still less could this presumed coincidence arise from

'my conversation,' as he had *repeatedly declined an introduction to me while in Italy.*' Who this person may be I know not, but he must have been deceived by all or any of those who 'repeatedly offered to introduce him,' as I have invariably refused to receive any English with whom I was not previously acquainted, even when they had letters from England. I request this person not to sit down with the notion that he *could* have been introduced, since there was nothing I have so carefully avoided as any kind of intercourse with his countrymen, excepting the very few who were a considerable time resident in Venice, or had been of my previous acquaintance. Whoever made him any such offer was possessed of impudence equal to that of making such an assertion without having had it. The fact is, that I hold in utter abhorrence any contact with the *travelling English*, as my friend, the Consul-General Hoppner, and the Countess Benzoni (in whose house the *conversazioni* most frequented by them is held) could amply testify, were it worth while. I was persecuted by these *tourists* even to my riding-ground at Lido, and reduced to the most disagreeable circuits to avoid them. At Madame Benzoni's I repeatedly refused to be introduced to them; of a thousand such presentations pressed upon me, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women. I should hardly have descended to speak of such trifles publicly, if the impudence of this

'*Sketcher*' had not forced me to a refutation of a disingenuous and gratuitously impertinent assertion, so meant to be; for what could it import to the reader to be told that the author had repeatedly declined an introduction, even had it been true, which, for the reasons I have above given, is scarcely possible? Except Lords Lansdowne, Jersey, and Lauderdale, Messrs. Scott, Hammond, Sir Humphrey Davy, the late Mr. Lewis, W. Bankes, Mr. Hoppner, Thomas Moore, Lord Kinnaird, his brother, Mr. Joy, and Mr. Hobhouse, I do not recollect to have exchanged a word with another Englishman since I left their country: and almost all these I had known before. The others, and, God knows, there were some hundreds, who bored me with letters or visits, I refused to have any communication with, and shall be proud and happy when that wish becomes mutual."

We are lynx-eyed to the failings of others, blind as moles to our own. Lord Byron could not mend in himself, what he could see amiss in Buonaparte!

Lord Byron next proceeds to Coblentz, in the vicinity of which stands Ehrenbreitstein, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifi-

cations of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison, but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and his Lordship slept in a room where he was shewn a window, at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege, by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

Lord Byron goes up the Rhine to Basle, and thence to Clarens, on the Lake of Geneva, by the route of Soleure and Morat. At the latter place he visited the pyramid of bones of the Burgundians killed by the Swiss, on the 22d June 1746, in the battle which established their independence. The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian Legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife handles, a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics, his Lordship ventured to bring away as much as might have made the quarter of a hero, for which his sole excuse was, that if he had not,

the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which he intended for them.

The cliffs of Meillerie and the groves of Clarens rouse up of course the shade of Rousseau, and our Bard apostrophizes that *amusing madman* in several melodious stanzas. Here he makes some stay, and traverses the environs—the following is the account of one of his excursions:—"In July 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva; and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his *Héloise*, I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Erian, and the entrances of the Rhone), without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all round Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory; it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested, and of which, though knowing ourselves

a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole. If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shewn his sense of their beauty by his selection; but they have done that for him, which no human being could do for them. I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a Lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. By a coincidence, which I could not regret, it was over this very part of the Lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, we found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut-trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the height is a seat called the *Château de Clarens.* The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the *Bosquet de Julie,* and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones

of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one, but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that "*La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs.*"

In passing by Ferney and Lausanne, he takes occasion to notice the residence in those places of two great names (Voltaire and Gibbon) whom he characterizes; and, a little farther onwards, he breaks out into that moody avowal of misanthropy for which he just before reprehends Buonaparte:—

> "This vile world and I have long been jangling,
> And cannot part on better terms than now."

The canto closes, as it begins, with his daughter, for whose fate he evinces the tenderest anxiety.

It was during one of these excursions to the place of that name, that he planned the "*Prisoner of Chillon.*" On the Lake of Geneva stands

the ruinous castle of Chillon, in the dungeon of which three brothers were confined, each chained to a pillar, till, after years of anguish, the two younger ones died, and were buried in the prison. The eldest is at length liberated, when worn out with age and misery, and is supposed, in this poem, to tell the story of his imprisonment.

The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie, and the range of Alps above Bôveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the Lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the walls; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard (a Genevese revolutionist and patriot) have left their traces; he was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Héloise, in the rescue of one of her children by Julia from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The château is large, and

seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

Thus did Lord Byron pass by no opportunity of seizing those remarkable incidents or scenery, which he heard or saw during the course of his peregrinations; and by each successive piece may his route be traced from the localities by which each is characterized. Switzerland abounded in rich materials for his inventive genius to work upon, and he did not fail to store his mind with conceptions of the grand and magnificent for future occasions. His imagination was so full of the stupendous scenery by which he was surrounded, that he seemed wholly absorbed in contemplation of them, and to wish for no other company than his own reflections. His principal amusement during his residence in this romantic spot, consisted in sailing on the Lake of Geneva, and he sometimes extended his aquatic excursions (always from childhood a favourite recreation) to other parts of Switzerland. This seclusion caused the report of his being very reserved and rudely forbidding in his manners. A letter from Geneva gives the following account of what was passing in that neighbourhood at the time of his Lordship's residence there.

"I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this Lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to

my recollection scenes in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau; here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Staël: perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Héloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Héloise, our sex have not been backward in alleging the existence of an Abelard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the Lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw, and others mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house, built by Diodati, the friend of Milton,

which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who, if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before, will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English poets. You must have heard, or the third canto of Childe Harold will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakespeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber, upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the Lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the Lake and the mountain Jura; and I imagine, that it must have been hence he contemplated the storm so magnificently

described in the third canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

'Thy sky is changed! and such a change; Oh, night!
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

'And this is the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

'Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between
Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted
In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, tho' broken-hearted;
Tho' in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage

Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.'

"I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous inquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seem to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to receive them and make his apologies. Another evening being invited to the house of Lady D— H—, he promised to attend; but upon approaching the windows of her Ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having been avoided by his countrymen on the Continent. The case happens to be just the re-

verse, as he has been generally sought by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon paying his first visit at Coppet, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time—such is female curiosity and affectation! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

"Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my inquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted with the *agrémens de la société*, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends, about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance,

with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his Lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity."

Superficial observers and shallow reasoners, who know not how to account for the wonderful workings of a mind pregnant with so many and such magnificent ideas and plans of embryo works, were too apt to construe these seeming instances of caprice into the pitiful wish of imitating the wild extravagancies of Rousseau; but Lord Byron had no occasion to imitate a man whom he very far excelled in every point of view: such conduct would diminish rather than add to his celebrity. His motives were of a much nobler cast. He was aware of the precarious tenure of life (his constitution never having been very good), and he was resolved to make such a use of his short time as to live to after ages. His whole soul was bent to one point, and he would not swerve from it to gratify the curiosity of the idle, to furnish a *tale* for the *tourist*, or to comply with the silly etiquette of the drawing-room or tea-table. He had more important business on hand, and would not be turned aside from the pursuit by paying or receiving idle compliments. What rational man will blame him?

No lake, rock, castle, cataract, glacier, avalanche, torrent, came within his view, no story or

tale of wonder passed within his hearing, but he stored it up in his mind, or committed it to his *note-book*, to be brought into play whenever wanted. During his rambles he was ever collecting materials, which, when at rest, he was as constantly digesting into form, and preparing for the public eye. The following extract from his note-book will show how he employed his time in his excursions, and we shall immediately afterwards take occasion to point out the use which he made of his sketches:

"Sept. 22, 1816.—Left Thunn in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine. Rocks down to the water's edge. Landed at Newhouse. Passed Interlachen. Entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception. Passed a rock bearing an inscription; two brothers, one murdered the other, just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock; arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau). Glaciers, torrents, one of these nine hundred feet visible descent. Lodge at the curate's; set out to see the valley; heard an avalanche fall like thunder! glaciers enormous; storm came on; thunder, and lightning, and hail; all in perfection and beautiful. The torrent is in shape, curving over the rock, like the tail of the white horse streaming in the wind, just as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse,'

on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both. Its immense height gives it a wave, a curve, a spreading here, a condensation there; wonderful—indescribable.

" Sept. 23.—Ascent on the Wingren. The *Dent d'Argent* shining, like Truth, on the one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling in perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring-tide!! It was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was, of course, not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down on the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crag on which we stood. Arrived at the Grindelwald; mounted and rode to the higher glacier—twilight—but distinct—very fine—glacier like a frozen hurricane —star-light, beautiful—the whole of the day was fine, in point of weather, as the day in which Paradise was made. Passed whole woods of withered pines—all withered—trunks stripped and lifeless—done by a single winter!"

These sketches were made on the spot, and at the instant when the sublime, magnificent, and awful scenes were strongly impressed on the mind of the spectator, and were noted down, as they struck him; as a panoramic painting, on which his genius was to go deliberately and leisurely to

work. Accordingly it is evident at first view, that they were made the ground-work of the production termed "*Manfred*," the scene of which is laid in the *Jungfrau* mountain and the *valley* underneath. Why it is termed a drama, no reason can be given, as it has not one essential quality of the drama; neither plot, action, nor characters; it is Manfred, and Manfred only, from beginning to end. A hunter, an abbot, and spirits are introduced, but they have no connexion with the interest of the piece, which all centres in Manfred. This character seems a compound of his former ones, Harold, Conrad, Lara, Alp, with all the fiercer passions subdued, and sunk down into the gulf of gloomy despondency. Manfred does not wreak his vengeance on mankind in predatory warfare, nor insult them with bitter taunts or sarcasms: he disdains their pursuits, and avoids their intercourse. The cause of his misanthropy is supposed to have occurred before the opening of the piece, and is only to be gathered from his agonizing plaints. Nobly born, he applied himself to study, and ran through all the circle of human sciences, by which he is supposed to have obtained the command of the powers presiding over Nature. The cause of his wretchedness was a female, beloved, but too nearly related (a sister), to be united in marriage. She fell a victim to this attachment. He killed her, he says, with his heart, but not with his hand. His life afterwards became

a burthen to him, and his honours only served to increase his misery. Such is the ground-work of this strange, though unquestionably powerful and poetical production.

The piece opens with Manfred's invocation of the *Spirits* of the *Elements;* a star appears at the farther end of the gallery, and aerial voices are heard, which maintain a dialogue with Manfred. He demands from them the boon of *oblivion*, a gift which they tell him it is not in their power to bestow, and that death itself would not have that effect. He orders them to show themselves in their proper figures: they answer, that they have only an elementary form, but that if he will choose a form they will appear under it. Manfred bids them take any form, and one of them appears as a beautiful female; Manfred endeavours to clasp her; she vanishes; he falls down senseless; and the scene ends with a long incantation, sung by the spirits over the victim. The second scene shows him on the summit of the *Jungfrau* mountain, meditating self-destruction, and making long complainings, in the midst of which he is discovered by a chamois-hunter:

> 'To be thus—
> Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these *blasted pines*,
> *Wrecks of a single winter*,* barkless, branchless,

* Here we see what use Lord Byron made of the sketches in his Note Book; this description has all the striking figures of the sketches inserted into it; the *blasted pines;* the *mists;* the

A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise!
Ye topling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.
The mists boil up around the glaciers! clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the rouzed ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy!"

As he is about to fall down from the cliff, he is seized by the hunter, who forces him away, just as a tempest begins to commit its ravages. In the second act, Manfred is discovered in the cottage of the hunter, more disordered than ever; he gives the hunter gold, and is suffered to depart, the man believing him out of his senses. The second scene represents Manfred by a cataract, where he invokes the *Witch of the Alps*, who taunts him with clinging to a worthless life, and leaves him. He renews his incantations to ascertain whether there be any existence after death. The scene changes to the *Hall* of *Ahrimanes*, where there is a meeting

curling clouds, white and sulphury; the *glaciers;* the *avalanches;* the *ocean of hell,* &c. &c.

of *Destinies*, with *Nemesis* at their head. Manfred joins them, and prevails upon them to call up his beloved sister (Astartè) from the dead. The spectre informs him that to-morrow ends his earthly ills! In the last act and scene an abbot enters to offer spiritual advice. Demons also appear, to summon Manfred, who resolutely refuses to obey the summons, and, arguing the case, the demons disappear. The abbot renews his advice, to betake himself to prayer, but Manfred dies, coolly observing:

> "Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.
> *Abbot.*— He's gone! his soul hath ta'en its earthly flight,
> Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone."

There are undeniably great faults, but also great genius, force, and originality displayed in this poem; the principal fault is, that the catastrophe turns upon an incestuous passion, a subject which we deem too horrible for discussion, although the ancients thought otherwise, and some of their greatest poets exerted their utmost efforts on stories of similar import. Certainly, nothing short of a most heinous crime could justify the author in making Manfred reduced to such a state of desperation as to resort to such infernal instruments. Without pretending to give an opinion whether an incestuous passion be a proper ground-work for a dramatic representation, the poem before us is unquestionably a magnificent sketch of a subject

which did not admit of a more accurate pencilling, a more brilliant colouring. Its very obscurity is a chief point of its grandeur, as it increases its majesty, excites curiosity, and impresses the mind with deeper awe. It resembles some of the works of *Æschylus*, being much more on the plan of the ancient than of any modern works. It may be deemed a fault, perhaps, that it savours too much of pedantry, and deals rather too largely in classical allusions.

Having thus plenteously replenished his mind and his note-book with the views round the Lake of Geneva, whose beauties Lord Byron declared to have the almost *Lethean* property of making him forget the rest of the world, he quitted the neighbourhood of Clarens, and crossing the Alps, descended into the level country of the Milanese territory.

At Ferrara, a new subject suggested itself to our poet's fertile imagination, in the following manner. At Ferrara (in the library) are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme*, and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso; one from Titian to Ariosto; and the ink-stand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined, in the hospital of St. Anna, attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or monument of Ariosto; at least it had

this effect on his Lordship. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and his Lordship saw the court where Parasina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annals of Gibbon.

It was natural enough that the melancholy case of the Italian bard should excite the sympathy of the English one; and the latter has put into the mouth of the former such sentiments as he might be supposed to have entertained during his confinement. There was little room for display of genius, or elevation of sentiment, in such a subject; but it is evident that he makes Tasso, like himself, find consolation for the buffetings of the world in his own immortal works:

> "I stoop not to despair;
> For I have battled with mine agony,
> And made me wings wherewith to overfly
> The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
> And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
> And revelled among men and things divine,
> And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
> In honour of the sacred war for him,
> The God who was on earth, and is in heaven.
> For he hath strengthened me in heart and limb;
> That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
> I have employed my penance to record
> How Salem's shrine was won, and how ador'd."

The description of the dreadful state of such a

place of confinement is a natural painting of that most awful visitation on human nature :*

> " Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
> Of minds and bodies in captivity.
> And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
> And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
> There be some here with worse than frenzy foul;
> Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
> And dim the little light that's left behind
> With needless torture, as their tyrant will
> Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
> With these and with their victims am I classed;
> 'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have passed;
> 'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close;
> So let it be—for then I shall repose."

Whilst Lord Byron was in Switzerland, he was requested by the Managing Committee of Drury-lane Theatre to compose a monody on the late celebrated Rich. Brinsley Sheridan. The request was readily acceded to, and his monody was accordingly delivered to the audience, at the opening of the season, on the 7th Sept. 1816, immediately before Sheridan's own comedy of "The School for Scandal." Sheridan's character as an orator and dramatic writer is truly and forcibly depicted, and his failings as a man slightly hinted at and regretted. We all remember Sheridan, and we all must acknowledge the truth of his portrait:

> " A mighty spirit is eclipsed—a power
> Hath passed from day to darkness, to whose hour
> Of light no likeness is bequeath'd, no name,
> Focus at once to all the rays of Fame!

The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence
Set with their sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But that small portion of the wond'rous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embrac'd—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal—
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The prais'd—the proud—who made his praise their pride."

On the 11th March 1779, a monody, written by Sheridan, on Mr. Garrick, then lately deceased, was spoken in the same theatre, by Mrs. Yates. Alas! poor Byron! who shall now do justice to thy departed genius?

CHAPTER XI.

Venice, in a declining State.—Sets out for Rome.—Arquà.—Ferrara.—Florence—The field of Thrasimene.—The Cataract of Velino.—Rome.

After having visited several parts of the north of Italy, Lord Byron at length settled for a time at Venice, where he was rejoined by his old friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, whom he accompanied on an excursion to Rome; and there his Lordship completed the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold.*" On his return to Venice, this last work was published, with a dedication (dated Venice, Jan. 2, 1818) to Mr. Hobhouse, who, as has been already stated, wrote a volume of notes illustrative of this last canto.

Lord Byron draws but a melancholy picture of Venice, where even the well-known and long celebrated song of the gondoliers, in alternate stanzas, from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died away with the independence of the city, which no longer answers to the description of the old poet: "*Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio oceano figuratam se putet inspicere.*"

"She looks a sea Cybelè, fresh from ocean
Rising, with her tiara of proud towers."

"The population of Venice (says his Lordship) at the end of the seventeenth century amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand, and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired; most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two, during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the '*gentiluomo Veneto*,' the name is still known, and that is all: he is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as

when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patricians who recommended the fatal neutrality, were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence; they pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good-humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the scripture, 'to die daily;' and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring, as it were, before his eyes. So artificial a creation having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery, which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependents, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give, for philosophy aspires to it in vain, have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have, by degrees, been lost, and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters,

have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour, which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow-citizens, their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, 'who and what enthrals,' will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much, that to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have been corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

'In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!'

" The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's '*Jerusalem*,' has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found.

" Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

" The author of " *Childe Harold*," and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, ' look at my clothes

and at me, 'I am starving.' This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous, and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain; but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chaunt is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

"It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the '*Jerusalem*' are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holidays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the '*Curiosities of Literature*' must excuse his being quoted; for, with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description.

"'In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chaunt

them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline: at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chanted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

" ' There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato;* it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

" ' I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Georgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject-matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

" ' On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the man-

ner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from the scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

" 'My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly, we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

" 'Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from afar, and called forth the attention: the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the

lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas, that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and amidst all these circumstances it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

" 'It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare; the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers: a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

" 'At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternately sing verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

" ' This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly : *è singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.*

" ' I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouns, particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocca and Palestrino, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

" ' They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance.'

" The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon; has a surgeon performed an

operation; would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit; are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit: the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsey of a "*prima donna*" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but Cupids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity."

Leaving Venice, there is an exquisite moon-light scene on the banks of the Brenta, and the whole beauties of the Italian climate are laid open to the view; in his description his Lordship conveys to the imagination of the reader his own sensations. By this route he travels on to Arquà, the mountain village where Petrarch ends his days.

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit

Urban V. at Rome, 1374, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello de Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July 19th, 1374, was found dead in his library-chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shewn amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man, from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shakespearian memories of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes, across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate-trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides

of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the vales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of rich marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will soon be overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain (for here every thing is Petrarch's) springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water, which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered vallies, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch, was prompted, not by hate, but vene-

ration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of thearms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy at Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people at the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew he was a Florentine." Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shewn at Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancira, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow-citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet with a bust has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossana. The political condition, which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

In Ferrara, Lord Byron laments over the fate of Tasso, and does justice to his memory. He eulogizes, also, Ariosto, and others of the greatest characters of Italy, and then takes flight to Florence, of which city he gives nearly as mournful an account as of Venice. Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceedingly rich; but, in the space of less than one hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medicis is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things it is remarkable, that when Philip the Second of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador, then at Rome, sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cartona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained such strength, that when Charles the Eighth of France, being admitted as a friend, with his whole army, which soon after conquered the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people taking arms, struck such a terror into him, that he was

glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 155,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty, and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves, if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence; they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the Government they are under.

In Florence, however, much remains worthy of the attention of the *virtuoso*, and Lord Byron revels among the monuments of Grecian sculpture, like a great poet, whose mind has received those classical ideas and associations, which qualify it to judge with propriety, and which afford such pleasing sensations throughout life. What he views with a critical taste, he describes with the peculiar frenzy of a poet. His own characters are all so perfect and so distinct, that they might serve for models; there are so many statues displayed to public view, each betraying the different passions with which the hand of the poet has im-

pressed them; and Conrad, Lara, Manfred, Alp, Medora, Gulnare, might afford subjects for sculpture, as fine as any handed down to us by the ancients. He next meditates on the ashes of the great geniuses in Santa Croce, and then, by one of those rapid transitions which is so usual with him, he rushes at once into the fatal field of Thrasimene. The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has, for the first two or three miles, but more particularly to the right, that flax land which Hannibal laid waste, in order to induce Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left and in front of him is a ridge of hills, bending towards the lake of Thrasimene, called by Livy "Montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. The hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there; but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains, until the sixty-seventh mile-stone from Florence. The ascent there is not steep, but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower, close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the

road winds, and sinks by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right, amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse, in the jaws of, or rather above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the tumuli. On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin which the peasants call the "Tower of Hannibal, the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra. He soon finds himself in a vale inclosed to the left and in front, and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right, and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely inclosed, unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made on purpose for a snare.—*locus insidiis natus.*" Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass, close to the hill and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Possignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity. There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains

into the upper end of the plain, nearer to the side of Possignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile farther on, is called the "bloody rivulet," and the peasants point out an open spot to the left, between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick set olive-trees in corn grounds, and is no where quite level, except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley; for the 6,000 Romans who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence, which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal. Near some old walls, on a bleak ridge to the left, above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the stream of blood.

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil. To the

south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an ancient enemy, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian, is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved, indeed, only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the ostler of the post-house at Spoleto, tells you, that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porta di Annibale.*

The poet next describes the cataract of *Velino*, which thunders on our ears like reality; and, by a sudden transition, which produces a wonderful effect on the imagination, he enumerates several of the most stupendous mountains. It is thus that he very ingeniously prefaces his entrance into the place to which all his visions tend—the once haughty mistress of the world—*imperial Rome*; but now, as Poggio laments—"*Omni dedecore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti, atque undique exesi.*" The soul that has the least of that tender sympathy which feels affected by the decadence of human grandeur, cannot view that most touching of all scenes without experienc-

ing a melancholy, mixed with awe and admiration, for the mouldering palaces of ancient Rome. The Seven Hills are covered with a mass of ruins, and war, fire, barbarism, and ruthless time have removed all the old landmarks of which we read in Livy, Tacitus, and Suetonius. Those now are hills which once were vallies, and the vallies are raised into hills. Poggio, long before our traveller, had ascended the Capitol, and, looking down on the heaps of ruins, pathetically mourned over the fallen majesty of the Eternal City. Here, too, the sombre spirit of "*Childe Harold*" found a grand resting-place; a proper study and meditation for that genius, which was ever on the wing to search for the magnificent, the awful, and the sublime. Hark! how he tunes his lyre!

"Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and controul
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see.
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless

Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! though a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire,
Have dwelt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol: far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was, or is, where all is doubly night?'"

He next reverts to the great ruling spirits in his own country, between whom and the Cæsars and Syllas of Rome he draws a parallel; and on this subject (in a note) he gives a very affecting passage of the author of the "*Life of Cicero*," speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator, and his contemporaries. "From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel, as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants—superstition and religious imposture: while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet run-

ning perhaps the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor; and, with the loss of liberty, losing every thing that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism."

At length, after having thus presented to view the principal images of this majestic city, he brings his labours to a conclusion, and thus bids farewell:—

"My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp; and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been, and my visions flit
Less palpably before me, and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
A sound that makes us linger; yet, farewell!
Ye, who have trac'd the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal shoon, and scallop shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were, with *you*,—the moral of his strain."

Thus ends the pilgrimage of "*Childe Harold,*" whose progress has been traced from youth to manhood, and whose *Farewell* it is impossible to hear without emotions of regret, and, at the same time, of gratitude for the amusement he has afforded. If the applause of every class of readers be the genuine test of poetry, that mark of admiration has been stamped on Lord Byron's labours, as no poetical production has excited more curiosity, or more amply gratified it. He has avoided the usual fault of modern poets,—that of being intolerably prolix and redundant, amplifying what is trivial, and magnifying what is in itself insignificant. He presents a never-ceasing flow of new images, expressed in nervous and manly lines, and in no part is he to be found labouring to give vent to his ideas, or grovelling for lack of matter. He feels, and makes his reader feel, that he is perfectly master of his subject. He is not one of those meagre geniuses who, labouring under a poverty of imagination, can live through a hundred pages upon one solitary idea, and wear it threadbare, as loth to quit it, lest he might not be able to stumble upon another. His strains are ever new, ever varied; and, like the nightingale, though he takes but a small compass, he never repeats, but so diversifies his melodies, that they are as enchanting at the last as at the first moment. The poet may or may not have been the hero of his own tale; that is rather

matter of curiosity than of real concern; the feeling heart will not reject the cup of pleasure because presented to him by the hand of sorrow; but whilst he takes the draught, will endeavour to repay the donor with gratitude and sympathy. We rather give credence to his Lordship's assertions, that he did not intend to pourtray himself in the hero of his piece; but imagine that he so far entered into the spirit of the composition, as almost to embody and identify himself with him. This, in our humble opinion, should rather give an additional interest to the piece, than be considered a drawback from its merit. The portrait of a man of genius, drawn by himself, must be more valuable and genuine than one drawn by any other person, however great a master of his art; and Lord Byron and Childe Harold will go down, hand in hand together, to the latest posterity.

Lord Byron, when at Rome, met with a young man in very deplorable circumstances; he had scarce a rag to his back, or a shoe to his foot; his story was that he had been wrecked on the coast near Ostia, and every soul perished but himself. The ship was his father's property, a gentleman named Gallemore, resident in Jamaica. At Ostia they subscribed a small sum for his relief: hearing that a relation of his was in the suite of the Duchess of Devonshire, he set out for Rome. Attacked by banditti on the road, he was robbed

of all he had, and arriving at Rome, found that the Duchess of Devonshire had left it some time before; he was on the point of starving when Lord Byron received him into his hotel; he rode to Ostia, and found the young man's statement correct in every point, and resolved to retain him in his service till he had made known his case to his friends in London. Mr. Gallemore acted as an occasional secretary, and made himself very useful. Lord Byron supplied him with money, clothes, and a horse to ride on; in short, treated him as if he was his own relation; in due time Lord Byron heard from Mr. Campbell, a London merchant, who remitted for the young man's use £80, desiring he might be sent to London as speedily as possible, a large property having been left him by the decease of a distant relation. The young man received the news with apparent satisfaction, but begged to remain a little time longer with his benefactor. Pleased at this proof of gratitude his Lordship complied, and being now satisfied of the respectability of his connexions, introduced him to several families of rank and distinction at Rome. When the time fixed for his departure came, it was decided he should proceed by way of Venice, and his Lordship entrusted him with several commissions to execute in the city; he had there several small pensioners, and one old widow lady he allowed forty ducats annually; in all he gave in charge to young

Gallemore *three hundred ducats* to be disposed of to various individuals, and fearful lest the £80 transmitted would not be enough for his expenses, he generously added as much more out of his own pocket, taking his word for repaying it to his banker in London at any future convenient time.

His Lordship rode out of Rome with him for a few miles, and they parted, mutually affected. Not long after this his Lordship discovered that a small desk he always kept in his bed-room had been opened by means of a false key, and the portrait of his mother, set in diamonds (which he valued above all things), and other articles of jewellery, abstracted, to the amount of six hundred pounds. Suspicion glanced upon an Italian servant, who had wound himself into his confidence; and, notwithstanding his professions of innocence, he was dismissed with disgrace. When about to leave Rome, his Lordship called to settle his banker's account, and discovered his name forged to three checks, amounting to seven hundred and fifty pounds, British sterling, and his amazement may be conceived, when told they were presented for payment by young *Gallemore!* Lord Byron now wrote after him to Venice—where he had never been; but, pocketing the three hundred ducats, he pursued his journey by another course. His Lordship now felt shocked at the manner in which he had treated the Italian servant (as no doubt remained of Gallemore having committed

the robbery), and after considerable trouble discovered him in an hospital, labouring under disease and poverty; he is reported to have shed tears over this victim to his unjust suspicions; had him removed into the country, and when he recovered, gave him a sufficient sum of money to settle him and his wife comfortably in a wine-house, on the Naples road. The fate of *Gallemore* was a just one: the vessel in which he sailed for Jamaica, from London, was wrecked on the isle of Ushant, and he perished with all the crew. This account was sent to Lord Byron by Mr. Campbell, who was uncle to *young Gallemore*, and offered to repay all Lord Byron had lost by his nephew's dishonesty. This his Lordship declined accepting, declaring that his ingratitude affected him more than any pecuniary loss he had sustained, and his mother's picture was the only thing he regretted. That such a man should at times become the dupe of villains is not to be wondered at; a repetition of such things as this, latterly seared his heart against human suffering, and he suspected every one that approached him with supplication, eyeing them with the keenest scrutiny, and taking time to consider, before he let his head follow the dictates of his heart.

CHAPTER XII.

Venice.—" Beppo."—" Mazeppa."—" Ode on Venice."—" A Fragment," in prose.—Two first Cantos of " Don Juan."—The remaining Fourteen Cantos of the same.—Lord Byron proscribed by a certain party.—His independent spirit.—His last wish, that his *name* should be his sole epitaph.—Anecdote of Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley.—Lord Byron's eccentricities.—Visit to, and opinion of the Princess of Wales, (her late Majesty).—Bergami.—Lord Byron's singular chastisement of the manager of the Opera House at Venice.—Narrow escape of Lord Byron from perishing on a desert Island in the Adriatic.—Anecdote of a Gondolier.

HAVING thus gratified his longing desire of seeing all that yet remains worthy of notice in Rome, still majestic even in its ruins, Lord Byron returned to Venice, which, from the opportunity it afforded him of enjoying in high style his favourite *aquatic* amusements* of sailing and swimming, seem-

* It may be as well to mention here, that *Angling* was not one of his Lordship's pleasures, but his abhorrence. In a note on the eighth canto of Don Juan, speaking of *Old Isaac Walton*, he expresses himself thus: " This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to shew their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches us how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, coldest, and stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has

no

ed to have been a residence suited to his nature. Its carnival, moreover, and the intrigues and gallantry to which it gives birth, offered too many remarkable incidents for the display of his wonderfully versatile powers to escape his notice; and, accordingly, whilst he was putting the finishing hand to his "*Childe Harold,*" he sent forth another production, of a very different character from all his former ones, both as to subject and versification, entitled "*Beppo,*" a Venetian story.

This piece is of the light, sportive, playful kind, of which the French are very fond, and the Italians particularly so, but has found few English cultivators. Chaucer, Prior, and the late Peter Pindar, have figured away in something like it. It is a witty, humorous, satirical style, rather gay, and too general to be severe, and pleasing rather by its ease and facetiousness than by any

no leisure to take his eyes off the stream, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, &c., are more humane and useful, but angling! No angler can be a good man.

"'One of the best men I ever knew; as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world, was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagancies of I. Walton.'

"The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.—'*Audi alteram partem.*'—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation."

particular brilliancy. What mostly astonishes in this work is, that the author could have been able to furnish nearly one hundred stanzas of verse, entirely compounded of common thoughts, conveyed in common words, all falling into good rhyme, without any seeming art or trouble. The story opens with an account of the Venetian Carnival, and the reader is then given to understand that a lady of Venice, some forty years ago, had a husband named Guiseppe (Joseph), or more familiary, *Beppo*, which is the diminutiveof that name, like our Joe or Tom. *Beppo* was a merchant, who, sailing away on some occasion, forgot to return, and left his spouse disconsolate for a year or two. Her sorrow having by that time subsided, she takes a *cavalier servente*, or *vice-husband*, and figures away as gay as ever. One night, at a ball, she is struck by the marked attention of a Turk, who pursues her every where, and, on leaving her gondola at her own door, with her vice-husband, is still more surprised to find the Turk there waiting for her. The cavalier remonstrates against this impertinent intrusion, when the Mussulman informs them that he is the true and real Beppo in *propriâ personâ*. The lady rallies him wittily on his adventures and altered appearance, and all three afterwards live happily together.

The concluding stanzas will suffice to give an idea of the whole of this truly humorous piece:

" They entered, and for coffee called,—it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it's not the same.
Now Laura, much recovered, or less loth
To speak, cries ' Beppo! what's your pagan name?
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?

" ' And are you really, truly, now a Turk?
With any other woman did you wive?
Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!
You'll give it me! They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To—bless me! did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow!—How's your liver?

" ' Beppo! that beard of your's becomes you not;
It shall be shaved before you're a day older;
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—
Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?
How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot
In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
Should find you out, and make the story known.
How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's grown.' "

The next work was one, still differing from all his former productions, possessing quite a new style and manner. It is entitled " *Mazeppa*," a name within the recollection of every person, who has read Voltaire's entertaining History of Charles the XIIth of Sweden—and who has not read it? The passage from which the story is taken is this: " Celui, qui remplissoit alors cette place,

étoit un gentilhomme Polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat de Padolie; il avoit été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avoit pris à sa cour quelque teinture de belles-lettres. Une intrigue, qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonais, ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secoururent: il resta long-tems parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosaques: sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour, obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine."—" He, who at that time filled that station, was a Polish gentleman, named Mazeppa, born in the palatinate of Padolia; he had been bred a page of John Casimir, and had imbibed at his court some tincture of the belles-lettres. An intrigue, which he had in his youth with a Polish gentleman's wife, having been detected, the husband caused him to be tied on a wild horse,* and turned it

* The dreadful punishment, inflicted upon the hero of Lord Byron's poem, has an example in a newspaper called *Mercurius Politicus*, printed in the year 1655. The narrative is dated from Hamburgh:—

" This last week several waggoners coming from Breslau to Silesia, upon their way into the Duke of Saxonie's country, perceived

loose in that state. The horse, which came from the Ukraine, returned thither with Mazeppa, half dead with fatigue and hunger. Some peasants relieved him: he remained with them a long time, and signalized himself in several rencontres with the Tartars. The superiority of his address gave him great weight with the Cossacks: and his reputation increasing daily, obliged the Czar to make him Prince of the Ukraine."

On the night after the celebrated battle of Pultowa, while the king and his suite are resting under a tree, Mazeppa relates his adventures as above, and his sufferings during the dreadful journey, over hill and dale, through forest and flood; and when, at last, the animal drops down with his rider, who is unable to disengage himself, the

perceived a stag with a man upon his back running with all his might: coming near the waggons, he suddenly fell down; the poor man sitting upon his back made a pitiful complaint, how that the day before, he was, by the Duke of Saxonie, for killing a deer, *(game laws!)* condemned to be bound with chains upon that stag, his feet bound fast under the stag's belly with an iron chain soldered, and his hands so chained to the horns. The miserable man begged earnestly that they would shoot him to put him out of his pain; but they durst not, fearing the Duke. Whilst they were talking with him, the stag got up again, and ran away with all his might. The waggoners computed that he had run, in sixteen hours, twenty-six Dutch miles in the least; which makes nearly one hundred of our English miles in a direct line. The miseries which that poor creature did, and must undergo, especially if the stag killed him not in running, cannot be expressed, hardly imagined."

reader is electrified with horror at the thought of the living and the dead being thus linked together. While Mazeppa lies in this state of terror and suspense, he sees a raven hovering round, waiting for a feast, which he drives away by a feeble cry, and motion of his hand. Some humane Cossacks rescue him from this horrible situation, and carry him to their hut; after which he becomes a chief of these people, and takes signal vengeance on his persecutor. The following is the description of the onset of this dreadful journey:

"Bring forth the horse!—the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukrain breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefil'd—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong,
Then loos'd him with a sudden lash—
Away! away! and on we dash!'

Appended to the above is another piece: an "*Ode on Venice;*" of which he laments the loss of *independence*, and terms it a *commonwealth*:

"The name of Commonweath is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe."

But how Venice was a commonwealth, or whenever it enjoyed independence, is not very clear. The Ode is short and declamatory, and not calculated to add much to Lord Byron's celebrity.

At the same time, also, was published a little prose work, styled a "*Fragment.*" It is the story of a school-fellow and brother collegiate of the narrator, who prevails on him with difficulty to accompany him on a tour. They arrive together at Smyrna, and set off for Ephesus. The narrator's friend is in ill health, and on their arrival among the ruins of Ephesus, he predicts his immediate death, which he desires to be kept secret from all the world, and to be buried on the spot. He dies there accordingly. It might have been a mere sketch, of which his Lordship thought to have made some future use. It does not appear to have been founded on any matter of fact, as Mr. Hobhouse, who details the particulars of the journey, makes no allusion whatever to any person or event of the kind.

Lord Byron having tried his powers in "*Beppo,*" and given proof that they were equally adapted to the comic as to the tragic style, conceived the plan of a much longer work, in which (as a sequel

to the pilgrimage of "*Childe Harold*") he might make the hero travel to Greece, Turkey, Russia, England, and how far further no one knows, as he evidently did not live to finish his design, though pursued through sixteen cantos. In 1819, the two first cantos of "*Don Juan*" came out, and the other fourteen followed at different periods. The hero is a Spaniard by birth, and some stanzas relating to his parents have been already given in an early part of the present work, on which some persons raised a report that they designated the authors of his own birth, and that he himself, as in "*Childe Harold*," was again the hero of his own tale. On this head we entertain the same doubts as we have before expressed with respect to "*Childe Harold*," although we do not disbelieve that the poet may have worked up some portion of *self*, and of his own peculiar feelings, in both pieces. Of that, however, let every reader judge for himself. Don Juan, at a very early age, gives proofs of an amorous, tinder-like constitution, and is easily drawn into an intrigue with Donna Julia, the wife of Don Alfonso; in which being detected, he is sent out of the country in a ship bound up the Mediterranean, with a tutor, Pedrillo, and three servants. The ship founders in a storm, which the poet describes in the most grand and terrific manner:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave:
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

"And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Out of a crew of nearly two hundred and fifty persons, all perished, except thirty who got away in the long-boat, and nine in the cutter, and these latter are also soon swamped and sent to the bottom. The sufferings of the survivors are painted in all the horrible details of many narratives of shipwrecks combined, and hunger and thirst soon drive them to desperation. Don Juan's favourite spaniel is killed and eaten, as before described in the biographical sketch of the poet's grandfather (the Commodore), and they are at length reduced to the horrible resource of casting lots for a victim to satiate their ravenous appetites. The lot falls upon Pedrillo, Don Juan's tutor, who is bled to death by the surgeon; and those who partake of the cannibal feast, by washing it down with salt water, die raving mad. The boat at

length is driven to land and upset in the breakers, and all are drowned, except the hero, who is cast on the beach senseless, on one of the islands of the Ægean sea. The principal inhabitants are a Greek pirate, Lambro, and his family. His youthful and beautiful daughter, Haidee, finds Don Juan, carries him to a cave, and takes care of him till he recovers, but keeps the adventure a secret, lest her father should sell the stranger for a slave, as was his usual practice towards all who fell into his hands. The old pirate goes to sea on a cruise, and the two young lovers (for such Haidee and Don Juan were become) gave a loose to pleasure. The pirate staying longer than was expected, a report prevails that he is dead, and Haidee and Don Juan take possession of all his effects, and begin to keep open house. In the midst of their carousals, Lambro returns, and is astonished at beholding at every step the unusual scenes of riot and luxurious living going on; and repairing to his house, he surprises Haidee and Juan fast asleep, locked in each other's arms. He awakes them, and is going to kill Juan, who stands on his defence, but Haidee throws herself between them. Lambro summons his followers, by whom Don Juan is wounded and taken away, whilst Haidee falls into a swoon. Coming afterwards to her senses, and seeing marks of blood, she goes mad and dies. Don Juan is put on shipboard, carried to Constantinople, and exposed in the slave-

market, chained to one Johnson, an Englishman in the Russian service, who had been taken prisoner at Widin. The favourite Sultana of the Grand Signior sees Juan, and sends a black eunuch to buy him and his companion. They are conveyed to the harem, where Juan is *compelled* to put on female attire. He is then conducted into the presence of the Sultana, whose *hauteur* gives offence to Spanish pride, and he rejects her proffered favours. Her surprise and indignation bursts forth at so unexpected a repulse; but it subsides into tears, which nearly overcome Juan, when the approach of the Sultan is announced. Juan is led off with the female slaves, and *chums* with one of them, the fair Dudù. The Sultana sends for the black eunuch, and asks him how the stranger had been disposed of for the night; and being told that the old matron had packed him and Dudù together, her jealousy kindles into rage, and she orders them to be brought before her, and the boat to be got ready, to throw them into the sea. The black eunuch ventures a remonstrance, but is forced to obey. The seventh canto opens with the siege of the Turkish fortress, Ismail, by the Russians, and Johnson and Don Juan, who by some contrivance or other have escaped from Constantinople, appear before Suwarrow, who recognises Johnson as a brave soldier who had before served under his command. They are appointed to posts, and signalize themselves at the storming

of Ismail, where Don Juan preserves a young Turkish girl, and takes her under his protection.* For his bravery he is despatched to Petersburg, to carry to the Empress Catherine the glorious news of the surrender of Ismail. He attracts the notice of the Empress, and becomes a favourite. Being soon (as Buonaparte used to phrase it) put *hors du combat*, he is sent on a mission to England, and sets off with his Turkish *protégée* over land to the coast of France, where he embarks for Dover, and arrives in London. He here gets acquainted with Lord Henry Amundeville, of Blank-blank square, and Lady Adeline, his spouse, and goes with them into the country. Here the Duchess of Fitz-Fulke (a married woman) lays snares for him, which Lady Adeline endeavours to counteract, by advising Don Juan to marry; and he retires to rest full of the thoughts of matrimony, when he sees a *ghost*—a monk; he is informed the next morn that such an apparition actually haunts the house. He sees the ghost a second time, and attempts to lay hold; it eludes his grasp for a while, but at last he seizes—

> "In full voluptuous, but not o'ergrown bulk,
> The phantom of her frolic grace—Fitz-Fulke!"

One of the passages in this poem is peculiarly

* It will appear, in the sequel of this work, that this part of the poem was founded on a fact, a Greek youth having been rescued from the murderous Turks, and sent to England, by Lord Byron.

striking, as being illustrative of the deep inroad which a disappointment in the tender passion made in the mind of the poet, and which is evidently proved to have been never effaced to a very late period of life. The fourth stanza of canto four runs thus:

> "I have a passion for the name of 'MARY,'
> For once it was a magic sound to me;
> And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
> Where I beheld what never was to be;
> All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
> A spell from which even yet I'm not quite free:
> But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
> Which must not be pathetically told."

Doubtless the noble poet here alludes to his early ties of fond affection for his amiable cousin Miss Mary Chaworth, in whose society he passed the days of his youth, and for whom, we have before noticed, his Lordship possessed the strongest inclination; it is difficult to dissolve, nay it is impossible, entirely to break off the ties of early rooted affection, or, be it found where it will, to erase without a vestige the impression of that endearing love which commences with the dawn of our days, "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength;" it follows us like a shadow through life, and can vanish only when our sun is set. Although distant, yet even the sound of the early beloved object's name will vibrate upon the strings of the heart, and the music

of that name throws a charm around it, which accompanies us to the latest period of our existence. Here are evident marks that the *fatal* passion, though softened by time, could never be wholly mastered or eradicated. It bursts forth, only three years before Lord Byron's death, unconquerable either by time, change of places, or circumstances. It was the solution of all his Lordship's problematical apathy and irregularity of conduct; an infliction, deserving the commiseration of all his fellow-creatures, instead of the obloquy which has been unsparingly and unfeelingly bestowed upon him.

Many, nay most parts of this poem, may be traced, as has been already observed respecting the rescue of the young female captive, to matters of fact; and it has been hinted, with every degree of probability, that the adventures at the town mansion and country seat of Lord Henry Amundeville were far from being destitute of foundation; that the Duchess Fitz-Fulke was not a fictitious character; and that, had his Lordship lived, and thought proper to have continued the poem, some curious circumstances would have been revealed. But as Death has dropped the curtain, it is not for any other hand to attempt to finish the picture.

With the detection of her Grace's midnight revels, ends as curious, lively, and interesting a poem, as ever was written in the English or any

other language. For variety of incident, novelty of imagery and scenery, brilliancy of wit and idea, copiousness of diction, and delineation of human passions in different climates, if Byron may be deemed inferior to Shakespeare, at least he is second to none other. To the English language he has given a flexibility, harmony, and adaptation, of which no idea was ever before entertained of its having been capable or susceptible. It was the prevailing opinion, that the spirit of the Italian, and many other languages, could never be preserved and infused into an English translation; but Lord Byron has shewn that every language, living or dead, in every kind of possible metre, may be converted into our own language, without losing a particle of its spirit through the mutation. If Waller were the first poet who conferred harmony on the English language, Byron is the one who has developed its power, force, energy, and expression; and if he did not carry it as nearly as possible to human perfection, it was only because he did not bestow pains upon his works, but abandoned them as he brought them into the world, as if weary of past labours, or eager to seek out new paths to fame.

The charge of *plagiarism*, which has been attempted to be fixed upon him, for copying some of his incidents from his grandfather's (Commodore Byron's) narrative, is futile, and deserving only of that contempt with which (it will be seen

hereafter) Lord Byron treated so absurd and injurious a calumny. Homer is said to have formed the master-piece of the world from the legendary tales of his day. Virgil followed the example. Ariosto, Tasso, Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare: all converted the *nursery tales* of preceding days into sterling gold; and Milton's great work is founded on scripture story; if, therefore, Lord Byron be a plagiary, what writer ever was otherwise? The man who finds a *prose* narrative, and converts it into a *poetical* one, with the embellishments of his own genius, effectively makes it *his own*, and it is to be deemed an original, since all our ideas must inevitably flow from our own experience of what we have seen of others, or what others have seen and communicated to us. If no man be original, but one who communicates what no other person has ever seen or known, there never was, nor never will be, an original, save and except the *goblin-mongers* of the *German school*, who, indeed, give us beings that never existed "in the Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth;"—beings, the sole creation of their own *muddied* imaginations, which had better be exorcised, and laid quietly with the spirits in the Red Sea. Byron has given us nature; and the poet of nature will ever please every man who is not—a *natural!*

No man, that we have yet heard of, has ever ventured to deny what has been asserted of the

poem of "*Don Juan.*" They allow that a more copious flow of wit, a more rapid succession of interesting events, a more accurate delineation of men and manners, and a more polished vein of irony, were never exhibited within the limits of a single work. Strong objections have however been made to various of the scenes, as being too licentious for the perusal of any decent person, particularly of the female sex. There are few readers, male or female, young or old, who do not remember, or will blush to acknowledge their acquaintance with "*Marmontel's Tales.*" In one of the best of them, a rustic swain and nymph, in sheer simplicity of heart, but prompted by the impulse of nature, commit exactly the same fault as poor Don Juan and Haidee; the fault of nature, rather than the effect of human depravity. For the scenes in the "*Turkish Harem,*" we may find a parallel in that fashionable work the "*Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,*" in a hundred books of travels, and in a thousand volumes of novels and romances, the parlour companions by day, and the pillow associates by night, of most of the fair sex. For the intrigues of the Empress Catherine of Russia, one may consult very grave historians out of number, and there is not one, who has treated on that subject, who has passed over so remarkable a trait in her character! We believe that we have now noticed the most objectionable passages in Lord Byron's

work, and have quoted many grave, not a few *reverend*, and some female authorities for similar passages, which have been tolerated in the best societies and daily read for years past, without any outcry against the authors; and all at once the accumulated torrent of obloquy is poured forth upon the devoted head of Lord Byron! Well—he despised it, and justly he might do so: it will never tarnish a leaf of his laurels. Every man who has once read "*Don Juan*," if he ingenuously confesses the truth, will feel inclined to peruse it again and again; such has been the case with us; and we are not ashamed to confess our *weakness*. If Byron's works be proscribed on the score of want of decency, it will be necessary to sweep off one half of English literature at once, as *libri expurgati*, which would make a terrible void in the shelves of most libraries, in most of the civilized countries in the world. There will be no saying where this literary expurgation may end; the greatest difficulty will be to decide where it ought to begin. In the mean time, it will be some satisfaction to all men of taste and genius, to know that Lord Byron's works, having been translated into foreign languages, are secure from any attacks of these destructive Goths and Vandals. If justice is to be done, let it be done impartially, and "*Don Juan*" will not be exiled without a numerous company to keep him in countenance. Let any one call to mind that

"*Tom Jones*" is a favourite with all readers, male and female, even the most fastidious ones, and then contrast the affairs of Molly Segrim, and Lady Bellaston, with any in "*Don Juan*," and he will hardly know to which to give the preference in point of decorum. The characters of Lovelace, Peregrine Pickle, Ferdinand Count Fathom, and many passages in the dramas of Farquhar, Dryden, Shakespeare, Congreve, &c. &c., that have grown familiar to the English ear, and are repeated on the stage to crowded audiences, may vie with any thing in "*Don Juan*" for voluptuous descriptions. But Lord Byron was a *proscribed* poet with the *puritanical moralists*, or *exclusively* good men; if he had written to please that particular class of persons, he would have been extolled to the skies, and his seeming want of decency would have been overlooked in his superabundance of all the qualities of a great genius. As, however, he had the audacity to satirize the prevailing system, and to think and reason for himself, those who could answer him in no other way, decried his works and his morals together, and endeavoured to hunt him down as an enemy to the whole human race, and deserving only of their hatred in return. If he would have lent his aid to support their crazy, tottering, and falling superstructure, raised upon a quicksand foundation, his death would have been bewailed as a national loss, and the gates of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral would

have flown open to receive his remains, and a sumptuous monument and pompous inscription had recorded his genius and his virtues. If he would have bowed the knee to "*Baal*" he would not have been stigmatized as the *Coriphæus* of the "*Satanic School.*" But he was no *apostate!* He never vilified the party for *interest* whose cause he had once espoused from *principle!* He foresaw the consequence—that his name and his works would be his sole monument:—

"When, to their airy hall, my father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side!
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns:
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;
My epitaph shall be my *name* alone:
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot."

Lord Byron's ideas of *posthumous* fame were as eccentric as every thing else in his character. Sitting very late one night at Venice with Mr. Shelley, as was very customary with these two friends, and the discourse happening to turn on this subject—"I wonder," said Shelley, "what the world will say of us, when we are dead and gone?"—"Say!" cried his Lordship, "why that we are two *important triflers*, and *eminent madmen!*"

Lord Byron was a *humourist* in every thing—in his dress as well as his manners. Sometimes he was habited as an English gentleman; sometimes he figured in the Venetian, Grecian, and Asiatic costume, and sometimes in an unaccountable compound of all; at others, and that very often, he assumed, on his usual excursions, a something like the *English sportsman's* attire—a shooting jacket, buff waistcoat, leather or corduroy small-clothes and overalls, with a very large Italian hat, covered with oil-skin; the *tout ensemble* very little better in appearance than those worn by a country farmer. Under this latter disguise he sometimes met with some laughable adventures.

Whilst Lord Byron remained at Ancona (previous to his visit to the Princess of Wales—her late Majesty), he was returning into the city after nine o'clock in the evening, and was stopped at the Levant Gate by the guard, who, considering him from his dress a wine-mountaineer or Ragusan peasant, demanded of him his passport. He refused to show one, and would give no account of himself, so that they had him conveyed in a "*carshal*," or spring-cart, opposite the "Spread Eagle Hotel" (the Austrian arms), where he beckoned to the attendants whom he saw standing at the gate. The cart was stopped, and he got out. The guard then began to be alarmed, fearing they had made some grand mistake; but, having enjoyed his joke, and been satisfied that his *queer*

dress had deceived the penetration of the guard, and occasioned them no little surprise and confusion, he laughed heartily at the joke, and paid them well for the trouble he had given them.

On another occasion, his Lordship and Captain Crawley having been out sporting, were allowed to pass into Zante after sunset free of toll, "*not having the appearance of gentlemen!*" Such, however, were the expressions of the collector as he let them pass, and his Lordship was never more delighted than when "appearances were against him," and "the knowing ones were taken in."

In consequence of a letter of invitation from the Princess of Wales, Lord Byron went across the Adriatic Gulph from Venice, and met her Royal Highness at Ancona, where the latter came from Pesaro to visit the Opera, of which she was a staunch patroness. His Lordship was seen with her several times, during three days, in her carriage, and once in her box at the Opera. On the following morning he returned to Venice, having declined the invitation to accompany her to her residence at Pesaro. It was said at the time, and believed, that the presence of *Bergami* highly disgusted his Lordship, who possessed a larger share of the *pride of birth* and *dignity of station*, than he perhaps was aware of himself. It is certain that he spoke of her Royal Highness with very little respect, and said he was sorry he had ever gone near her. He, more than once, in

giving an opinion of her Royal Highness, made use of a well-known saying of old—"*Cæsar's wife should not only be chaste, but free from suspicion!*"

Lord Byron patronized a little female singer of the Opera-house at Venice, named Henriette; she was far from being a favourite, but his Lordship's notice made her popular, particularly amongst the English, although she met few of them in Lord Byron's company. This lady applied for an engagement during the absence of his Lordship, and met with a positive refusal. When he returned she was performing at the Ancona theatre. His Lordship presently resolved to lower the crest of the manager, and he threw three rooms in the old palace of Gordoni into one, which he fitted up for the reception of musical parties. He engaged four of the best singers, and most of the principal dancers, to perform there, and tickets were disposed of amongst his numerous connexions, and still more numerous admirers, at six zeleemes each, the whole of the receipts being for the benefit of Signora Henriette. The consequence of this opposition was nearly the ruin of the Opera-house; all the rank and fashion of Venice attended, it becoming quite the rage. The manager of the Opera-house humbled himself in vain during two whole seasons, out of which the Opera-house had been closed *fifty-nine* nights for want of audiences; the scheme was then abandoned, not in mercy to the

manager, but because the Signora Henriette was married to a Lieutenant in the Navy—now Captain J——, and relinquished performing altogether. That officer was well aware of her former character, and though (from Lord Byron's patronage) she had amassed a pretty considerable fortune, he did not stand in need of it, as he had an independence besides his commission; he married her, therefore, as she sang—*con amore.* It was for a long time believed that many of the songs composed for this opposition theatre were written by Lord Byron; but the fact was he never wrote a line of them, though to this hour they appear in Venice with his name attached to them. His punishment of the poor manager, who would not engage a second-rate singer at a first-rate salary, was severe; and his Lordship seldom evinced so much spleen on any other occasion; but it was eccentric, energetic, and effectual; in a word—*à la Byron.*

Lord Byron's aquatic excursions, the ardour with which he sought out all manner of strange characters, and the report of his liberality to merit or enterprize of every kind, produced many strange adventures, and were a teeming source of amusement to him. Every one was eager for the honour of attending him, and there was not a gondolier in Venice, or a mariner in the Adriatic, who did not look upon the *English Lord* as one of their own *fraternity,* and would have run any risk to

oblige or serve him. He was very partial to the island of *Sabioncello*, which lies in the neighbourhood of the city of Ragusa. He generally went thither in a four-oared gondola, in company with the Marchioness G——, and two or three friends. His writing materials he took care never to be without, and the lady took her sketch-book: she had a good taste for landscape painting. A curious incident once occurred on one of these voyages: there are several small islands on the way, and they often touched at them to refresh, shoot, or fish, for a few hours. The *Lesser Grossa* is a rock barely covered with verdure, and not more than half a mile long, and about as much in breadth. Early one day they all landed on it; and as there is a fine spring near its centre, where the only shelter from the sun can be found under some bushes, they resolved to dine near that spot. The gondoliers were set to work, lighting a fire, and cooking fish, and all the party for two hours enjoyed themselves without reflexion or care. When they thought on embarking, lo! the boat, which was slightly made fast to the rocks, had drifted out to sea, and they beheld her the sport of the waves, full two leagues from land. They were twenty miles from Sabioncello, and the islands nearer were not inhabited. His Lordship laughed heartily at the dreadful visages of his companions; but it was really no laughing matter, as boats or vessels very seldom came near the place.

They had guns, ammunition, and fishing-tackle in plenty, and some provisions; but in the boat there was store for a week, for which they might now sigh in vain. They began by erecting a flag-staff, on which they hoisted a white silk cloak belonging to the lady, as a signal of distress, and by the means of cloaks spread over the bushes, they formed a kind of tent; and had no alternative but to wait patiently until they should be starved to death by cold or hunger, or relieved by some chance vessel observing their signal, and hearing their guns, which they fired at intervals. The weather was fine, and the tent being occupied by the lady, the gentlemen slept around, like Bedouin Arabs in an encampment. Whilst their spirits and wine held out they were not much depressed; but two nights passed in this situation put them all into a state of alarm, and they began to think of making a raft, but not a stick thicker than a man's thumb grew on the place; to swim from isle to isle was impracticable, and even Lord Byron began to look despondingly, when a Venetian, nicknamed *Cyclops*, from being blind of one eye, suggested a plan, and at once, stimulated by the greatness of the reward held out to him, and by his own sense of danger, proceeded to put it into immediate execution. Sabioncello was ill supplied with water, and they had brought a cask to fill at this spring; this cask they contrived to cut through with their knives, and

with a couple of sticks for paddles, Cyclops placed himself in a tub composed of one half of the cask, and to their great joy it floated with him very well. With a little spirits to comfort him, he launched out to sea in this novel bark, and rolled along at a tolerable rate for an hour, when, getting into a current of great rapidity, he was hurried out of sight. As the current set in for the main land, they doubted not that he would be able to get assistance, and they were right; for on the following morning, before day, Cyclops returned, to their inexpressible joy, in a six-oared galley, with ample store of fruits and wine to recruit their drooping and exhausted natures. He had been carried in his tub beyond the island of Sabioncello, and landed at the town of Macarlisa, not far from Ragusa; having made a voyage of thirty miles in six hours, in such a vehicle as never man before floated so far in. Lord Byron paid Cyclops liberally, and when they returned to Venice, purchased him a new gondola, and called her *The Tub*, in memory of his exploit, of which he was justly proud and vain-glorious. The boat which had drifted from the rock was picked up four leagues off at sea, by a Venetian trader, and carried to Venice. The papers on board, and other things, were all known to belong to Lord Byron; the boat was recognised by the gondoliers' wives and families, and most alarming reports were in circulation relative to the fate of the whole

party. His Lordship's friends sent out boats on the search, and the general opinion was, that they had been taken by pirates, who, knowing the value of their prisoners, had abandoned the boat as of no consequence. His Lordship had never told any one whither he was going, as was usual with him on such excursions, or much trouble and anxiety might have been spared to all his friends at Venice on this occasion. The party proceeded to Ragusa, where a second boat and supplies being obtained, they all landed, as originally intended, at Sabioncello. Lord Byron did not even think of writing to Venice, not having any idea of the consternation that prevailed there concerning them; for they had not a thought of their boat having been preserved, and carried into its port of destination.

"*Apropos de bottes, parlons de raves*"—as the French proverb says. Talking of gondoliers, as one of that fraternity was one day rowing an English gentleman along one of the canals of Venice, Lord Byron and his party passed in another gondola. "There goes your great countryman," said the gondolier to his passenger. "What great countryman?"—"Lord Byron, the great poet." "He is a most eccentric character, I have heard." "He is so, Signor; but as good a bit of stuff as ever was put together. Heaven knows best, to be sure, why it made him a *lord* and a *poet*; but, by Santa Maria! it spoiled a good *gondolier* by so doing."

CHAPTER XIII.

Venice, *pro* and *con*.—Lord Byron's list of eminent Persons there.—Extract of Letter from an English Traveller, giving an account of Lord Byron's residence in Venice, also of his visit to *Juliet's Tomb*, at Verona.—Extract from another Letter of a French Traveller, respecting Lord Byron.—The charge of Misanthropy refuted.—Another singular instance of Lord Byron's humanity and generosity.—Extract from another Letter respecting Lord Byron at Venice, confirming his charity and kindness.—Excursion to Ithaca and Corfu.—Remarkable adventures, and anecdotes of the benevolence of Lord Byron.—Horrible state of the Grecian Islands.

THE manners of the *Rome of the Ocean*, as Lord Byron, more poetically than truly, calls *Venice*, are not by any means exaggerated or caricatured in his poem of "*Beppo*." Like Rome, it has fallen from its majestic height, and, like Rome, too, its inhabitants are sunk in sensuality. The following is a pretty faithful picture of its present state and system of morality:

"Freedom of manners, which has long been boasted of as the principal charm of Venetian society, has degenerated into scandalous licentiousness; the tie of marriage is less sacred in that Catholic country than among those nations where the laws and religion admit of its being dissolved.

Because they could not break the contract, they feigned that it had not existed; and the ground of nullity, immodestly alleged by the married pair, was admitted with equal facility by priests and magistrates, alike corrupt. These divorces, veiled under another name, became so frequent, that the most important act of civil society was discovered to be amenable to a tribunal of exceptions; and to restrain the open scandal of such proceedings became the office of the police. In 1782, the Council of Ten decreed, that every woman who should sue for a dissolution of her marriage, should be compelled to await the decision of the judges in some convent, to be named by the Court. Soon afterwards the same Council summoned all causes of that nature before itself. This infringement on ecclesiastical jurisdiction having occasioned some remonstrance from Rome, the Council retained only the right of rejecting the petitions of the married persons, and consented to refer such causes to the Holy Office, as it should not previously have rejected.

"There was a moment in which, doubtless, the destruction of private fortunes, the ruin of youth, the domestic discord occasioned by these abuses, determined the Government to depart from its established maxims concerning the freedom of manners allowed the subject. All the courtesans were banished from Venice; but their absence was not enough to reclaim and bring back good

morals to a whole people brought up in the most scandalous licentiousness. Depravity reached the very bosoms of private families, and even into the very cloister; and they found themselves obliged to recal, and even to indemnify women, who sometimes gained possession of important secrets, and might be usefully employed in the ruin of men whose fortunes might have rendered them dangerous. Since that time licentiousness has gone on increasing, and we have seen mothers, not only selling the innocence of their daughters, but selling it by a contract, authenticated by the signature of a public officer, and the performance of which was secured by the protection of the law.

"The parlours of the convents of noble ladies, and the houses of the courtesans, though the police carefully kept up a number of spies about them, were the only assemblies for society in Venice; and in these two places, so different from each other, there was equal freedom. Music, collations, gallantry, were not more forbidden in the parlours than at the casinos. There were a number of casinos for the purpose of public assemblies, where gaming was the principal pursuit of the company. It was a strange sight to see persons of either sex masked, or grave in their magisterial robes, round a table, invoking chance, and giving way at one instant to the agonies of despair, at the next to the illusions of hope, and that without uttering a single word.

"The rich had private casinos, but they lived *incognito* in them; and the wives, whom they abandoned, found compensation in the liberty they enjoyed. The corruption of morals had deprived them of their empire."

This is the dark side of the question; on the other side let us have the remarks of Lord Byron: "From the present decay and degeneracy of Venice, under the barbarians, there are some honourable individual exceptions. There is Pasqualigo, the last, and, alas! *posthumous* son of the marriage of the Doges with the Adriatic, who fought his frigate with far greater gallantry than any of his French coadjutors, in the memorable action off Lissa. I came home in the squadron with the prizes in 1811, and recollect to have heard Sir William Hoste, and the other officers engaged in that glorious conflict, speak in the highest terms of Pasqualigo's behaviour. There is the Abbate Morelli; there is Alvise Querini, who, after a long and honourable diplomatic career, finds some consolation for the wrongs of his country, in the pursuits of literature with his nephew, Vittor Benzon, the son of the celebrated beauty, the heroine of '*La Biondina in Gondoletta*;' there are the patrician poet Morosini, and the poet Lamberti, the author of the "*Biondina*," &c., and many other estimable productions; and, not least in an Englishman's estimation, Madame Michelli, the translator of Shakspeare; there are

the young Dandolo, and the improvisatore Carrer, and Giuseppe Albrizzi, the accomplished son of an accomplished mother; there is Aglietti, and, were there nothing else, there is the immortality of Canova. Cicognara, Mustocithi, Bucatis, &c., I do not reckon, because the one is a Greek, and the others were born at least a hundred miles off, which, throughout Italy, constitutes, if not a *foreigner*, at least a *stranger (forestiere)*."

Giving Lord Byron every degree of credit for having detected a few persons of genius in Venice (he says nothing about their morality), it is evident that the city is in the last stage of imbecility and decay, and that their government and their religion—Austria and the Popish clergy—are the principal causes of their decline, and their own sensuality is a very able second. If Greece and Venice were both to be liberated, the one from the slavery of the Turks, and the other from that of Austria, a spirit of industry and commerce might be revived, and the Adriatic and Ionian seas once more feel the keels of vessels ploughing up their stagnant bosoms, and their shores resound with the busy hum of mariners and merchants. Mankind are at last enlightened, and begin to discern their own true interests. It is to be hoped they will persevere.

The following accounts of Lord Byron (during his residence at Venice), drawn up by different

writers, of different nations, will, no doubt, afford amusement, if not instruction, to the reader:

Extracts from some Letters received from an English Gentleman on his Tour through Italy.

Venice, July ——.

"Were I to say that we lead an agreeable life in this *amphibious* city, I should say the thing that was not true. In many respects we are more changeable than the weather, and, in the circle of our little society, every thing depends upon the state of his. His Lordship (Lord Byron) is completely weather-struck in all his actions. If the day is fine, he is gay; if stormy, he is wild and extravagant; if calm, he is placid, cheerful, witty and free; if foggy and sultry, he is sullen, peevish, and must not be spoken to. In short, he is our thermometer—by him we know the state of the atmosphere before we have opened a window or a door in the morning, and as he is the prime agent of our sorrows and joys, we are as anxious

"To trace
The day's disasters in his morning face,"—

as ever Goldsmith's boys did that of the village schoolmaster. His Lordship's anxiety to please and make all happy about him often puts him to great misery, in striving vainly to conquer his disposition and combat passions which are incontrollable, and, like the laws of the Medes and

Persians, cannot be altered. People who measure other persons' ways by the 'rule and line' observed in well-regulated English families, have probably assigned to my Lord Byron and suite a regular family maxim here, like *Lord Somerset's* in *Piccadilly*, or old *Billy Curtis's* at the *Old South Sea House*, in *London:* no such thing. We are only regular in one thing, and that is in doing nothing but what is irregular. We have changed hotels four times in fourteen months, for reasons unknown to me, except in a few cases. One hotel we left because a church opposite chose to ring its bells every morning before day-light. The bishop offered to cease ringing for a sum of money to be paid to the ringers. His Lordship swore (he swears as well as a lord that had never left London) that it was an attempt to extort, and that his money should never *ring the changes* in his Grace's pocket. This caused a change. The owner of the hotel, afraid of losing so good a customer, offered to have the *clappers muzzled* at his own cost; but his Lordship had '*read*' him and the bishop out by '*bell, book*, and *candle-light*,' and consigned them to the devil in his way.* We pitched our tents in a house near the

* The bells in Italy are ringing from morning to night, to the great annoyance of strangers who have the misfortune to lodge near any of the churches. An English General, who was lodged near one of them in Genoa, was thus disturbed, and on remonstrating with the Bishop, was answered "that he could

Rialto, and here we should have done very well, but, unluckily, a lower apartment, which reached the whole length of the dwelling, struck his Lordship as offering every convenience for a *stable:* it had formerly been used as a *chapel,* and was hallowed in the owner's estimation; he refused to have it polluted by *horses.* His Lordship 'wrote him down as *an ass,*' and left him in high dudgeon. There was an Italian poem appeared on the occasion, but it would not do in an English dress. In St. Mark's Place, we quitted at midnight a conscientious Venetian's splendid palace, because, forsooth, he took it into his head to refuse admission to unmarried ladies after dark, without an extra premium for his apartments, to pay a father-confessor for weekly purifications. Another we ran from with horror, solely from his Lordship's having discovered that the mistress bore a strong resemblance to the devil in *Dante's Inferno.* These are the only removals I can ac-

not interfere,—the service must be performed." On hearing this, the General ordered his regiment to parade every morning at four o'clock before the Bishop's residence, with drums beating and fifes playing, and to make as much noise as possible during three or four hours. The Bishop, finding himself disturbed in this unusual manner, sent to request the General would have his men paraded in some other part of the town. The General replied—that "he could not interfere—the service must be performed; however, if the Bishop would dispense with ringing the bells, his men should parade elsewhere."—This produced a cessation of *hostilities* on both sides.

count for. At present we are set down opposite St. Mark's Church, and have been for some time. At times we see a great deal of company, and keep it up day and night, by land and water, like jolly fellows. *Vice versâ*, for weeks we see no company but his Lordship's *Newfoundland-dog*,* and the Countess of G——, eating in our separate apartments, and meeting in the evening to smoke each other with segars, and go drily to bed like automata. This is all owing to his Lordship's whims. When these fits are on him, he goes to the theatre, and receives company in his box, himself *en déshabille*, or rather *dis-shabbily*, being ungartered and negligent to slovenliness. This, in Venice, is a common way of shewing your nobility; — but his Lordship is no imitator—

* An ingenious barrister, of rather singular opinions, used to assert (rather *dog*-matically), that one may ascertain the prevailing disposition of a man in the particular choice of his dog— "*Noscitur à socio*;" for instance, a spaniel not kept for sporting, but as a companion, denotes that he loves to be flattered, or else that he is accustomed to fawn on others; a pug, that he is impertinent, but insignificant and impotent; a cur, that he is savage and sly, sneaking and cowardly; a bull-dog, that he is obstinate and unyielding in anger, but harmless, though surly, when in good temper; a terrier, that he is ferretish, sharp-scented and keen, and that he is a lawyer, or ought to have been one; a Newfoundland dog, the noblest of all dogs, and the most humane and generous of all animals, that he is courageous, gentle, and generous, with a philanthropic turn of mind, that would not let a man drown without trying to save him. The theory may be true; it is certainly ingenious.

he does it, he knows not why nor wherefore, and cares not one straw for the world's opinion. At such times the Countess of G—— is the only one that dares take a liberty with him; he puts up with her romping, singing, dancing, and sarcasms; but only puts up with it. He expresses no dissent at what she does, but his features remain as rigid and morose as those upon the bust of Cato. It is now that he becomes a *water-spaniel*, and remains for half a day together on the billows of the Adriatic. He can do every thing but sleep on the water, and with his little boat and dog, alternately swimming and rowing, he visits the neighbouring continent and islands, where he is known by the name of '*The Devil.*' He will return in the night, leave his boat on the strand, and go to his apartment unattended. A summons for the household to go to breakfast is, perhaps, the first notice any one has of his arrival. Riding is a favourite amusement, though here the only spot on which he can enjoy the sport is not five hundred yards in circuit, and the natives stare at him as the Peruvians did at the Spaniards, when they believed man and horse to be one and the same body. It is so much the fashion here to ape Lord Byron, that several Italian *noblesse* have their *manèges* of four or five '*gallant steeds*,' and not half an acre of ground to exercise them upon! We have not many English admitted into our *sanctum sanctorum*; there

is a prejudice against them; and, unless they come with the recommendations of genius and talent of their own, any other claim to notice is little valued. Mr. G——, one of your M.P.'s, and his family, had letters of introduction to his Lordship. He was very *quizzically* received, and would never have got footing into our hotel, had not his lady, a young, gay, and witty creature, observed the scrutinizing glance searching her husband through, and exclaimed—'ah, my Lord, he will not bear looking into, you must take him from outward appearances, as I and his constituents did, and that for better for worse too, or you must not take him at all.' His Lordship took her hand and smiled, and Mr. G— sat down satisfied that the honour was done to his merits, which was a gallant tribute to his wife's superior attractions.

"You ask me a very simple question, and I should be a simpleton to attempt answering it: 'where,' you say, 'does Lord Byron get his poetry from?' Truly now do you think it is begot in his brain by one of the Muses, or do you think he dives for it in the waves of the Venetian Gulf? I can tell you what a boy on our establishment said. A person questioned him—'Pray, Jerome, is his Lordship writing that note for me?'—'No, sir,' said Jerome, 'he is writing poetry.'—'How do you know that?'—'Because

he is scratching his head.' This is all I know of the matter, and now you are as wise as I am.

" His Lordship is an admirer of *theatricals*, and the *performers* are always welcome to his *evening parties*. I never knew him entertain them at *dinner*, and, at an evening *conversazione*, it is understood that any one may be admitted without distinction. There is a pride in this you would not suspect in Lord Byron, but it is true. We have had of late an English singer, of considerable eminence in the Italian school, into which he came five years ago as a pupil, and is now become a master. He came here under very odd circumstances, as a *prisoner* to the *state-gallies!* Signor *Thomasi de San Clare* (his *Italianized nom de guerre*), celebrated on the London stage, had been making the tour of Italy to improve his musical tactics. He was at Reggio, in Calabria, and anxious to proceed to Vienna by the shortest route, where he was engaged to sing before the Emperor. He embarked without passports in an open boat bound to Ancona, a capital town in the Adriatic Gulf, but was seized near Cape Otranto by a Venetian galley, and thrown into prison, whence he managed to have a letter delivered into Lord Byron's hands, who very soon had him released. He sang at the nobility's concerts, and became a general favourite.

" He was also a *navigable* gentleman, very par-

tial to swimming, and gave a singular proof of his expertness in that exercise. At a moonlight meeting on the shore, he sang to amuse many of the chief nobility without receiving any recompense, and was wearied out with *encores*, when the Duke de Montcassio insisted upon his repeating a song. He remonstrated in vain, and they pressed upon him, till he stood on the last of the Virgin's steps leading to the water. They thought he was now safe, but, to their utter astonishment, he made a low bow, and, taking to the water like a spaniel, swam across to the square, amidst thunders of applause. Except upon the stage, the Signor was never after troubled with an *encore*.

" He lodged at a hotel adjoining that of Lord Byron, who honoured him with particular notice.

" Sir George W—— had for some time vainly laboured for an introduction to his Lordship. He was a *black leg*, and most horribly vulgar in his deportment and language; moreover, his wife was a *blue stocking*, and had penned a *novel*, in which Lord Byron was introduced as a *repentant* husband. For these reasons the doors of his Lordship were hermetically sealed against their ingress. Captain F——n, a Scotch officer, a friend of my Lord's, and a wight of '*infinite mirth* and *excellent fancy*,' bent upon mischief, promised Sir George an introduction. Signor *Thomasi* was a partner in the scheme; he was dressed up in a

fac-simile of his Lordship's clothes, and his supposed Lordship received the Baronet at his hotel. Added to his natural stupidity, Sir George was purblind, and easily deceived. The company consisted of several *bons vivans;* the Baronet sat on the right of the Signor, fully convinced he was elbowing the immortal bard. The Signor gave some of Lord B——'s songs, in a strain of burlesque that created infinite mirth. Sir George listened with gravity, and marked time with his head. At the close of the evening, a bill was presented of "*heavy weight,*" the mock lord having left the chair, and the room. Sir George stared; Captain F——n remarked that they were in a hotel, and every body was glad to pay for seeing my Lord Byron. The Baronet discharged the bill, and went home highly pleased with his new acquaintance. Next day, when promenading, Sir George met his Lordship in a similar dress to that worn by Signor Thomasi, and, after rubbing his spectacles, saluted him with a 'how d'ye do, my Lord? How does the wine sit on your Lordship's stomach?' His Lordship did not exactly *stomach* this mode of salutation, and peevishly exclaimed —'Sir, I do not know you.'—'Not know me!" said the wiseacre, 'for whom you sang so many rich songs last night?'—'The man is mad!' muttered his Lordship, and pushed rudely past him.

"The trick soon reached the ears of his Lordship, who was ill pleased with his name being

made so free with, and the Baronet, unable to stand the quizzing, left Venice in disgust. His Lordship, fertile at invention, laid a plan to be revenged upon the forward ballad-singer, who had the vanity to suppose he had a person '*worthy of any lady's eye.*' The Countess of G—— undertook to make him believe she was smitten with the charms of his person, and in a short time succeeded. The Signor professed himself her admirer, and an assignation was fixed upon to take place in her apartment, where there was only one door, and no hiding-place of any description. His Lordship, as concerted, thundered at the door shortly after the Signor had entered; and the lady, under pretence of saving him, thrust him into the chimney, and fastened the board with a spring lock.

" His Lordship had ordered a cold collation, and a concert of music, as numerous friends came with him. For the space of three hours the entertainment was kept up merrily, and the Signor suffered penance in the chimney. Imagine to yourself a July day in Italy, and then think what the Signor must have endured. One of the company expressed a wish to change instrumental for vocal music, when Lord Byron observed, he had a bird in the chimney which could imitate the notes of Signor Thomasi to admiration. Going near the chimney, he in a whisper demanded a

song. On pain of further confinement the Signor, humbled in spirit, began and finished with some humour, the air

"Pray set the mournful captive free."—

"His Lordship, then producing sundry benefit tickets, made the company (most of whom were those that enjoyed the joke at his expense the preceding evening) purchase at a high price, remarking that every one was glad to pay for hearing Signor Thomasi sing. The son of Apollo was then released, and a free pardon granted on his promising never again to soar beyond his professional sphere.

"The Countess of G—— has occasioned some noise both in Italy and England; all the romantic tales of his Lordship taking her out of a convent are fictious; she is no subject for a nunnery. Her father is the head of an ancient Roman family, much reduced in its fortunes; he let out his palace for their support, and Lord Byron by chance occupied it when his daughter was given in marriage to Count G——, an officer poor in every thing but titles. Lord B—— made the bride a liberal present of jewels, and in a short time he became the *locum tenens* of the bridegroom. An amicable arrangement was made, the Count set off to join the army at Naples, newly caparisoned, and the Countess remained under the roof of the

noble Lord, where the father acts as regulator of the household.* She is a lovely woman, not more than twenty-two years of age, of a gay, volatile disposition; rides like an Amazon, and fishes, hunts, and shoots with his Lordship. Nature appears to have formed them for each other. She is beloved by all the domestics, and is friendly to every one that wants her aid. She speaks English with propriety, and possesses many accomplishments.

"Her spirit is of the most intrepid description. Two months ago we went on a shooting party to Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia where Sappho took the lover's leap, and buried in oblivion all memory of Phaon's inconstancy. My Lord was taken with one of his odd vagaries, and without saying a word to any one sailed in a Greek polacre to Ithaca. Chance directed a boat to Santa Maura, the crew of which had seen his Lordship wandering on the shores of the Ulyssean isle; the Countess resolved to go after him, and, dauntlessly stepping into a small boat, accompanied by a boy, she spread her little sail to the breeze, and steered away, refusing to let any of us partake of the dangerous enterprize. For my part, I was not so much of a hero as to foster any ambition to become a Palinurus to the crazy bark

* Count G—— was actually with Lord Byron when he died, and was one of the committee of four persons appointed by *Maurocordato* to take care of his property.

of love. After being tossed about for three days and two nights, she landed safe at Ithaca, and met the fugitive bard, astonished at her magnanimity. In ancient days, this action would have formed the theme of an epic poem, and it is possible his Lordship may yet render the tale as immortal as that of Sappho and Phaon.

" The barren island of Ithaca had charms for the gloomy mind of his Lordship; and I have reason for supposing that, during the sojourn of our adventurers upon it, the drama of *Cain* was first conceived, and partly written.

> ' He treads, Childe Harold treads the strand
> With wayward step, and aspect bland;
> I see him now, in mem'ry's eye,
> Press through the shade, and stop, and sigh;
> With ruminating look he pores
> On Ithaca's eventful shores :—
> Flora swept gently o'er the scene,
> And all was tranquil, all serene,
> All, save Childe Harold was at rest,
> For mis'ry had usurp'd his breast.'

" The story of Ulysses ploughing the sea-sand, when he affected madness, to remain from the siege of Troy, may not have been a fiction, for a more barren and desolate place can scarce be imagined. The Countess took views from it in many places; her pencil is as often in her hand as his Lordship's pen is in his; but it was only chance that ever favoured us with a sight of the productions of either.

" On his Lordship's return to Santa Maura, we all embarked on board of a small latteen-sailed vessel, for Venice. The first night we encountered a violent storm, which compelled us to seek shelter in a small creek, on the west side of Zante. His Lordship proved a good seaman, and showed his intrepidity 'in the darkened hour.' But for his threats and promises we should have perished on the rocks. The crew, consisting of Albanians, were the most wretched cowards I had ever seen. An officer of the staff of Sir Thomas Adams came to the cottage on the beach, where our party had taken refuge; he politely offered us any accommodation the small fortress near afforded; this his Lordship declined, and invited him to dine with us in a tent on the shore. The day turned out fine, and was passed agreeably; the officer was a subaltern in the Greek infantry, and, when a serjeant, had known Lord Byron at Parga, and done him some trifling service. This his Lordship reminded him of after dinner, and gave him a snuff-box, which he desired him to keep, as a memorial of his gratitude. The poor fellow's heart was so full that he could not keep the secret: the box contained a note for fifty pounds.

" Returned from Ithaca to Venice, we frequently made excursions to the neighbouring towns and villages, where his Lordship was well known; and not unfrequently we had warning given at breakfast to be ready for a journey in two

hours. This was the usual mode of taking us unprepared. No previous conversation ever led to a belief of what were his Lordship's intentions. All his actions appeared to spring from the impulse of the moment. It was not always pleasant, nevertheless, to be thus taken by surprise, and the time for preparation was never considered by his Lordship.

"It took no more trouble to prepare him for a journey of several days than a knight of the first Crusades to make ready for a campaign, who had but one suit in which he slept. Whether he was in his common daily, or full court-dress, the only change he makes is drawing on a pair of tanned brown and red leather boots, and flinging a spotted silk cloak over his shoulders. With a brace of pistols in his belt, and a large English postilion's whip in his hand, he is armed *cap-à-pied* for all weathers. If he had half a dozen servants to take care of the luggage, he invariably would carry a small portmanteau behind him, which held a change of linen; before him was a pair of horse pistol holsters, in which he kept his sketch-book, papers, pen, and ink, and three or four silk and cambric handkerchiefs, which he was in the habit of dipping in the rivers and springs, and rubbing his forehead with. No man was more particular in the attendance of his servants, and no one had less occasion for their services. He kept them for the convenience of his friends alone, and in that

particular certainly studied their comforts to the neglect of his own. We took the road to *Verona*, which was a favourite city of his Lordship, from a romantic notion which he entertained, that the Romeo of Shakespeare had absolutely existed within its walls, and he has been heard to declare that he could point out the ruins of Friar Lawrence's hermitage. In fact, like Gray and Mason, with their druids, temples of Odin, and fatal sisters, his Lordship brooded over darkened scenes, accordant with his imagination, till he thought 'each strange tale devoutly true.'

(THE "TOMB OF JULIET.")

Verona.

"Every stranger who comes to Verona, is sure to have his sympathy moved and his curiosity excited by what is called the '*Tomb of Juliet*;' and there is no man, who has read Shakespeare, that will not hasten to the spot where it lies, regardless, at the moment, whether it be real or not. It is well known that this part of Italy had furnished to our immortal bard the materials of a tragedy, which, for all the pathetic details of hapless love and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled in any language. And though much of legendary exaggeration is superadded to the circumstances of the catastrophe, yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona, and therefore the mind is disposed to admit the probability that the excavated oblong stone, which is now pointed out in

the neglected ruins of an old Franciscan monastery, might have once contained the beauteous form of the unhappy Juliet. In approaching the place by a little winding avenue in the suburbs, an old dilapidated edifice was pointed out to us, as the place where the *tomb* was to be seen. The door was opened by an old woman, garrulous and inquisitive, who, after having asked who we were, whence we came, and if we had read the tragedy of '*Romeo and Juliet*,' conducted us to a corner of the ruin, where she showed us the celebrated relic, in the shape of a large stone trough, about six feet long, and a foot and a half in depth. The sides were a good deal mutilated, and on my asking how they came to be so, she informed me, that after it was first removed from the church of St. Permo Maggiore, where it had lain for ages, it was placed in a garden, adjacent to the old monastery, which was accessible to the public, and every stranger who came broke off a piece of it to carry away with him. In consequence of this, the *podesta* gave orders that it should be removed, for better security, to the place where it is now exhibited; and any person attempting to do it further injury, as a proof of his *veneration*, is liable to a severe penalty. Count Persico, one of the native nobility, has published a very interesting work on the curiosities of this town, and on the provinces adjacent, in which I find a note that briefly narrates the melancholy story of *Romeo and Juliet*.

The note is as follows: 'In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholomew della Scala, being captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticoli was enamoured of Juliet de Cappeletti, and she of him, their families being at the time in bitter enmity with each other, on account of party feuds. As therefore they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them. Shortly afterwards, Romeo having in an affray of the two factions, killed Tebaldo, the cousin of Juliet, was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the intermediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before; therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life. Romeo, having been apprized of the dire news, before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved, in the bitterness of anguish, to take poison and die likewise. Previously to his doing so, however, he went to Verona, and availed himself of the evening hour to enter the monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison which he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, to which their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond

which he promised to wait for his return. This being prolonged, the friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. He went to seek him, and while he endeavoured to assure him that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate; and now on the very verge of death he called on Juliet with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognized him; Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment, only to share his hapless doom.'

"Such was the tale of the lovely Juliet, whose shrine we were now supposed to view. Lord B. hung over it a few minutes in mournful silence, and I thought I perceived a tear glistening in his eye; whether as a tribute to the sainted memory of the fair Juliet, or the no less sainted one of our immortal bard, I shall not pretend to determine. Whatever were his feelings, he kept them to himself; for he suddenly rushed out of the ruined building, as if overcome by internal emotion, hurried away through the streets, leaving us to follow him at our leisure, and shut himself up till the next day, without uttering a syllable to any person whomsoever."——

The subjoined notice of Lord Byron is extracted from a work on Italy, published some years since, by a *French* writer.

"June 27. (Venice.) I was introduced at the theatre to Lord Byron. What a grand counte-

nance! it is impossible to have finer eyes! the divine man of genius! He is yet scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and he is the first poet in England, probably in the world; when he is listening to music, it is a countenance worthy of the *beau idéal* of the Greeks. For the rest, let a man be ever so great a poet, let him, besides, be the head of one of the most ancient families in England, this is too much for our age, and I have learnt with pleasure, that Lord Byron is a *wretch*. When he came into the drawing-room of Madame de Stael, at Copet, all the English ladies left it. Our unfortunate man of genius had the misfortune to marry; his wife is very clever, and has renewed, at his expense, the old story of *Tom Jones* and *Blifil*. Men of genius are generally mad, or, at least, very imprudent (*ergo* M. the author, is, according to his own dicta, a man of genius); his Lordship was so atrocious as to take an actress into keeping, for two months. If he had been a blockhead nobody would have concerned themselves with his following the example of almost all young men of fashion; but it is well known that Mr. Murray, the bookseller, gives him two guineas a line for all the verses he sends him. He is absolutely the counterpart of M. de Mirabeau; the feodalists, before the revolution, not knowing how to answer the *Eagle of Marseilles*, discovered that he was a monster. The Provençal could laugh at what befel his countryman; the Englishman, it appears,

thought proper to take up the matter in a high tragic tone. The injustice which this young Lord has met with in his own country, has rendered him, it is said, gloomy and misanthropic. Much good may it do him! If, at the age of twenty-eight, when he can already reproach himself with having written six volumes of the finest poetry, it had been possible thoroughly to know the world, he would have been aware that in the nineteenth century there is but one alternative, to be a *blockhead* or a *monster*. Be this as it may, he is the most delightful monster I ever knew; in talking of poetry, in any literary discussion, he is as simple as a child: the reverse is the case with an academician. He can speak the ancient Greek, the modern Greek, and the Arabian. He is learning the Armenian language here, of an Armenian Papa, who is occupied in composing a very curious work, to ascertain the precise situation of the Garden of Eden. This work Lord Byron, whose *sombre* genius adores the Oriental fictions, will translate into English. Were I in his place I would pass myself off as dead, and commence a new life, as Mr. Smith, a worthy merchant of Lima."——

That Lord Byron's habitual reserve was mistaken for habitual misanthropy, was more owing to a want of discernment in those who made the charge, than in any want of feeling on the part of his Lordship; no one will surely believe in this

misanthropy, after the instances which have been related of his liberality, to persons unrecommended and totally unknown to him. One other instance occurred during his residence at Venice, which will prove to a demonstration that he was neither a misanthrope, nor had his feelings been blunted by the sensualities of that sink of dissipation. The house of a shoemaker was destroyed by fire, and every article belonging to the poor man being lost, he was, with a large family, reduced to a most pitiable situation. The noble Lord, having ascertained the afflicting circumstances of this event, ordered a new and superior habitation to be immediately built for the sufferer; in addition to which, he presented the unfortunate tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his lost stock in trade and furniture.

One such a trait as this is a sufficient refutation of the charge of misanthropy, but there are many other such instances recorded by other travellers; one of these, in his account of Venice, writes as follows:

"'*Beppo*' is the true picture of Venice; and, like the romance of *Don Quixote*, in Spain, affords a fuller idea of that half-European, half-Oriental town, than a hundred prosaic detailed accounts.

They've pretty faces yet,—those same Venetians.

"True; but, the pretty faces are not to be

met with in the streets, and a foreigner, who has neglected to provide himself with introductions, will certainly come to the conclusion that the Venetian women are one of the ugliest races in Italy.

" 'Didst ever see a gondola?' I expected to see a coffin in a boat, but then a neat, black, poetical vehicle; how silly to expect neatness in things analogous to our hackney-coaches, and not to foresee that black cloth continually exposed to sun and salt water turns brown! There are, nevertheless, soft cushions in the said coffins, huge and soft as feather-beds, the traditional remnants of past luxury. The only part of the gondola, which is picturesque, is its lofty iron prow, fantastically carved and cut in teeth; by moonlight, these shining prows and oars, contrasted with the sombre bark and solitary gondolier in the stern, have no unpoetical effect. When rowed by a single gondolier, as is the case when you enter alone, the motion of the boat is exceedingly unpleasant, the gondolier being obliged to scull—the boat wavers from side to side, then pushes on —from side to side again—then on. With two rowers, however, the motion is not disagreeable. Noisy fellows these gondoliers, but a fine, faithful, violent race. Byron, whose name they all adore, and are ever mentioning, took one of them as his servant, the same who was supposed to have wounded the *Pisan* corporal. The gondolier that conducted me at Venice, asked me, as an Englishman,

if I had heard of this escape, or how circumstances went: I could not inform him. Though anxious to see the palace where Byron lived, and to hear any thing relative to a countryman of such genius, I resolved to ask no questions. The gondolier did not wait to be asked, but pointing out the *Casa Vecchia Moncenigo*, the *Old Palace* of the Moncenigos (there are two), on the grand canal, told me that there his Lordship had resided, and continued to relate numerous stories of the same personage, some of them curious enough, but *most of them instances of charity and benevolence!*"

When there are such repeated evidences of a humane and benevolent disposition, what doubt can be entertained of a natural goodness of heart?* What man, so suddenly and unexpectedly elevated to rank and fortune, and at so tender an age, would have conducted himself with more propriety? How many men of similar rank are there now in England, who keep no other diary of their lives than what may be found in their own *betting books*, or in those of Tattersall,—the One Tun in Jermyn Street, or Newmarket? Who will leave no other memento behind them of their ever having existed, than what may be found in the ledgers of their unfortunate *creditors*, and whose book of good deeds will be a mere *album?* Lord Byron visited no place without leaving be-

* "Ubi rerum testimonia adsunt, quid opus est verbis?"

hind him some persons to pray a blessing upon his name. That he was an eccentric character seems an indispensable attribute of genius, which ever spurns at the idea of being bound by the custom of the world—the tie of fools, and the contempt of wise men. Genius marks out its own route—pursues it unawed by the gaping, senseless herd—and carves out its own road to fame and immortality: that of Byron will be as lasting as the pyramids of Egypt, at least as the language of his native country!

Lord Byron sailed from Venice in a small felucca, proposing to visit the Ionian Islands; he had in his company the Marchioness de G——, and some particular friends; amongst them his old friend Captain Crawley, with whom he had taken many a cruize in the Archipelago. The Captain was a man of excellent education and strong understanding: Lord Byron said of him, "his mind is like his person, made of the most stubborn and well compacted materials that Nature could find within her reach." They encountered a severe gale of wind, and had nearly been wrecked in making the harbour. When they landed great crowds of people were ascending the hill over the little town, and his Lordship, in expectation of its being some island-fête, hastened to mingle in the scene. He returned with horror in his countenance, having discovered that it was a public execution of a criminal for murder; and Lord Byron never contemplated the loss of human

life without exhibiting the strongest emotion. On this subject he once remarked to Captain Crawley, that, "for himself, he entertained an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form, and in cold blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasives that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and in that condition to shed his blood like the beasts of the field which serve us for food, is a thought to which we are astonished the human heart could ever at first be reconciled."*

The barren island of Ithaca had few charms, except for the hunter, or a soul that delights in the very rudest scenes of Nature; his Lordship remarked, that if it was not more fertile in ancient days, it was not worth the trouble which Ulysses took to find it out on his return from Troy, had it not been for that insuperable tie which the *natale solum* holds over the human mind! On this spot, however, in spite of all its horrors, Lord Byron remained a whole month. He and his company together occupied a large ruined monastery, which, by the aid of some few

* Let the detractors and calumniators of Lord Byron read this speech, and afterwards repeat their aspersions—*if they dare*. Every word of it would give them the *lie direct*.

repairs, was made a tolerable summer residence. Here his Lordship was attacked with one of his gloomy fits of reserve and insociability, which lasted, like an intermittent fever, for a fortnight; half of that time he was secluded in his apartment, and allowed none but the Marchioness to interrupt his solitude. When he did descend to the *salle à manger*, he wore an unbending brow, and frequently dropped asleep in his chair after dinner. When he awoke he looked round with anger, as if afraid they had noticed his dozing; and often after a few glasses of wine, or a cup of coffee, he would hurry to his chamber, and remain there until the following day. If any one presumed to tap at his door and announce supper, he received no reply, and sometimes he even refused to admit the Marchioness for an hour after she had called, when, ringing the bell and sending for her, he would wonder where she had been so long without seeing him.

He passed a considerable part of his time in writing in the garden, and Captain Crawley expressed an opinion, that at this time, when he was evidently labouring under some violent pangs of his muse, "*Cain*" was begun and finished. During those fits no one ventured to interrupt him; he never communicated the subjects of his writings to any of his friends, nor ever noticed them, or as seldom as possible, in conversation. Captain Crawley once remarked to him, that a number of publications were issuing from the

press in London bearing his name and title. He replied: "It matters not; what is mine will always be mine; and, if using my name gets any starving bard a dinner, he is quite welcome to it; a man seldom commits a forgery but to supply his wants."

When the sullen fit had passed away, and was succeeded by a bright and cheerful sunshine, he always behaved with peculiar kindness and affability, even to menials, whom he thought he had spoken harshly to during the continuance of this poetical labour-pang, or infirmity of nature, whichever it was, and he more than made amends for his former seeming unkindness, which was soon forgotten.

Ithaca, although it be barren, yet it was dear to Lord Byron, on account of its classic existence; he was, moreover, a lover of nature in all her forms. Here he courted her in the freshness of the morn, and he walked with her in the solemnity of eve or in the grave-like stillness of the night, when the awakened echoes sounded from the ruined temples, the venerable grots and aged groves. He rambled with her over rugged rocks coeval with the creation, or met her in the raging storm. The votaries of famed Ithaca had here sufficient scope to gratify their ardent search after unadorned nature; and Lord Byron smilingly observed, "that nature was an immortally cheerful goddess, that, with varied grace, accepted all her children's offerings."

The commandant of the garrison had often called to invite the strangers to visit him, and now that "*Byron was himself again,*" he was introduced to him, and the Major was prevailed on to stay dinner. He paid such devotion to the bottle, that his Lordship detained him till morning, when he promised to bring the Lady and her suite to dinner at the garrison. They all embarked in a sailing boat, with some luxuries brought from Venice, such as the island could not afford.

On their arrival they found three British and four Greek officers besides the Major; and one of the officers, an ensign, was recognized by Lord Byron as the son of a farmer, who had been at school with him in Scotland; his name was '*Frazer.*' They had, indeed, been playfellows; yet so modest was the young soldier, that although he presently recognized Lord Byron, he would not have made himself known, if his Lordship had not closely questioned him as to the place of his birth. On receiving satisfaction on this point, he shook his hand most cordially, and enquired after all his family by name, the young soldier wondering that so *great* a man could remember such *little* folks after so long a period!

The evening was spent in dancing, and several of the native girls were called in, who acquitted themselves with graceful simplicity, free from embarrassment; to each of them Lord Byron made a present, with a *salute*, according to the custom of

Ithaca from time immemorial; perhaps from the days of the chaste *Penelope.*

Young Frazer, the ensign, by permission of Major Warrington, accompanied Lord Byron home, and next day was closeted with his Lordship for several hours. The Major joined the party at dinner, when Frazer was particularly distinguished by his Lordship as his friend of '*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Leaving Ithaca, the party reached Corfu, and landed to wait upon the Governor. Lord Byron had been before all over the island, and only came this time to do an act of generosity and kindness. Young Frazer had been an Ensign in the Greek infantry from the time the corps was first raised; he entered it from an European corps in which he was a serjeant. Smile not, reader, that a companion of Lord Byron's hours of youthful idleness should have moved in so humble a sphere; in Scotland education is cheap, and the rich and poor go to the same school; there is, at least, no aristocracy in the Scotch schools! Young Frazer's merit raised him to the rank of ensign, but there poverty and want of interest seemed to have clapped her iron hand on his head, and kept down his soaring spirit by its benumbing *veto.* The Greeks were permitted to purchase commissions in this corps, for which they paid handsomely; rich, and fond of pomp and military shew, there is not a more gay, airy, sprightly, volatile set in Greece, than is to be found in the Ionian Islands.

His Lordship brought with him testimonials of Mr. Frazer's merit, signed by Major Warrington, and earnestly entreated Sir Thomas Maitland to grant him promotion. This he much regretted it was out of his power to do, as the fund arising from the sale of commissions was a public one, and he had no power to check the stream that flowed into it. He pledged himself, however, to write to England in his favour. This promise would not satisfy his Lordship, he knew well how to appreciate the promises made by public men; and, having ascertained that there was a captaincy vacant, he became the purchaser of it for £360, the Governor remitting the fees of office, amounting to £40 more. The character of Sir Thomas Maitland has been much belied: let this act be recorded to his honour; few public men would so generously give up their fees of office.

Lord Byron now commissioned the Marchioness to go shopping, and purchase regimentals, full and undress, linen, and every other necessary for Frazer, who entirely depended on his pay for support. This being done, Lord Byron, after a short stay at Zante and Cephalonia, touched again at Ithaca, and presented the young soldier with his commission and *other marks* of his bounty; a holiday was given to the garrison and all around it, after which Captain Frazer, with a full heart, and, what he had never before possessed, a *full purse*, departed to join his regiment at *Santa*

Maura. Lord Byron had the satisfaction to learn that his bounty had not been bestowed in vain: Frazer rose to be one of the inspectors of the Ionian militia, and was ever after a confidential servant of the Governor.

A singular instance occurred, in which Lord Byron was concerned, while on shore at the island of *Paros.* He had been out shooting with Captain Crawley, and enjoying himself freely for a few days; indeed, these two friends would often exceed the bounds of strict moderation when they met together, and, as the sailors phrase it, "drive care to the devil to look for a winter's anchorage." They were walking on the beach, and a Greek boat, in which were three men fishing, lay at a small distance under a projecting rock. A female approached the edge of the precipice, and threw something over into the sea. One of the fishermen looked after it for a minute, and then, springing overboard, dived down, and soon rose with it in his arms. He muffled it in his bosom, and his comrades, cutting away their nets, pulled to land, when the Greek, deaf to the calls of Lord Byron and Captain Crawley, ran up the hill like a deer, and entered his cottage. Lord Byron now asked the two remaining men the meaning of this; they replied, it was a child that they supposed had been thrown into the sea, by order of the Turkish soldiers in the fort above, who always drowned their Greek offspring. Lord Byron hastened to the cottage, and found the baby, about

three months old, restored to life, and lying in the lap of the Greek's wife, who nursed it most tenderly. Lord Byron asked if they would part with it for money. The wife answered—"not for all the money in the world; we are very poor, and have five children of our own, but God has put this in our way, and he will enable us to support it." His Lordship, with his eyes brim full of tears, flung his purse on the floor, and as he walked out with Captain Crawley, exclaimed—"By G—! those poor people do honour to human nature, and that family shall never want a penny, whilst I have one to give!"

Soon after their return to Venice from this excursion, Lord Byron heard that there had been a British vessel wrecked between the entrance of the Adriatic Gulph and Cape Otranto, at a place called Cape Metaphor, or by the sailors Mad Cape. Lord Byron sent a vessel to bring off the sufferers, who proved to be Americans, and not Britons. It was supposed then that his generosity would extend no further; but Lord Byron's humanity was not confined to country: he clothed and maintained them until they got a passage to England, whence they might return to their native country, and took care that they should not go away empty handed.

To record such facts as these renders the task of the biographer light and pleasant, and the biographer of Lord Byron has not met with a single place on his track, where he did not find

similar instances of the benevolence of this *honour* to *humanity*.

During these excursions, Lord Byron had frequent opportunities of witnessing the deplorable state to which these once happy and blest abodes had been reduced by Turkish despotism and barbarian ignorance. The Turks, restricted by the law of Mahomet from the use of wine, would intoxicate themselves with opium to phrenzy, and then commit the most horrible excesses. Mothers were slain defending their daughters, and fathers their sons, from the brutality of these monsters; and often, after having suffered the most odious indignities, the victims of their lust and brutality were at last sacrificed without remorse. A Greek could not enjoy any civil rights; if he was a landholder, his revenues were taken from him by the aga, governor, or any Turkish neighbour, without his daring to complain. If he appealed to a tribunal of justice, he was most commonly put out of the way, to stifle his claims. If a Turk was distressed, he would enter the shop of the first Greek he passed, and demand a pretended debt, though perfect strangers to each other, and the Greek was obliged to comply. The bishops and priests of the Greek church were the particular objects of their insult and outrage. They often made use of them as targets, discharging their fire-arms at them to display their skill; and the Greeks in the neighbourhood were, in such cases, obliged to pay a fine before they could obtain permission to re-

move and bury the body. Whenever a poor wretch was hanged, they would suspend him before the door of some shop most frequented, bakers or butchers; the unfortunate proprietor being forced to pass and repass the corpse every time he went into or out of his door, until he had paid for leave to remove the shocking nuisance. The following anecdote, which is well known to have happened in one of the Greek islands, will paint the atrocities of these monsters in human shape in all their enormity: several Turks entered a house inhabited by a Greek family, consisting of an old man, his wife, and daughter, about nineteen or twenty years of age. The wretches demanded of the old man some refreshments, which were immediately given to them. In the midst of their repast, one of them seized the young woman, and, in sight of her father and mother, who had not strength to oppose them, violated her person with their brutal caresses. The others, by turns, gave themselves up to the same horrible conduct, in spite of the tears and cries of their victim, and the prayers of her parents. Afterwards, to crown their diabolical deed, the worst of all in the eyes of the Turks, who are religious observers of the sacred rights of hospitality, they demanded what they had to pay for their repast. The wretched man, overwhelmed with the disgrace with which his daughter was covered, and whose grey hairs stood on end, tremblingly answered that he required nothing. "You require nothing?" said

one of them, "that is not just; we must pay you." So saying, the monster drew his sabre, and cut the old man to pieces. His wife and daughter, whom the horror of such a spectacle had awakened to new perils, fled, uttering lamentable cries; but the assassins overtook them, and brought them back to the theatre of their crimes. Shall this recital be finished, or can any one believe it to be true? The monsters hacked the mother to pieces on the palpitating corpse of her husband, and the unfortunate girl, who had just been subjected to their abominable lust, fell a victim to the same fate.

Should such savages be suffered any longer to trample upon the most sacred rights of humanity, and to pollute the most delightful spots in the universe? Should they not be driven back into those deserts from whence they emerged as a pestilence to ravage the earth? Such were the questions which Lord Byron asked himself; and his subsequent conduct shows how he answered them.

Is it to be wondered at that his humanity revolted from such distressing scenes? He endeavoured to rouse the Greeks to a remembrance of their glorious ancestors, and to a sense of the dignity of human nature. He taught them that there were fellow-creatures who could commiserate their sufferings, and feel a wish to alleviate them; and he succeeded in fanning that glorious flame, which now can never be extinguished, and must end in victory, independence, and national glory. Byron

laboured not in vain; he delighted the world by his writings and opinions, he regenerated the Greeks by his admonitions and example. He supported the character and honour of an Englishman. He travelled for the right purpose—for the *good of mankind!*

Lord Byron differs most essentially from any other author upon record, to all of whom one and the same observation strictly applies: that their lives must be drawn from their writings, their closets having been their sole fields of action. But his Lordship was ever on the wing, ever in action, ever the hero of some adventures, which collectively appear to savour more of romance than reality, although no biography was ever established on more unquestionable authority. Had he not been taken off just on entering upon the most extraordinary career that ever was opened to man, like another *Xenophon* or *Julius Cæsar*, with his pen in one hand and his sword in the other, he would have fought and wrote: but what he might have done can now only be guessed from what he actually performed in so short and eventful a life, scant of days, but full of glory!

END OF VOL. I.

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